

BIBLIOTHECA FICTIVA

3 1151 03717 8138



THE SHERIDAN LIBRARIES

THE
LITTLE
WORLD
OF
LONDON.

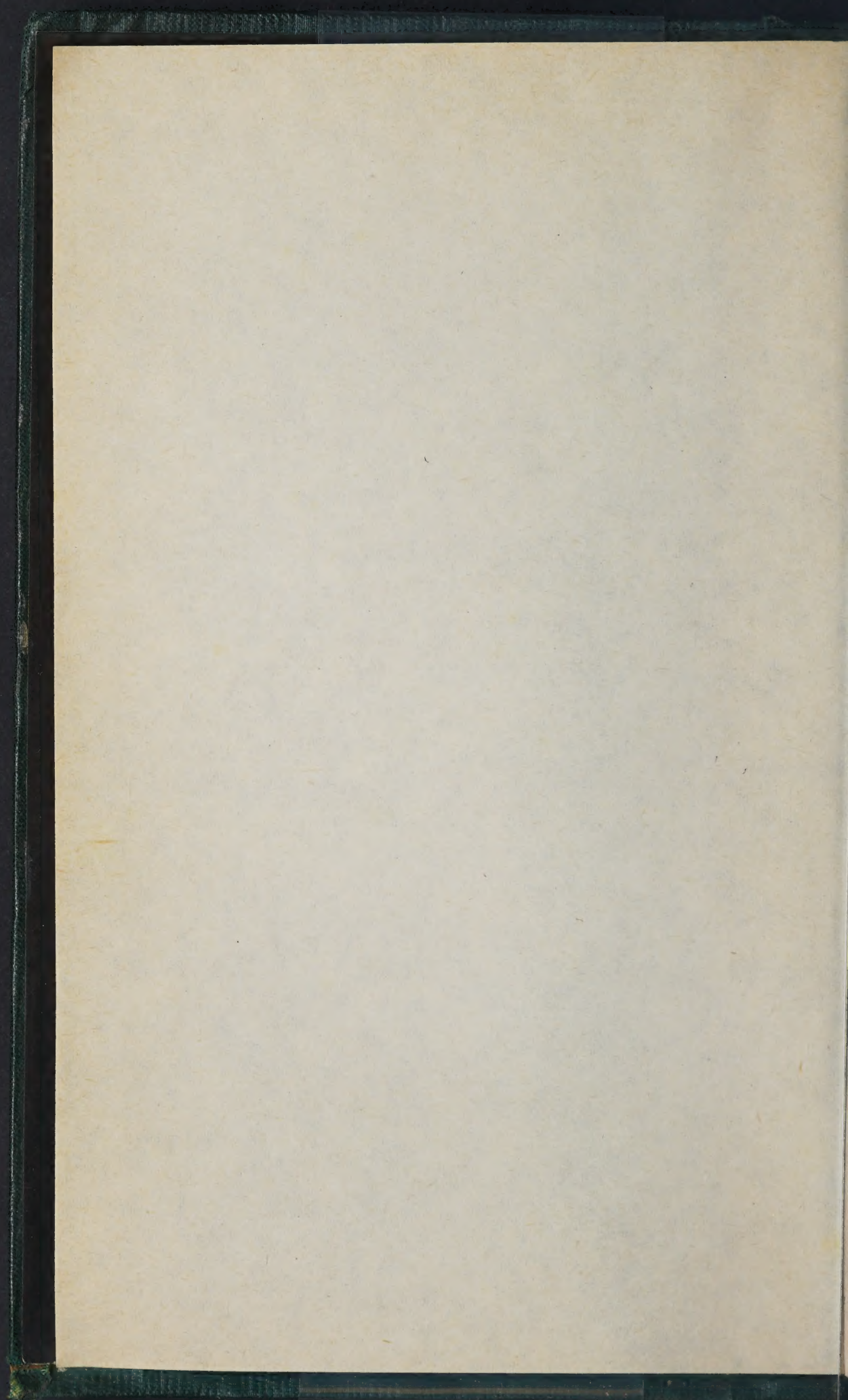
C. M. SMITH.

HALL VIRTUE & Co









SMITH

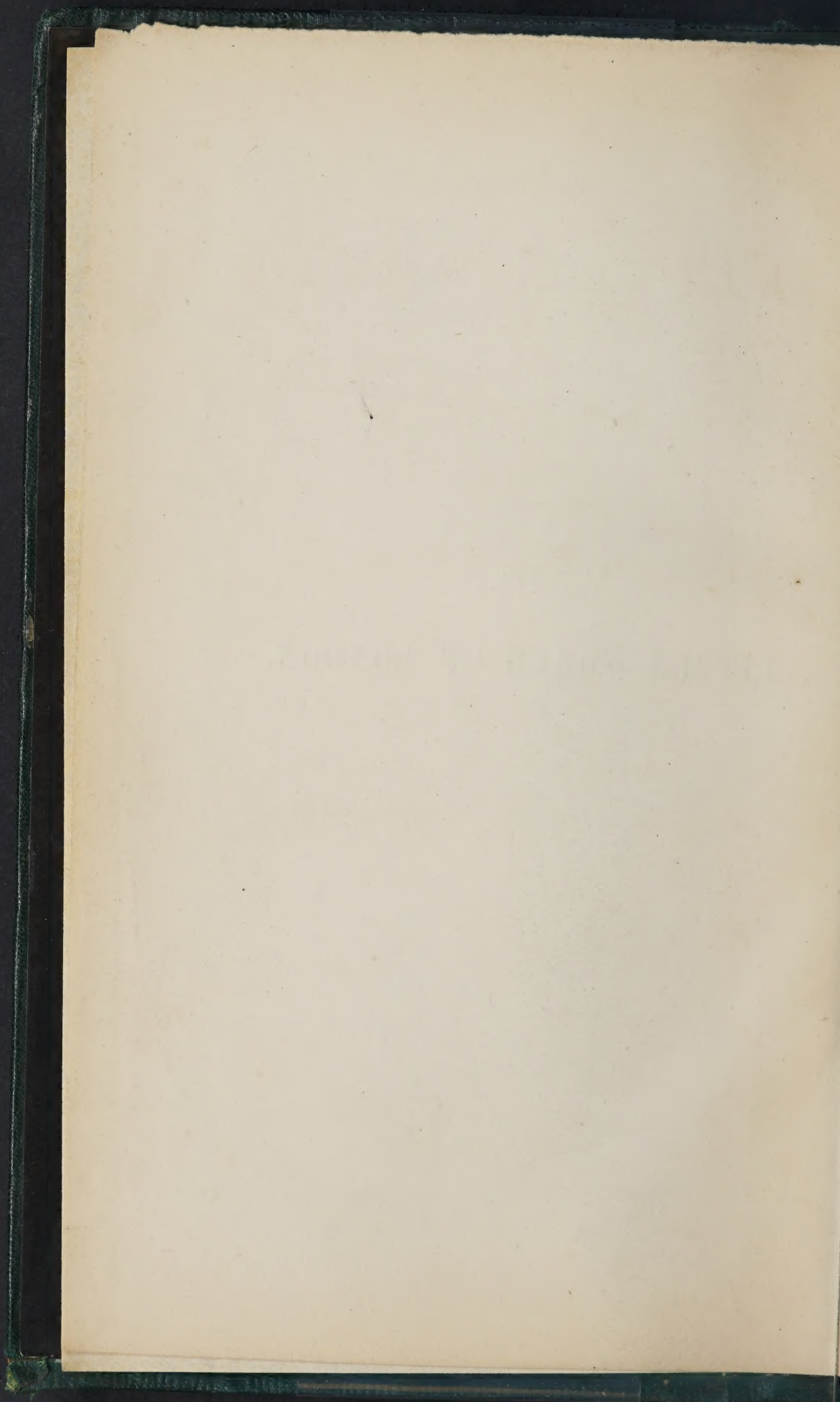
1857

49259

648/181

THE

LITTLE WORLD OF LONDON.



THE
LITTLE WORLD
OF
LONDON;

OR,
Pictures in Little of London Life.

BY
CHARLES MANBY SMITH,

AUTHOR OF
"THE WORKING MAN'S WAY IN THE WORLD," "CURIOSITIES OF LONDON LIFE," ETC.

LONDON:
ARTHUR HALL, VIRTUE, AND CO.,
25, PATERNOSTER ROW.
1857.

LONDON:
J. S. VIRTUE, PRINTER, CITY ROAD.

A FIRST WORD.

THE following pictures of the varied phases of London life are presented to the public, not as finished performances challenging a critical judgment, but rather as selections from the random sketches of an observer accustomed to explore the metropolis occasionally with an eye to the picturesque either in costume or character. The several subjects have been delineated from different points of view, as suited the convenience or the whim of the writer, and the purposes of the different popular journals in which they originally appeared. Some of them are in the narrative form, and of those the framework has been necessarily fictitious; but they all embody such truths and facts of our metropolitan life as lie open to the discovery of any man who may choose to push inquiry and remark in the direction traced out by the author.

In making this selection from some hundreds of a similar description printed within the last few years, I have been guided by the wish to amuse and interest the reader, while presenting to his consideration some materials for thought not discernible at all times

through the conventionalisms of a society so artificial as ours. The surface-view and the undercurrent of London life are the light and shade of the pictures here rudely sketched out; both are well worthy of attentive regard, and both offer a wide field for not unprofitable speculation; but in this case, as in most others, that which coyly shrinks from the light of day and the prying eye of the investigator, best rewards the trouble of the search.

The metropolis of Britain, and of the world, is a literary mine, which a round number of workers with head and hand have been long quarrying out to the public advantage, and, it is to be hoped, to their own. I have had my share in the labour, and have no cause to be dissatisfied with the reward: if the public had not looked approvingly upon a former series of sketches not very dissimilar to these, I should not have presumed upon a second venture. With a grateful recollection of past favours I may be allowed to commend the present volume to their goodnatured sympathies.

CONTENTS.

	PAGE
AMUSEMENTS OF THE MONEYLESS	1
VIEWS OF LIFE FROM A FIXED STAND-POINT	13
THE FORTUNATE SHOP	19
A CALM IN THE CITY	29
PATERNOSTER ROW AND MAGAZINE-DAY	37
OUR TERRACE ON SUNDAY	49
JACK FROST AT OUR TERRACE	63
THE PRECATORY ORDER	70
A RAINY DAY IN TOWN	81
A LONDON RAILWAY STATION	93
PINCHER INVALIDED	102
BEATING THE BOUNDS	109
A NOVEL COMPETITION SHOW	121
THE SIGNS OF THE TIMES	126
LAGSMANBURY	135
LURKING LITERATURE OF LONDON	145
"MOVING HOUSE"	155
CONFESSIONS OF A PICTURE-DEALER'S HACK	160
FLOWERS IN LONDON	179
THE LONDON CHAR-WOMAN	185
WHAT'S O'CLOCK IN CHEAPSIDE?	190
THE EXPECTANT	195
LETTING LODGINGS. A WIDOW'S TALE	207
CROCODILE COURT	218

	PAGE
COMMERCIAL ART	231
CHAP-PICTURES	239
THE PRESS OF THE SEVEN DIALS	251
HISTORY OF STRAWBERRY STREET	267
GREAT PUBLIC QUESTIONS	278
FIDDLES AND THE FIDDLE-TRADE	288
GENESIS OF THE WORKERS	297
"CROWNER'S QUEST"	313
LONDON SHOPS, OLD AND NEW	319
ROMANCE OF A SHOP-WINDOW	331
THE PHYSICIAN'S LEVEE	340
TWENTY-FOUR HOURS OF LONDON STREETS:—	
MORNING	347
DAY	360
EVENTIDE	379
NIGHT	395

THE LITTLE WORLD OF LONDON.

AMUSEMENTS OF THE MONEYLESS.

A LIST of the amusements and recreations of London, were it only those of a single season, would be a catalogue comprising everything which the talent, the enterprise, and the ingenuity of men have accomplished for the gratification of their fellows' curiosity—their love of the beautiful, their sense of humour, their literary and artistic predilections, and their peculiar tastes, whether refined by cultivation on the one hand, or coarse and demoralising on the other. Fancies and hobbyhorses the oddest, the most grotesque and whimsical, have their enthusiastic patrons and votaries in this all-embracing metropolis. We might run down the scale from a morning concert at Hanover Square, admission one guinea, to a midnight dog-show, or a duel of rats at Whitechapel, entrance twopence, including a ticket for beer; and, in the course of the descent, we should light upon whole classes of exhibitions which one half the world would as carefully avoid, as the other half would eagerly seek out. But such a catalogue, comprehensive as it would be, would embrace very few indeed of the gratuitous entertainments with which the masses of London are amused. The number of those who cannot afford to pay for recreation is, probably, quite as large as those who can. To them it matters nothing that the theatres,

the music-halls, the casinos, the gala-gardens, the panoramas, or the free-and-easys, the public-houses, and the gin-shops, stand perpetually open. They have no money to expend for purposes of amusement, and must be recreated gratis, if recreated at all. Confessedly, the amusements provided for the populace are too few—that item appears to have been entirely left out of the calculations of the authorities, who have not condescended to recognise a claim that way for many generations. The old athletic sports have long vanished, from want of space to practise them upon; and the only relic of anything of that kind, are the games of the London street-boys—games played on so puny a scale, and in such feminine sort, as to excite the derision of the country youth, accustomed to “ample room and verge enough” for something like manly exercise. If the city boy contracts, as he frequently does, a sporting taste, he spends his leisure in catching fish, twenty-five to the pound, in the New River; or, borrowing an old gun, in shooting *at* sparrows in the brick-fields. But, says the bard of Rydal Mount—

“pleasure is spread through the earth
In stray gifts, to be claimed by whoever shall find;”

and amusement is spread through the metropolis in the same way; and so it is that the needy Londoner has a share in recreations and enjoyments of which his brother rustic knows nothing. Let us glance at a few of these “stray gifts,” and note how they are relished.

It is a fine spring morning, the wintry frosts have all vanished, and a dry March wind is blowing into the face of an early April day. There is a review of one or two regiments to come off at ten o'clock in Hyde Park. The music of the various bands, marching from the Horse Guards and the neighbouring barracks, has drawn after them a prodigious tail of idlers and supernumeraries from countless courts and lanes within earshot; and by the time the several regiments

have appeared upon the ground, they are surrounded, at a respectful distance, by forty or fifty thousand spectators, the majority of whom, it may be, will dine on that military spectacle, but who are none the less heroes and patriots for that. The soldiers go through their exercise; they form in close column, and march to the attack, banners flying and trumpets sounding; they break into line, and deploy in separate ranks; they fix bayonets, and rush to the charge; they unite in a solid square, front-rank kneeling, and, amidst the glitter of steel and the whiz and clink of ramrods, pour forth a running-fire, which never ceases for full twenty minutes. Look now, while this is going on, into the faces of the penniless lads who have rushed to this gratuitous entertainment—mark the parted lips, the flashing eye, the clenched hand, and rigidly erect gait of yon tattered vagabond, and ask yourself the question, whether any scene of mimic action before the footlights would yield him half the excitement of this warlike exhibition which he gets for nothing, and in consequence of which, in company with a band of his fellows, he may be found, with a cockade in his rimless hat, in the rear of the recruiting-sergeant before he is a day older.

Again: it is mid-day, and the muddy highway of the Thames is chequered with the shadows of a whole forest of masts and yards—shadows perpetually broken into shivers by the rapid passage of innumerable craft up and down the stream. The surface of the river swarms with life, for unemployed London is rushing to-day towards the docks at Woolwich, where a war-steamer is to be launched; she is pierced for 120 guns, and “Won’t she give the Rooshins pepper?” is the note of admiration sung in her praise. Everything floating around her is covered with heads, while the shores are lined with a motley multitude, who, paying nothing for the spectacle, as the enormous mass swoops down into the flood, rend the skies with such a shout as neither

Middlesex nor Surrey will hear again till the dockyards of Woolwich add another man-of-war to the fleet.

Or, it is the afternoon of the 1st of August, and now the grand rowing-match of the year comes off, when the "jolly young watermen" compete for the prize of Doggett's coat and silver badge. All the bridges that cross the course are crammed with eager spectators, and every point of vantage on either bank is similarly blocked up with human heads—this being a species of combat in which the river-side denizens of London especially delight. At regular intervals, cannon-shots re-echo from the shores, while stentorian voices are sounding along the water, warning penny-steamers and trespassing barges to leave the course clear. When at length the racers, surrounded by a swarm of wherries that dart out from every nook to join in the fun, and followed by the ruck of all sorts as long as a comet's tail, make their appearance, and shoot rapidly past, not one in a hundred of the straining eyes above and around can discern which are the competitors, among the shoal of boats that rushes by. That is of no consequence, however; the race is run, and the prize is won—and they have seen the sport—if Charley Jones isn't the winner, then somebody else is, and it will all come out by means of the newspapers to-morrow.

The awkward fact, that a poor fellow has not a penny to spare, does not necessarily prove that he has no dramatic tastes and likings; and it happens, too, that having them, the want of money is not always an absolute bar to their gratification. Penniless Jack contrives to see the great tragedian, when there is one, or the star of the season, in spite of his empty purse. If you condescend to go to the gallery for an hour or two's amusement, and come away when you have had enough of it, or your time is up while yet half the performance is to come, you will find Jack at the door civilly inquiring if you intend to return. If you reply in the negative, he will beg your check; and without

waiting to split hairs on the morality of such a proceeding, will make use of it himself, and enjoy the after-piece as much as though he had disbursed a day's earnings for the privilege. Sometimes Jack has a penchant for studying great men, and you catch him in the Court of Chancery, conning the horse-hair wigs and the learned faces under them with evident symptoms of satisfaction; or he wanders from court to court, making acquaintance with the judges and the lord-mayor. But his best opportunity is at the entrance to the House of Commons, in Westminster; and there you are pretty sure to meet with him, standing in the rank of lookers-on, whenever the House is sitting, and watching the members as they go in. He knows Disraeli, Bulwer, and Lord John, Cobden and Bright, and all the great guns, as well as they know each other; and before now, at an early break-up, has had the honour of calling a cab for a member of the cabinet. Of course, Jack knows the Queen and the Prince-Consort; he has hoorayed too often at Her Majesty's state-carriage, on her progress to open or close the parliament, to be ignorant on that score. If Penniless Jack does not know all the aristocracy by name, it is not so much from want of observation, as from limited means of information, and the perplexity of the study. Having nothing particular to do, unfortunately, at any particular spot, he is often found leaning pensively over the railings outside the ring in Hyde Park. Here he sees the whole aristocracy of the realm during the hour which fashion sets apart for exercise, defiling grandly before his eyes—the dowagers and duchesses in their handsome equipages—the lords and dukes in barouche and brougham, or mounted on high-mettled steeds—fair ladies and faithful squires cantering and careering along Rotten Row—and the whole imposing assemblage of England's nobility drawn out-for his special amusement. What are his cogitations upon the scene we do not pretend to know, though we suspect they

are not wholly free from the myths and romance of the imaginative school.

The street-spectacles of the metropolis, however remunerative they may be to their projectors, yet supply gratuitous entertainment to the mass of the spectators, inasmuch as not a tithe of those who look on contribute to the recompense of the performers. In some tranquil *cul-de-sac* of a street, perhaps abutting on the river, or ending in some wilderness of building-ground, one comes occasionally upon a wandering company of acrobats, conjurors, or jugglers, or all three united. They are dressed from head to foot in a light-fitting cotton suit, displaying their perfect symmetry of form; they may be five or six in company, but there is no fool or clown, "no nonsense," as they would say, about them. They mean business; and the stolid, matter-of-fact expression of their faces says that plainly. One of them bangs a big drum and blows a few inspiriting notes on the Pandean pipes, which is the signal for a general rush to that quarter from all the outlets of the neighbourhood. As the crowd gathers, the musician deposits his big drum on the ground, and as master of the ceremonies begins arranging the company in a grand circle. This he accomplishes by means of a wooden cannon-ball, attached to a string a couple of yards in length, which he flourishes vigorously around him on all sides, compelling all who have any regard for their shoulders or shins to keep at a respectful distance: if the spectators are few, he is content with a small area; but as the crowd increases, he enlarges the circle with despotic impartiality, so that all may have a fair view. Meanwhile, a patch of old carpeting is spread in the centre of the circle, and the first performer steps upon it; casting a tragic glance around, he immediately begins tying himself up in an inextricable knot, till he presents the figure of a compact ball rolling about under the impetus of the director's foot; then a sudden transformation is effected—the performer's heels are clasped together behind

his neck; his hands, thrust beneath his hams, represent the claws of a fowl; and upon his outspread fingers he hops about in the character of that "strornary bird what was cotched in China." A burst of laughter acknowledges the merit of this exhibition, and a few stray coins begin to drop on the carpet. Now another professor seats himself on the ground, and begins whirling round his head a whole galaxy of golden balls; in a moment the balls drop into a box, and their place is supplied by a constellation of bowie-knives, gleaming, flashing, and shimmering in the sun, and the handle of each dropping momentarily into the man's hand, whence it whirls aloft to repeat its circular flight. This handy fellow finishes his display by a game at cup-and-ball, played in an ominous fashion:—tying a small cup round his temples, and inserting a thick padding between that and his skull, he seizes a golden ball twice as big as your fist, and hurls it aloft in the air far above the chimneys, till it diminishes to a speck;—as it comes down with a momentum that threatens to smash it to shivers, he pops his bold brow beneath and receives it in the cup; had it missed the mark, you feel assured it would have crashed through the fellow's occiput. This feat brings another dribble of coppers, and the third performer now steps out. He flourishes an old silk handkerchief, holding it at one corner, and drawing it through his left hand, fast clenched, a dozen times in a minute. "What will you have, ladies and gentlemen?" he asks. "Did you say eggs?"—and incontinently the passage of the handkerchief through his clenched hand is stopped by three or four eggs in succession, which are carefully taken out and laid on the drum. "Did you say a pint pot?"—and immediately the silk, which an instant before was waving loose in the air, is seen to contain a pewter pot, which also is taken out and laid with the eggs. "Did you say rabbit-pie?"—and the next moment a live rabbit is struggling in the folds of the handkerchief, and has to be let loose. "Did you say some-

thing to drink, sir? Certainly, sir. Here, you little boy with the speckled face—come here, sir. Hold that funnel to your chin, sir.” Then seizing an ale-glass, the wizard works the boy’s elbow as though it were the handle of a pump, draws off a glass of ale from the spout of the funnel, and drinks it to the health of the company. When the wizard has finished his marvels, there follows a gymnastic display of the whole company united, remarkable chiefly for feats of agility and strength, which we need not describe, and generally closing with a grand pyramid, in which three men support two on their shoulders, and the two support another, all standing erect; sometimes the pyramid can’t be done for want of hands, and then it is a pillar of three men, the second climbing to the shoulders of the first, and the third to those of the second. The whole performance is over in half an hour; and if one in a dozen of the spectators pay a copper for the spectacle, the troop is not ill remunerated, as it will get a small sprinkling of silver besides in the course of the day.

But instead of acrobats and conjurors, we may chance to light, in a similar spot, upon a curious fellow who, with a taste for natural history, has devoted all his time and energies to the education of birds and animals. He has a platform upon wheels, flanked with a large cage in compartments, the residence of his performing pupils. There is a tight rope stretched upon the platform, upon which a canary has been taught to dance, and does dance too, gracefully, whistling the while. There is a pistol lying on the board, which a lop-eared rabbit has been taught to fire; and there is a bullfinch trained to sham dead, and lie motionless on its back at the moment of the discharge. There is a mouse which gallops a guinea-pig round the circus, and we know not what besides—except that there is a flea harnessed to a brass cannon on wheels, which it actually drags along—though this last curiosity is not a gratuitous exhibition, being only shown to those who pay their penny.

Or, the street-exhibition shall be a gladiator rat, champion of all England, ready at any moment to fight any rat that ever wore a tail. The champion rat lives in his master's bosom, and is produced whenever the challenge is accepted, and invariably "kills his man." This is rather a secret than a public exhibition, and takes place in by-corners and out-of-the-way localities; but it is sure to be attended by a swarm of idlers, take place where it may. Or, it may be Punch and Judy, which is all the world's drama, and which all the world stops to laugh at. Or, it may be that nocturnal comedy played on the Punch-and-Judy stage, and by the same proprietor, in which the shadows of the performing figures are projected on a transparent curtain, and in which an unfortunate cobbler, suspected by a too jealous wife of an intrigue with a customer, undergoes all sorts of domestic miseries and mishaps, to the uproarious amusement of the audience. Or, it may be a chorus of ballad-singers and patterers, bawling the last new political ballad, with interlocutory explanations—or a lament for the Crimean army—or a dirge for Nicholas, from which we learn that the czar lies "buried in a hole in famed Sebastypol." A hundred other things might be mentioned, and a hundred more to that, which the idler in search of amusement in London may participate in, if he choose, without being called upon to pay.

But, after all, the grand source of gratuitous entertainment in London is the shop-windows and the shops. Here lies the veritable Great Exhibition, which is perpetually open to all comers, and of which nobody ever tires. It is an awful blunder to suppose that those only profit by the display in shop-windows who are in a position to purchase. Every shop-front is an open volume, which even he that runs may read, while he that stands still may study it, and gather wisdom at the cheapest source, which may be useful for a whole life. To the moneyless million, the shops of London are what the university is to the collegian: they teach them

all knowledge; they are history, geography, astronomy, chemistry, photography, numismatics, dynamics, mechanics—in a word, they are science in all its practical developments—and, glorious addition, they are art in all its latest and noblest achievements. While to one class of observers they are a source of inexhaustible amusement, to another they are a source equally inexhaustible of instruction. Therefore it is that the mechanic and artisan, out of work and out of money, wanders along the interminable miles of shop-fronts, peering here, puzzling there, guessing in this place, solving in that, some one or other of the mechanical problems presented to his view. A common thing with men and lads thus circumstanced, is to sally forth in groups, to dissipate the weary hours of enforced idleness by gazing in at the shop-windows, and speculating upon this or that unknown material or contrivance; and guessing or, if practicable, inquiring into the circumstances of its produce or construction. A well-known source of gratis recreation to the unemployed is what is called “a picture-fuddle,” when a party of idle hands will hunt up all the print-shops and picture-shops of a whole district, and spend perhaps the whole day in the contemplation of this gratuitous gallery, which, having the charm of novelty, recommends itself to them more than do the rooms of the National Collection or the long chambers of the British Museum. Others may prefer “a book-fuddle,” and these roam from stall to stall in the second-hand book-districts, beguiling the time by a chapter from a dog’s-eared “Pickwick,” or a brown-study over the columns of an old “Mechanic’s Magazine.” There is no end to the entertainment derivable in tolerable weather from shop-stalls and shop-windows; and it is our notion that he need be a clever fellow, indeed, who would undertake to specify in set terms the influence they have had in forming the mind, character, and habits of our city populations.

But once a week comes Sunday, when the shops are shut

up; and with the Sunday comes another phase of gratuitous recreation, not altogether pleasant to contemplate. People without money are not, as we all know, overmuch given to attending church and chapel. Unfortunately they find no recreation in that quarter, and they seek it elsewhere. If the weather be fine, the dark and squalid slums of the City vomit forth myriads of them into the fields and suburbs. For these there is a class of missionaries deputed to meet them in their favourite haunts, and collect them, if possible, within the sound of Wisdom's voice and the words of instruction; but the missionaries are met on this neutral ground by propagandists of another kind—by Netheists, Theists, Setheists, and Pantheists—by Reasoners and Secularists—by Southcotites and Mormonites; and from this it has followed, that some of the suburban parks and commons have become the scene of a species of amusement not always edifying, arising out of the discussions and disputes consequent upon the clashing of theological elements of so opposite a description. In winter, the ice, and not the fields and commons, is the resort of this numerous class; and there, in company with their superiors in the social scale, you shall find from thirty to three hundred thousand in the course of the day, enjoying a gratification all the more welcome that it is flavoured with the probability of peril.

There are shadows in the motley picture of gratuitous amusements in London, upon which we are not disposed to dwell. We have said nothing of the degraded and morbid taste which urges masses of the populace to be present at miserable, cruel, and harrowing spectacles—which drives crowds to the criminal courts, when wife-beaters and murderers are on their trial—which sets them yelling, like mongrel curs, on the trail of an unpopular candidate for public favour—which sends multitudes tramping over the swamps of Surrey, after the steam-boat laden with a couple of prize-fighters and their backers, bound for the borders of Kent, which they

must reach ere they can try conclusions—which drives a ten-fold greater multitude to all the avenues leading to the scaffold, long before the hour of an execution draws near, and goads them, in the presence of a murderous and disgusting ceremony, to the display of loathsome wit and brutal jocularities. We must leave these things to time and a better day; we would ignore them if possible, and shut them from the light.

We can pretend to have afforded the reader no more than a glance at the many-sided subject we have taken up. We have passed over unnoticed many things which we are perfectly aware are equally entitled to remark with those we have selected; but we are not the wizard described above, and cannot cram into the limits of an article more than it will hold. We have shown, in some rude sort, how penniless London may be amused by the spectacle of London itself. That it *is* so amused, is a fact beyond question. The close association of large masses of mankind as certainly gives rise to the elements of mirth and entertainment as it does to those of misery and necessity; that the former are sometimes born of the latter, a philosopher might tell us, is no valid bar to their acceptance; and, in truth, it never is a bar to those who are in search of gratuitous enjoyment; *they* are the last persons upon earth to look the gift-horse in the mouth, and maunder over his teeth. We may do well to learn a lesson even from Penniless Jack, though it is possible we may not sympathise in the vagabond recreations he snatches for nothing. But, sings the poet already quoted—

“ They dance not for me,
Yet mine is their glee; ”

and in the same spirit, though we may decline Jack's pleasures, we may make a pleasure out of Jack, and be all the wiser and better for the manufacture.

VIEWS OF LIFE FROM A FIXED STAND-POINT.

I AM not a philosopher. I know nothing of logic and metaphysics, and abstract sciences and speculations; I wasn't brought up to it, or else I might, perhaps. But I see a good deal of human life and human nature, and other nature too, without being a philosopher; and there is many a story I could tell that is well worth the telling, if I knew how to tell a story to purpose. I am an Omnibus Conductor, and the stand-point—I can't be very far wrong in calling it that, for I stand on it sixteen hours a day, and no sitting allowed—the stand-point from which I contemplate men and things is the “monkey-board,” as it is called in the profession, at the tail of my 'bus. I consider that that's not by any means a disadvantageous position from which to regard my fellow-creatures: if not a very elevated one, it is sufficiently so to exalt me above the general level, and enables me to look over the heads as well as into the faces of all that section of mankind that comes in my way. I travel through six miles of city and suburbs, and I do it, there and back again, six times a day. If there is a great sameness in leading this sort of life—doing the same journey, one way and the other, four thousand times and more a year—there is also a great variety, taking into account the times and seasons, and changes in the aspect of the weather. Seven years' experience in the position I occupy, have enabled me to make some observations upon that portion of man and womankind that rides in omnibuses; and a very respectable class they are, upon the whole, though I say it that get my living by them. But it is a class

that comprises a good many classes—an omnibus is everybody's coach-and-pair, and everybody gets into it that's tired of walking, or afraid of the wet, and has threepence or sixpence to spare; but notwithstanding that it belongs to everybody, it is curious to note how regularly it is monopolised by certain people at certain hours of the day, days of the week, and weeks and months of the year. Thus, the first journey to town of a morning, all the year through, winter and summer, wet or dry, is the quickest journey of the whole day, because the 'bus carries a cargo of office-clerks, the old gentlemen inside pushing about their silver snuff-boxes and exchanging the news, and the young ones outside smoking cigars. The second journey is pretty much the same, with a mixture of masters and merchants, bankers, and so on, who are as regular as time itself; so that I see the same faces inside, and mostly sitting in the same places, about three hundred times in the course of the year, at these morning-trips.

Now, I dare say, any one of the gentlemen that gets out every morning at ten o'clock, or thereabouts, at the Bank, or within a quarter of a mile of it, would be taken aback a little if he knew how much I know of him—though it would do him no harm, for the matter of that. Only just look at one gentleman—for instance, Mr. Philpotts—and mark what I know about him, though neither he nor anybody else ever told me a word of it intentionally. Mr. Philpotts was born at Truro, in Cornwall; his father saved money in the pilchard-fishery, and articted his son to a drysalter in Thames Street, with whom he did business forty years ago. Young Philpotts turned ship-broker when he attained his majority. The old man died, and left him his money, and he lost every penny of it in unwise speculations before he was thirty; and had to begin the world again, with a wife and two daughters—and nothing else. His wife's father, who was a wealthy cotton-spinner, got him a Manchester agency, and he had to

put the screw on pretty tight to make both ends meet: he worked the screw so long that he couldn't leave off working it when there was no longer any occasion for it; and he works it now as tight as ever—living in a two-storied cottage in a second-rate street, when he might live in a mansion, and riding in a 'bus when he might keep his own carriage. His two daughters are in danger of growing old maids, because he won't come down with a portion as long as he lives; and he has kept them in seclusion until their juvenile charms are vanishing. Philpotts has more money than he knows what to do with, and is deep in every well-paying speculation of the day; he is verging on sixty, and is rather fond of good living when it costs him nothing or not much—and is as likely to live ten or fifteen years longer as not. All this I learned concerning Mr. Philpotts from the conversation of his companions, chiefly during his own absence. Now, I never wanted to learn a word of it; and it doesn't concern me a morsel, though I do feel sorry for the young ladies that ought to have been married years ago. I could tell a tale almost equally particular with regard to nearly every one of the twelve gentlemen whom I pick up and drop down every morning, though they little think of it; and I have a notion there is not a single one of them who knows as much of the private history of either of the others as I do of the whole twelve.

After the purposes of business are served in the morning, come those of pleasure. I have a suspicion that more people ride for play than for work, judging from the fact, that during summer and fine weather my family is always larger than it is in the wet and wintry days. Towards mid-day, the ladies begin to honour me with their company; if the sun shines fair, they are abroad shopping in multitudes, and I am continually taking up and setting down at the most splendid shops on my route the wives and daughters of the identical clerks, merchants, and gentlemen, who make up the

cargoes of the morning. That younger Miss Philpotts, by the way, let me say, is not an old maid yet, if I'm anything of a judge: I set her down at the new bonnet-shop yesterday afternoon, and she don't look as if she had seen seven-and-twenty yet.

The ladies, when they are mammas, are fond of taking the children a ride in the 'bus. Sometimes I get a whole family of children; the other night I had eleven young mothers, each with a baby in arms, and only one gentleman—twenty-three altogether, though we're only licensed to carry twelve. Summer afternoons and evenings are the children's holidays; not a week passes but I take out a dozen or two to the fields, and bring them back again at sundown, loaded with buttercups, cowslips, daisies, or May-blossom, which makes me feel like a nosegay all the way to the Strand. My 'bus is always pretty full as business-hours draw to a close. There are people going out in the suburbs to spend the evening; there are more going home to dinner, or it may be an early tea; there are people going into the City to theatre or concert—so that, travel which way I will, I mostly travel full of an evening. If I'm not full before I get so far as the railway station, I'm sure to fill there, especially in excursion-times, when the train is just come in. If you was to look into my 'bus then, you wouldn't know it for the same—twelve people up to their chins in egg-baskets, boxes, carpet-bags, and packages, look so different from twelve city gentlemen, with nothing bigger than a snuff-box apiece. Poor Mr. Philpotts hailed me the other night when I was full of excursioners, and would have had to ride outside if a civil young fellow hadn't offered to turn on to the roof, to make room for him. It was odd, I thought, that after old P. had got out, and turned up the lane to his cottage, the young fellow got down and joined the younger Miss P. not a hundred yards further on—but, of course, that was no business of mine.

People talk, and write, too, sometimes, about the influence of the weather and the state of the atmosphere upon people's nervous systems. I don't profess to understand nervous systems myself, but I know, from pretty good experience, that wet weather is very trying to the temper, not to mention the rheumatism. It's mostly gentlemen that ride in rainy seasons; and the few ladies that get into my 'bus, do so because they can't help themselves, and must go the distance. Politeness, I have observed, like many other things that are more for ornament than use, is very much damaged by moisture: civility, which is all we conductors pretend to, is a much tougher article, and more waterproof, though it won't keep out the rain any more than the other. Rain is a wonderful damper to sociability as well as to broadcloth: when the water is dropping from people's clothes, conversation drops too; and as for a joke, it isn't always safe to venture upon one in the wet, because when folks are dripping they won't stand roasting—which, of course, is natural enough. There's a prodigious rush sometimes of a splashy night to catch the last 'bus; and then it is that your model-gentleman stands at one side, and lets others be accommodated before he takes thought for himself—though I've never had the pleasure of being introduced to that gentleman yet.

It came down dismally this morning, more like a water-spout than a storm of rain. We pulled up as usual at Grinder Lane for Mr. Philpotts, but he never came. I thought it was the foul weather kept him at home. It wasn't though, as I found out before we'd gone a mile further. It's a fact that the young fellow that was so civil to him the other night, has bolted off with the younger Miss Philpotts, and married her clean out. He's a lawyer, they say, and in doing business for the father, has found out that the Misses P. have each fortunes in their own right, inherited from their mother's father, of which the old gentleman has the manage-

18 VIEWS OF LIFE FROM A FIXED STAND POINT.

ment. Young Circuit has taken his choice of the two; and now the thing has got wind, it is thought the other will go by hook or by crook, in spite of all the unwilling father can do to prevent it—and very proper too. I shall look out for the old gentleman when he has got over the surprise, and see how he bears it.

THE FORTUNATE SHOP.

MANY years ago—it must be more than forty by this time—there stood, at the corner of a lane in the heart of the city of London, a dim, dusty-looking house of some thirty feet frontage, upon which the sun rarely shone save for a few hours in the afternoon, and which you might pass a hundred times, so unpretentious was its aspect, without noticing its existence. It had two windows, with a broad space of brown brick wall between them, on the ground-floor; and when the, scaled and blistered shutters, which were once green, were thrown open, as they were every morning about eight o'clock, you might have seen an elderly maiden personage sitting at the smaller one behind a white muslin blind, hemming the frill of a cap, stitching the wristband of a shirt, or darning woollen hose. At the other and larger window the blind was of green gauze, very faded and worn, and did not half conceal the figure of a lean invalid-looking man, of about fifty, who stood behind a sort of counter covered with padded felt, polishing now a silver salver, now a soup-tureen of the same metal, by the friction of his bare palm. Sometimes two or three pale lads wrought with him at the same silent labour; and if you had entered at the private door—whose knocker was half confined with a staple driven into the panel to prevent your alarming the nerves of the proprietor by indulging in a thundering rap—and had ascended to the floor above, you might have found a party of young girls, preparing with their soft hands more work of the same kind for the finishing-touches of the master. The

lane in which the house of the plate-polisher stood had been once a solitary *cul-de-sac*, leading to nowhere, and compelling all explorers after a north-west passage to retrace their steps ; but a few years before the time of which we speak, the pulling down of some old houses at the end of it had converted the *cul-de-sac* into a "short cut" and much-used thoroughfare between two or more of the most busy and populous haunts of commerce. In consequence, the lane began to assume an appearance of more liveliness and importance ; there was scrubbing and washing, and painting of fronts, pointing of bricks, enlarging of front-windows, and the conversion of dingy front-parlours and neglected warehouses into sprightly-looking shops. But the plate-polisher made no alteration—did not even renew the old green blind, pumice-stone his blistered shutters, or bestow a little of his craft on the rusty knocker of his door. Rusty as it was, however, Death did not disdain to lift it with his skeleton fingers ; he sounded his summons in the middle of the night, and the next morning the shutters were not thrown open, but the blinds of the upper windows were drawn down, and there was no more "plate-polishing done here" from that day forth. For a few weeks the old maiden-lady, shrouded in bombazine and crape, might be seen occasionally flitting about the premises, and then she vanished from the neighbourhood.

She was no sooner gone, than up rose a hoarding of lofty planks in front of the old house, begirt with a planked foot-way for passengers, and, in less time than you could imagine, stuck all over with posters of lottery-bills in all the colours of the rainbow, and with announcements of a hundred different kinds, laid on so thick, that you might as well think of looking through a millstone as of obtaining by a furtive peep any hint of what was going on within. However, the lane didn't care much about it, and manifested no remarkable curiosity. Old gentlemen, who dropped into the little tavern three

doors off, in the morning, to discuss the current-prices and the gooseberry-brandy, tiffed at the hoarding, as it brought them up suddenly; and hasty messengers, availing themselves of the short-cut, found it all the longer for the temporary obstruction. But the hoarding flew off one Saturday night, and displayed to the Sunday gazers a handsome set of new shutters, surmounted by a Corinthian cornice, and a new private door, splendid in imitative walnut and shining varnish. When the shutters came down on Monday morning, they disclosed a handsome mahogany sash, the two lower rows of panes guarded by a stout trellis-work of brass-wire, resting upon a single plate of brass, inscribed in the centre with the name of the new proprietor, John Cambit. Behind the wire-work and the glass, lay scattered in careless profusion, as though Cambit didn't value it a straw, an absolute mine of wealth. There were big-bodied wooden bowls, positively split at the sides with the weight of old English guineas, every one of which was worth seven-and-twenty shillings apiece—there were louis-d'ors, just as plentiful, from France—bulging piles of yellow ducats from Spain—bursting bags of rupees from India—and huge bars and solid ingots of the precious gold heaped in pyramids, ready for the Mint. As for silver, it lay in masses, like so much rubbish, beneath the golden store, and seemed to invite the shovel of the scavenger to clear it away. Then, scattered like scraps of waste-paper over all, were the notes of all nations, promises to pay, scrip, coupons, bonds and securities, and everything in the shape of a marketable pledge for untold sums and fabulous amounts of wealth. Cambit meant business—that was plain; and he did business too; for the new shop became a sort of shrine for the luckier tribes of Israel, who were continually going in and out, and for travellers, besides, from all parts of Europe. How long Cambit dwelt in the lane, we don't exactly recollect; but we found him unexpectedly one morning promoted to Lombard Street:

and on passing the old shop in the afternoon, beheld the identical boards upon which his masses of bullion had reposed, occupied by a dozen or so of wig blocks, all in a row.

These were days, be it remembered, when wigs were wigs, and no trifles; and when Finnigan bought Cambit's lease, and went into the lane in the wig line, he knew what he was about. If gentlemen of substance in those days succumbed to Time, they had too much pluck to allow the bald-pated old mower to be conscious of his triumph. As for parading his victory and their own defeat in the shape of a bunch of grey whiskers on each side of the face, the generality of them would as soon have thought of suicide. As yet, whiskers were not—and the trade of the barber was anything but the mere pretence it is now. The whole face was shaven clean as wax-work every morning, and the unborn beard cropped out of existence before it could betray its colour, whether red, white, or blue. Heads scant of hair mounted a scalp cunningly devised to match the natural hue; heads totally bald went into wigs; and not a few of the heads, maturely or prematurely grizzled or grey, did the same. Full-bottoms were out, except for official purposes; but Brutuses were in, and a decent Brutus cost five guineas, and considered cheap at that; and if you were extravagant enough, you might go as high as ten or fifteen guineas—Finnigan often had fifteen guineas. His *chefs-d'œuvre* were real masterpieces, and, as he was wont to declare, far more natural than the real hair. To look at them, you would rather have thought that the wearer's head did not belong to his shoulders than that the wig did not belong to the head. Finnigan was a scientific man, and not only had his wigs woven under his own eye, but grew his own hair. He had a talpa-farm in Brittany, where a whole district of Celtic damsels were under his sway, and bound down not to part with a single lock or ringlet to any one but him. Every autumn he crossed the Channel in person, gathered his crop,

and brought it home in readiness for winter orders. He never troubled himself with the operative tonsorial department, or the supplementary trade of combs, brushes, perfumery, and cutlery. All that he left to his foreman and assistants, concentrating the whole force of his superior mind upon the wigs and their welfare. Of course he made a fortune. It was not in the nature of things that, with his genius, he should do otherwise. He retired rather suddenly, disgusted with the too coarse innovation of horse-tails upon the magisterial head, and built himself a neat villa at Wighampton, where he spent the remainder of his days peacefully.

The world is full of contrasts. The next tenant of the Fortunate Shop was the very antithesis of Finnigan, and was no other than little Pounce, the notary and law-stationer, who had an utter contempt for wigs, and wore his own head as bald as one of Finnigan's own blocks. Polished and shining, his little round pate was seen, on a gloomy day, glimmering in the darkness of the shop like the red round moon in the fog of a November night. He filled his window with bodkins, spikes, and circular pricklers; with bundles of red-tape and sealing-wax, and round and flat rulers; with ink-stands, and pencils, and Indian-rubber, and bundles of cut quill-pens, with their noses baptised in ink; with bottles of Walkden's best Japan and Scot's blue; with reams of copy-paper and rolls of vellum; and huge sheets of parchment, with *This Indenture* and a blue stamp at the upper left-hand corner. Instead of a blind, he hung whole fathoms of engrossed vellum across a brass rod, and there he sat at a desk behind them, ploughing away with his pen, and spelling every word, as he wrote it, with his lips, so plainly that one might almost read from his grimaces as easy as from his writing: when he did write, that is to say, which was not oftener than he could help, and only when all his clerks were fully engaged. Pounce came into the world to rub his hands, and he never

seemed to do anything else with such thorough good-will and energy. He must have used whole tons of Hood's "invisible soap," and oceans of "imperceptible water;" for he rubbed from morning to night the moment his fingers quitted their grasp of anything. He rubbed when he was taking an order, or giving directions for its execution; he rubbed while waiting for his dinner at the chop-house, and laid down his knife and fork to rub a dozen times during its consumption; he rubbed half the time he was serving a customer, and all the time that there were no customers to serve, and nothing else to occupy his hands. Of course he rubbed on, and got on, as his predecessors had done in the Fortunate Shop. When he went away, it was into larger premises, fitted to accommodate a larger staff, and situated somewhat nearer 'Change.

After Pounce came Pungent, the pickle-dealer, who blocked up the window with bottles and jars, and preserve-pots and neats' tongues and dried salmon, and a shoal of other savoury and relishing etceteras; and covered the floor with tubs and barrels and kegs, and amphoræ; and did a wonderful trade among the diners and givers of dinners, and lovers of good eating, with which the city abounds. Then he made the grand discovery of a new fish-sauce, and blazoned it abroad, even to the ends of the earth; and had to enlarge his premises by buying out the newsman next door, and throwing both houses into one, to make room for his increasing trade. Over all the wide world flew the renowned Pungent Sauce—to India, to China, to Valparaiso, to the furthest skirts of civilisation, and beyond; and brought gold in heaps to Pungent's pocket. And ever the demand increased as the hunger of the nations grew with that it fed on; till Pungent, out of sheer compassion to the human race in general, and to aristocratic eaters in particular, had to turn out of the narrow lane into a grand establishment further west, and consummate his destiny by devoting himself solely

to the satisfaction of the universal clamour for the immortal sauce.

Who it was that first occupied the shop after Pungent had departed, we cannot state with certainty. We think it was a jeweller, who, to the usual traffic in the emblems of modern vanity, added a commerce in old coins, old cameos, intaglios, statuettes in precious metal, and everything curious and diminutive in the world of ancient art. Besides him, we recollect a fruiterer, who made a magnificent display of melons and pine-apples, and hot-house grapes at a crown a pound, and all the horticultural delicacies of the season, collected from the home or foreign nurseries. He was a bold speculative fellow, who didn't care what price he paid for the best articles: he knew his market, and kept such an astounding show of luxuries ever on hand as put Covent Garden to the blush. He found the lane a short-cut to the Mansion House, and soon had to furnish the desserts at all the civic feasts—sending in bills of three figures after a single banquet. He was Alderman Somebody when he retired to his seat in Surrey; and very likely was Lord Mayor Somebody as well, when his turn came.

We need not charge ourselves with the narrative of the career of every man who had the good-luck to get into the Fortunate Shop, and find it a short-cut, as they all did, to prosperity and competence; but must hasten on to the climax of its history, which is not far off.

At the end of the lane, where he had lived ever since it had been converted from a *cul-de-sac* to a thoroughfare, dwelt Mr. Christopher Cinnamon, who got his living, and brought up a family of five respectably, by exercising the trade of a grocer. Kit, who was a sleek, quiet, observant fellow, had long had his eye on the Fortunate Shop, and more than once had made an unsuccessful bid for the lease, whose expiry was yet far off, and which was renewable, at the option of the tenant, for twenty-one years. About nine

years ago, however, having compassed a little money by a prudent speculation in nutmegs, he astonished the whole lane by outbidding all competitors, and purchasing the lease at a price which set them a speculating on the man's sanity. Kit said nothing in reply to the innuendoes thrown out in his hearing, but smiled quietly, and moved into the house, without making any fuss about it. The result justified his conduct; his business and his profits doubled within six months, and quadrupled within the year. He removed his family to a country-house, and came every morning early to town to look after his shop, which promised to maintain its old character, and realise a fortune for them all, with due care in its management, by the time the lease had expired.

But Kit was not destined to wait for that. One morning, as he was sitting in his counting-house scanning the Price-current for the day, he received a visit from one of the corporation solicitors. That gentleman opened his business at once by demanding, in the name of the corporation, what amount Mr. Cinnamon would be disposed to accept for the surrender of his lease. One might have supposed that Kit would have been taken aback by such a demand; on the contrary, he received it with remarkable equanimity—merely smiled his customary smile, bowed his customary bow, and replied that he had no intention of parting with his lease on any terms. The lawyer returned to the charge, but with no effect; and finally, after a little jocular skirmishing, withdrew. A day or two after, he came again, and renewed the discussion. Kit was immovable as ever—nothing should induce him to turn out. “But it must be done,” said the lawyer. “We are going to pull down the opposite row of houses, rebuild your side in grand style, and run the street half a mile westward.” “So I hear,” said Kit; “but I do not give up my lease for all that. I shall not stand in the way of improvement. Pull down, and rebuild in any style you like; but provide me a place to carry on my

business the while, and give me the occupancy of the new house when it is finished until my term—which, of course, I shall renew according to the covenants—is expired.” There was no help for it. Kit would admit of no other conclusion; and as the improvements had to be carried out at once, the authorities were obliged to arrange affairs according to his wishes.

So Kit moved out into capital premises in an adjoining street, while the old buildings vanished in a cloud of dust, that hung over the neighbourhood for a twelvemonth, and the new ones rose in lofty magnificence upon their site. When Kit saw his old corner-shop—lately buried in a lane not a dozen feet wide—standing seventy feet high, with a huge semicircular façade, superb in pillars, pilasters, and carved cornices, fronting one of the most imposing approaches to the very centre of the city, he hardly knew what to make of it. The house, he saw, would be roomy enough to domicile a small colony, and thought it would make a stupendous grocer’s shop; and he longed, with a natural instinct, to be fitting it out in a style to eclipse the whole trade; yet he began to ponder on the propriety of so doing, taking all circumstances into consideration. It was not long before some aids to reflection came to him in the shape of overtures from a house-agent with whom he had a gossiping acquaintance, who offered him an annuity of £500 a year during the term of his lease, relieving him at the same time of the old rent-charge. Kit was in no hurry. It would be some months yet before the new house was habitable, and he would take time to make up his mind. The house-agent came again, and increased his bid—came a third time, and doubled it: all to no purpose. Other competitors now stepped in; among the rest, a banking-firm offered at first £1500, then £2000 a year for the house, paying, besides, the old rent. Kit, who had been wide awake all the time, became wider awake than ever. He was determined to give the com-

petitors as much line as they would run out—and they ran out a pretty considerable length. The upshot of it was, after a furious and protracted struggle between various associated bodies and private speculators, that Mr. Cinnamon retained the lease of the house in his own hands, letting the several floors to tenants of his own choice: the ground-floor for £1500 a year to an assurance company; the first-floor to another public company, for the same sum; and the rest of the house in smaller holdings, for a variable but considerable sum besides.

Christopher Cinnamon, Esquire, is no longer a grocer. The Fortunate Shop has landed him also on a propitious shore. He has disposed of his business to a man of capital for a swinging sum, and has retired to the groves of Norwood, where he cultivates his own cabbages for his amusement, and the society of a select circle of genteel people for his edification.

Whether the Fortunate Shop will continue to maintain its character, and indemnify the assurance company who have had the assurance to pay so high a price for its countenance—and that other company who have been equally liberal—is more than we can say. For the sake of consistency, it ought to do so; and for the sake of shareholders and assurers, who are on the look-out for dividends, bonuses, and that sort of thing, we most cordially hope it will.

A CALM IN THE CITY.

WHEN, far away from the banks of the Thames, the recollection of London comes across the mind, it comes like the vision of a whirling vortex—a confused *mælström* of heady life and activity, to plunge into which is to be borne along in an irresistible current, to be dinned with noise and tumult, and to be chafed with excitement and anxiety, until cast up again upon some quiet shore. And this vision is no exaggeration, but just the simple fact. London *is* a vortex, into which everybody and everything that comes near is drawn, and kept whirling round a common centre, from one week's end to another. But when the week is over, and the Sabbath-morning bells ring in the Day of Rest, then comes a remarkable change—a contrast so marked as probably no other spot on earth exhibits. Whatever may be the case in some parts of the vast area of the metropolis, in the old city district, which is under the immediate jurisdiction of the corporation, Commerce, folding herself to sleep with the last breath of Saturday, moves not a limb till Monday morning dawns, and for four-and-twenty hours upon this usually turbid sea of conflict there is a dead calm.

It is drawing towards eleven, on a summer Sunday morning, as we find ourselves crossing the area in front of the Exchange, bound for a lonely ramble among the solitudes. As we traverse Cornhill, there is but a single figure in view, and that is the policeman, whose footfall, echoed from the opposite side of the way, is the only sound, until it is broken by the rattle of the wheels of a distant omnibus, which

reverberates with unwonted distinctness from the lofty walls around us, and then dies away. We turn down a court in which the clear song of a blackbird, perched somewhere above in his lone cage, echoes among the chimney-tops. No sign of life greets us in the court, which opens into another, where also silence and sunshine reign together. The court debouches into Lombard Street—"a shore where all is dumb." We read on signs aloft of "coupons" and "rates of exchange;" but there is not a chink of coin, not a blink from a single half-opened shutter among all the banks, whose wealth might purchase a kingdom. Alone and thoughtful, we proceed along the street—the spectacle of carved stone-cherubs and death's-heads—of battered foliage and mingled cross-bones, upon the lintels of a narrow entrance, beguiles us into exploring it; and we find ourselves, after a few steps, standing in front of Allhallows Church—a church literally jammed against the walls of surrounding houses, and all but hermetically closed from the air of heaven. While we are speculating on the probability of finding a congregation in a neighbourhood apparently deserted, we hear the voice of the minister reading the lesson of the day, and, softly opening the door wide enough for a scrutiny, perceive that the congregation consists of four figures in bonnets, who alone occupy the body of the church. We decline figuring as the fifth part of a congregation, and retreat softly. As we regain the street, distant St. Paul's peals out the hour, and in the echo of each note we can distinguish, so unbroken is the calm, the octave, fifth and twelfth, which makes the perfect tone. Looking into the church of St. Edmond's, in the same street, we find a congregation of full twenty people at their devotions; and again peeping into St. Mary Woolnoth, at the corner of the street, there almost as many as thirty more. Three national churches standing all within a stone's-cast, and containing on a fine morning in summer not threescore individuals of the nation among them, strikes us as an

exceedingly liberal allowance of church-accommodation to the privileged Londoners ; and we cannot help contrasting it for a moment with the alleged wants on that score in distant parts of the realm.

And now we dive among the narrow ways that abut upon the river's brink below the bridges. Here, somnolent in dust and sunshine, stand the tall warehouses crammed with the cargoes of that countless fleet of vessels which sleeps this morning in the Pool. They are all fast locked in a noonday slumber—the only sounds are the incessant twittering of sparrows, and the stilly surge of the river, that runs lazily by as the high tide begins to flag in its landward course. Now and then a lean cat stalks across the road, and disappears through some shivered pane or fractured panel. The chain-cables from the cranes and windlasses in the upper stories hang down motionless—the half-loaded wain stands motionless below, and beneath its cool shadow a brood of aldermanic ducks have settled themselves for a comfortable sleep after a morning's forage in the mud of the river.

Back to Cheapside, where a few listless loungers are taking the air in shirt-sleeves, shaven chins, and slippers, which constitute the Sunday toilet of an unmistakeable class who all the week long are toiling in the service of eating and drinking and conviviality-loving man. They do not come boldly forth to promenade. Here a waiter, swinging his body from heel to toe, while his hands are clasped behind him, puffs a surreptitious cigar—then retires for a moment, and comes forth again, looking now up at the sky, now down at his neat slippers—and then dives again into the darkness of his peculiar den. There a chambermaid, in neat muslin gown, with lace sleeves of her own working, with bare head half hidden in shining ringlets, with neat ankle and on tripping foot, darts out and in from the clean-swept court, and flirts coyly with the sunshine or with her own

shadow, for want of better entertainment. Then there is the old stager, portly and bald-headed, plush-waistcoated, with an enormous allowance of shirt-front brilliant with sparkling studs, divested, for one day of the week, of his everlasting white apron, and of that atmosphere of steaming-hot joints, which he respires from Monday morning to Saturday night, and cool, comfortable, and convalescent after the six days' fever of his avocation. He blinks peacefully at the sun, and listens to the unwonted music of the green leaves he hears rustling in the solitary tree opposite, which was once a thriving rookery, with a populous colony of feathered Cockneys, and where yet the last rook's eyrie lingers in the topmost branches, and sheds from time to time its decaying fragments, as they are scattered by the breeze upon the heads of the passers-by.

A booming hum comes stealing along from St. Paul's Cathedral as we cross over the end of Cheapside. It is the deep-toned organ pealing a chant, which dies into silence as we enter Paternoster Row. There the posts which guard the narrow footpath from the intrusion of wheels on the week-day are now enjoying a quiet holiday, and have it all to themselves. There is no sign of life or motion—so still is the hush, that the flutter of a torn placard taps audibly upon the shutter as it flaps in the wind. We read on the lintels, signboards, and panels around, the names that have figured, some for many generations, on the title-pages of millions of volumes; and we think of the myriads of books upon the weary miles of shelves piled up in this narrow repository, now silent as the grave—and perhaps we speculate for a moment on their fate, and ask how many of them has the past week, or the past year, consigned to an oblivion of which the present moment is so suggestive a type. But we feel instinctively that such a question is too personal for the sole scribbler at this crisis in the Row, and we defer its consideration to another opportunity—running away from it, and from

a nauseous smell of tallow—and crossing over into Doctors' Commons.

There is nothing in Doctors' Commons, save and except a convocation of sparrows, which have met to decide some important case, whether of bigamy or divorce, of brawling in church, or a disputed will, we do not pretend to say ; but they are extremely earnest and vociferous in argument, and make, for such small fry, a prodigious noise—all the noise, in fact, that is audible just now in this famous district. As to the courts, they are as silent and dumb as their worst enemies could wish them to be—not so much as the ghost of a proctor or doctor, or dean or judge-advocate, or a single clerk of one of them, or even a touter in white apron, or anything legal or ecclesiastical, or vagabond, save the sparrows aforesaid, which may be all three, for aught we know, is either to be seen or heard. The place looks exceedingly dingy and bewitched in spite of the pleasant sunshine ; and we move away from it involuntarily—past Carter Lane, where there are no carters—past Shoemaker Row, where shoes are never made—past Printing-house Square, where the thunder of the *Times* is hushed into temporary repose—and so down into Bridge Street, where we cross over into watery Whitefriars, meeting but few stragglers by the way, and on into the Temple.

The Temple this morning is a temple of repose. There is a whispering of leaves from the tall trees, and a soothing murmur from the river ; but we hear nothing beyond that, except now and then the echo of a lonely footfall in one or other of the shady penetralia of the place. The gardens bounding the river show a gleaming sward, which invites us by its softness ; but the gates are closed, and entrance forbidden. We are attracted towards the fountain, playing its never-ending tune, to which the small birds in the trees above respond in a fitful, twittering, quiet kind of chorus, which harmonises well with the pattering fall of water. By the side of the fountain, watching in contemplative mood the

sparkling, glittering, flying drops of spray, and the busy bubbles beneath, stands—not a Niobe, or a nymph, or a naiad—but a rather brawny-looking man in top-boots, and wearing a hat and coat, both of them a couple of sizes at least too big for him. He has his back towards us at first; but the echo of our footstep wakes him from his reverie, and he turns round—and we see that it is Mr. Figg, of Birchin Lane. We know Figg, who is a very fair type of a peculiar class; and it may serve to give a little life to this dreamy sketch, if we introduce him to the reader.

Figg is a humble client—one of a very considerable number—of the corporation of London. He was born beneath the shadow of the old Exchange; and if he has ever been, in his whole life, out of the sound of Bow Bells, we may be sure that it was but for a few hours, and then on some municipal excursion up or down the river. Among his ancestors, whom he can trace further back than, judging from the cut of his second-hand coat, you would expect, there flourished one who was a common-councilman in his day—a fact which has an influence even yet upon the destiny of his remote descendant. But Figg was born poor; he saw the light in a garret in Little Bell Alley, and he saw there little besides, the garret having been stripped bare by the necessities of his parents before he opened his eyes upon its emptiness. As soon as he was able to run, the City helped him into a charity-school, where he got what little education he was capable of receiving. Because he was a Figg, the corporation regarded him kindly, and put bread into his mouth by putting occupation into his hands when he grew up. In process of time, Figg became a licensed porter, authorised to ply in Billingsgate Market, and master of an average income of five shillings a day. Then he found out that it would be a matter of economy in him to marry, and of course he married; and from the first hour of his wedded life, up to the present moment, he will tell you, if you get into his con-

fidence, that he has not paid a halfpenny of rent. For why?—the descendant of the common-councilman, as soon as he possessed a wife, found no difficulty in getting the charge of a set of chambers—in other words, of getting the basement floor of a noble house to live in, on the condition of his wife's sweeping and dusting the several apartments, and carrying up coal from the cellar in the winter; and receiving from the tenants of each floor five shillings a week for her trouble. With a blissful ignorance of taxes, and poor-rates, and quarter-day, and all such abominations, Mr. Figg has led a tolerably comfortable life for a labouring-man. He has brought up his boy to tread in his steps; and the youngster will become a licensed porter in his turn before many months are over his head. Figg has grown exceedingly broad in the shoulders, and heavy and square about those facial muscles, which his Billingsgate friends denominate "the gills;" and it is thought that he will retire from active life, and repose for the rest of his days in the ground-floor of the banking-house, which has been so long under his protection.

"Good-morning, Mr. Figg; who would have thought of meeting you here? We imagined you would be keeping guard on Sunday over the gold in your charge."

"The same to you, sir. No, sir—never of a Sunday, sir—leastways, not till the evening, sir."

"Then you have no fear of robberies by daytime—is that it?"

"No, sir, by your leave, that's not it neither. The bank is never left, sir, day *nor* night. But the clerks takes it turn about, and keeps guard on Sundays. My wife, sir, cooks their dinner for 'em. 'Tis Mr. Bailey's turn to-day, sir, and she'll cook *his* dinner. He'll go home at six o'clock, or maybe seven, and by that time, and afore, I shall be back. No, sir, the bank is never left. If you was to go into any bank in all Lombard Street, at this moment, you'd find one

or other of the clerks there—they does it everywhere by turns, sir—turn and turn about.”

Figg is as positive as he is explicit and oracular upon this point, and no doubt his assertion is true. As he finishes speaking, he looks complacently at his top-boots, and flaps a little dust from them with a snuff-coloured handkerchief. We bid him good-day, and saunter on into Pump Court, wondering in our own mind what upon earth can induce Figg, who in noway differs from his brethren of the knot on other days, to array his nether extremities in breeches and top-boots on Sunday, as he has done every Sunday for these twenty years past. Pump Court offers no solution to the mystery—it is a particularly dull, old-world, and drabby area, silent just now as a crypt—paved with cracked and crumbling flags, each one of which looks as though it were the monumental stone over some buried life. How many hungry litigants have worn hollows in these irresponsible witnesses of their fears and their despairs! and how many more shall pace them in distracted thought under the anguish of hope deferred? “Tong!” goes the bell from the old church, where the grim templars lie cross-legged on the cold stones; and at the same moment comes the boom of the organ, telling us that in another minute the congregation will be upon us, and the sleeping echoes awake once more. We are startled out of our reverie, and into Fleet Street, where already the publicans are opening their doors and windows, and the dead calm of Sunday morning in the City wakes up into the current of common life.

PATERNOSTER ROW AND MAGAZINE-DAY.

PATERNOSTER Row, which, as most people know, stands north of St. Paul's Churchyard, began its career as a straggling row or rank of dumpy wooden houses, inhabited by the turners of beads and rosaries, and the writers of Paternosters, Aves, and Creeds, in days prior to the invention of printing. Its proximity to the metropolitan church, and its central position in the capital, made it a desirable situation for the scribes and the artificers of those days, whose occupation it was to supply the literature and the machinery of devotion. The Row then consisted but of a single rank of houses, looking out upon old St. Paul's Church; and the sale of its merchandise, we may reasonably conclude, augmented or declined with the religious fervour of the people, and with the periodical celebration of ecclesiastical ceremonies.

When the Reformation came, and England grew Protestant, the beads and the rosaries, the Paternosters, Aves, and Creeds—and the poor friars of the religious houses, “white, black, and grey, with all their trumpery,” had to decamp without beat of drum. In their place came a swarm of mercers, silkmen, lacemen, and tirewomen and seamstresses. Church-goers no longer wanted beads and breviaries, but handsome Sunday garments—and the new tenants of the Row administered to the necessities of a new species of devotion, not much better, it is to be feared, than the old. The Row now began to grow famous as a market for rich velvets and stuffs. It was here the gentry of the court of Charles II. came a-shopping in their equipages; and by

this time the Row must have become, to some extent, what it is at the present day—a narrow lane, unsuitable for the passage of vehicles—for we read that the thoroughfare was often blocked up by the carriages of the court ladies. Pepys records, in his diary (1660), that he came here to buy “moyre for a morning waistcoat;” and again, in 1662, that he came on foot to purchase “satin for a petticoat for his wife against the queen’s coming.”

But the mercers, lacemen, &c., had not the whole place to themselves. A century before Pepys bought his wife’s satin petticoat, one Henry Denham, a bookseller, had opened shop at the sign of the Star, and had written on his sign-board the motto: *Os homini sublime dedit*. It was not, however, until the reign of Queen Anne that the booksellers in a body removed to the Row from Little Britain. From that time to this, the reputation of the Row has spread further and wider through the world with each revolving year; and for many generations past, the well-known name has been familiar to the eye of every man, woman, and child of the realm to whom a book is either a necessary or a luxury of life. It is not our purpose to trace the history of the commerce in books, of which the Row is the great centre, and where as many as five millions of volumes have been sold in a year by a single firm. To do that, would require more space than we have at command, and would involve researches and calculations that might perplex and appal a Bidder. The Row is fed, now-a-days, by fifty thousand authors at least, and a thousand or so of steam-presses; and what the amount of printed paper may be which is turned into it and turned out of it in the course of a year, let those declare, if there be such, who have the means of judging. There are firms there of above a century’s standing, who might throw some light on that subject, if they chose; and to them we leave it—preferring, on the present occasion, to introduce the reader to Paternoster Row under its existing aspect, and contemplate

at leisure such of its activities as may help us to some general idea of its way of life.

The aspect of the Row, enter it from what quarter you may—and you may take your choice of very numerous different entrances—is pretty sure to disappoint the expectations of a stranger. To say the best of it, it is but a narrow, curving, irregular thoroughfare, leading from near Ludgate Hill to Cheapside—a lane of brick and mortar, with erections of all dates and all styles and no styles of building—with a foot-pavement scarcely wide enough for two individuals to pass each other, and a roadway through a good part of which vehicles can pass only in single file. The shops, which, with the exception of two or three, are all those of publishers, have a business rather than an attractive air, and except on certain periodical occasions, are not much troubled by the rush of customers. Into this lane, a number of narrower lanes, of courts and alleys, disembogue themselves—some leading to Newgate Market, whose shambles are in unpleasant contiguity to the rears of the houses on the northern side—some into St. Paul's Churchyard, some into Newgate Street and Warwick Square, and some to nowhere particular, only to a *cul-de-sac*, which sends the wanderer back again into the Row. At the west end, in a small dusty square, accessible through close-paved courts, leading by a byway to Ludgate Hill, stands a noble sycamore of perhaps a century's growth, whose leaves rustle pleasantly in hot summer-time, and whose leafless boughs in the winter are the parliament of the sparrows of the ward, which are observed to sit there in deafening convocation daily during the short half-hour of winter's twilight.

Viewed, then, in connection with the immediate neighbourhoods of Ludgate Hill, Cheapside, and Newgate Street, which, from early morn to midnight, are resounding with the continuous roar and rumble of wheels, the Row is, in general, a remarkably quiet place. The fever of business is inter-

mittent, and the crises occur only at regular intervals. During the quiet times, the place is frequented chiefly by two classes: the publishers, their booksellers and their agents—and literary men. There is a good deal of gossiping in the shops among clerical-looking gentlemen in white ties, and much lounging and reading of newspapers and magazines over the counter among clerks and shopmen. Now and then, the old blind fiddler strays into the Row, and tunes up a sentimental air, followed by rapid variations, in a masterly style, to whom his regular patrons are not slow in awarding the customary meed of coin. Anon comes a brass band of Germans, who draw up in rank on the kerb, intoning the patriotic harmonies of Fatherland, and who, in their turn, gather a shower of coppers, cunningly aimed from upper stories into the open throat of French horn or ophicleide by publishers' clerks in want of more profitable amusement. Here and there, a collector, bag on shoulder, strolls from shop to shop, to make up some extra parcel for a country customer—or a hungry bookworm lounges from window to window, to catch a glimpse of some new work; but there are no great signs of activity—except it be the sudden taking to his heels of the bookworm aforesaid, from a sudden effluvium that hits him clean off the pavement, and sends him staggering down the nearest court; and which proceeds from a tallow-melting establishment, as appropriately fixed as would be a pig in an Opera-box, in the very focus and centre of the literary world. Once a week, however, the Row puts on a vivacious look, and bustle and business are the order of the hour. By post-time on Friday, the weekly papers march off in sacks, bags, and parcels to the post-office, and of these the Row furnishes a liberal quota. The procuring of the papers from the publishers of each, which is often attended with no small amount of squabbling and delay—the packing for agents—the addressing to private customers—the invoicing and final bundling

off on the back of the boy to the post-office—all together put the whole force of the publisher upon their mettle, and make his shop-counter the arena of a contest against time, in which, if he come off the winner by a minute or so, he is perfectly satisfied. Before the clock strikes six, the whole affair is over—the crisis past, and the Row has relapsed into its former state of tranquillity.

But the grandest demonstration of all occurs on that day of days, which is the test and touchstone of the publisher's commerce, known among printers, binders, booksellers, and men of the Row of all denominations as Magazine-day. On this day, which is the last day of every month, the Row is as much alive as an Egyptian pot of vipers, and far more wide awake. Every house, from garret to cellar, is in a thrill of agitation that stirs the dust in the remotest crannies. Such pulling and lugging and hauling, and unpacking and brown-papering and pigeon-holing, as then takes place, upstairs and down, is a thing to be seen only then and there, and at no other time or place. It is a thing worth seeing, too, only we would advise no unauthorised intrusion of spectators who cannot compromise their dignity, and consent to be carried with the tide.

The business of Magazine-day invariably commences on the night before the important day dawns—a night which goes among the trade by the denomination of "late night," from the fact that its duties, when business is brisk, rarely terminate before twelve or one o'clock. By the morning post of this day of preparation, the orders of the country booksellers have all arrived. From their orders the invoices have to be made out; a process which, in some houses, is facilitated by means of printed lists of the monthly magazines and of the publisher's own books. Each regular customer has his allotted pigeon-hole, or other place of deposit, into which his invoice is put as soon as it is copied, together with such of the books he has ordered as the publisher has on his

premises. In this way, a considerable part of the work of Magazine-day is done during "late night;" and in houses where the business is extensive, it is indispensable that all that can possibly be done should be done before the labours of the night cease. Because, in a case where a man has to supply in one day the monthly parcel of a hundred or more of country booksellers, each of whom would think there was a design to ruin him if his parcel did not arrive on the first of the month, he cannot afford the risk of a moment's avoidable delay.

As soon as breakfast is swallowed on Magazine-day, the business of dispatch begins. The printers have sent the magazines perhaps overnight, or, at the latest, by early morning. The object is now to complete the order of each customer; and the moment it is completed, to pack it up with the invoice, and direct the parcel. Were nothing more to be done than to add the magazines and monthly publications to such books as form part of the publisher's own stock, the affair would be comparatively easy and simple; but as country booksellers deal mostly with but one publisher, each publisher has to supply his customers with all they want; and it will happen that, for one book of his own, he is compelled to procure ten or a dozen of other people's, upon which all the profit he gets is a trifling commission. Let him be as provident as he will in reference to this contingency, he finds, on Magazine-day, that he has to send not only to every house in the Row, but to half the publishers scattered over the metropolis besides, for books or pamphlets he has not got. His hands are so busy packing, sorting, and arranging, that he cannot spare enough of them to run half over the town for the whole day; so he has recourse to the book-collector, who at this moment comes forward with his services, and of whom, notwithstanding the hurry of the occasion, we must say a word or two before we proceed.

The "collector," so indispensable to the Row, is a rather

anomalous subject, and may rank as a curiosity among London industrials. He is, for the most part, neither man nor boy, but in that transition period of existence known as hobbledehoyhood. For the outward and visible signs of respectability, judging from appearances, he cares not a doit. He wears a seedy suit, surmounted by a cloth cap or a crushed hat; and he carries on his shoulders a dust-coloured canvas-bag, which had parted with its original and legal hue before it came into his possession. His voice is loud, his bearing independent, and his speech sharp, rapid, and abbreviated. Perhaps you would not be inclined to trust him with much, measuring him by your instincts; but if you were a publisher, you would be compelled to trust him often, and with a good deal. In the financial conduct of small and serial publications, ready cash is the standing rule; and you must give your collector the cash, or he can't collect the goods. Fortunately, you *may* trust him without incurring any great risk: there is honesty in him, and a proud feeling of caste, and he will account for your cash to the last fraction; and if he should do so with an air as though, if there were any delinquency to be suspected, it would be on your part, and not on his, you need not be surprised—it is his way. When you have given him your cash and your commission, he knows what to do, and is off like a shot. A specific sort of knowledge he has in perfection—a knowledge of little books and low-priced publications, and who their publishers are, and where they may be got. He will not travel half the distance for the things you want that your own clerk would do if you were to send him after them. Then, he can crush into a crowd, and “chaff” and bully his way to the counters in a style which your clerk would never learn, and get his business done all the quicker for it—and he will fill his bag, and return with the load, leaving you ample time for packing before the carts come for the parcels. He is well known at all the news-offices—was, in fact, a

news-boy himself as long as he was a boy at all—is well used to accounts, and the mental addition of fractions especially; and though more than a trifle pert and slangy, and given to stare at you in a way that savours of impudence, he is, upon the whole, a reasonably reliable, indifferent, happy-go-lucky sort of fellow enough.

As fast as the several orders are completed, the collected books and publications, together with the invoices, are carried to the packing-department, which may be a cellar, gas-lighted, below the shop, to be packed. The packets of the smaller traders are mostly cleared off early in the day, and stacked ready for the carters; but the completion of a large order is a thing not to be got over in a hurry, and is only effected at last by the success of the collectors in their rambling mission. Often enough, as the country booksellers know to their mortification, an order is not completed at all—tracts and pamphlets being returned as “out of print” when they are only “out of reach”—far off on the shelves of some West-end publisher, to whom there is not time to send.

As the day grows older, faster and more furious grows the strife of business. Every publisher has not only his own dozens, scores, or hundreds of parcels to despatch, but he is himself a quarry of more or less importance to fifty other publishers, whose agents and collectors are goading him on all sides with eager and hurried demands, which it is as much to his interest to supply instantaneously as it is to execute the orders he has himself received. Within doors, the shops are crammed with messengers, bag-laden and clamorous, from all parts of London; and without, the Row is thronged like a market with figures darting to and fro, and across and back again—with bulging sacks on shoulder—with paper parcels and glittering volumes grasped under each arm—and with piles of new books a yard high, resting on clasped hands, and steadied beneath the chin. It is of no use now for the blind fiddler or the brass-band to make

their appearance, and they know that perfectly well, being never caught in the Row on Magazine-day.

Let us enter one of the shops while the business of the day is at its height, and note what is going on. The apartment is not particularly large, the convenience of space being the one thing in which the Row is awkwardly deficient; but it is well furnished with goods, the walls, from floor to ceiling, being on all sides one conglomerate of pigeon-holes; further, there are screens of double-sided pigeon-holes, dividing the shop from the offices, and all are stuffed to repletion with books, mostly of small size, and tracts or pamphlets in prodigious numbers. A crowd of boys and lads are pressing to the counter, behind which clerks, with pen in hand or ear, and shopmen—now climbing ladders, now ducking and diving into dark corners—are busy in supplying their clamorous demands. From a trap-door in the floor, the gaslight glimmers pale from the cellar below, whence now and then a head emerges, and descends again with an unpacked pile. Amid the jingle of cash, the shuffling of feet, and the lumping of books on the counter, rise the imperative voices of the collectors, in tones none of the gentlest, and in terms not the most intelligible to the ears of the uninitiated.

"Come, it's my turn," bawls one; "am I to wait here all day? Pots of manna, six; and phials of wrath, thirteen as twelve. Look alive, will you?"

While the shopman is rummaging for the pots and phials, another voice ejaculates—"Coming struggles, twenty-six as twenty-four; two devices of Satan; and one little Tommy Tubbs."

"Do you keep the pious pieman?" roars a lanky "lither-lad," half doubled up beneath his corpulent bag.

"No," says the shopman, "over the way for the pious pieman."

"Well, give us a dozen blaspheming blacksmiths—thirteen, you know. Anything off the blacksmith?"

Shopman shakes his head.

"Nine broken pitchers and Jacob's well," screams a shrill youth; "and what's a church, and wheat or chaff."

"Ten garments of faith, and fifty bands of hope," cries another.

"Come!" adds a third, "give us old brown and the new jerusalem, and I'll be off."

"Do you keep the two thieves?" asks a fourth.

"Yes; how many?"

"Two two thieves and thoughts in prison."

The traffic here, as you perceive, is of a peculiar kind, being mostly in publications of a low price, and of a religious character. The moment a customer gets what he wants, he is off elsewhere for serials or volumes of a different description. The demand of the present day being chiefly for cheap or low-priced literature of one kind or another, we find the greatest crowds where that is dispensed in the greatest quantity. In places where volumes and the dear magazines form the whole, or nearly the whole, of the materials of traffic, there is time, even on Magazine-day, to conduct the business with more deliberation and decorum. But time must not be lost; and the dinner-hour comes at this particular crisis with but an apology for dinner, or not even that, to the majority of the actors in the busy scene.

As the afternoon wanes, the collectors gradually disappear, and that for an obvious reason, as their burdens have to be sorted, packed, and sent off before six o'clock. As other people's collectors desert the publisher's shop his own begin to return, having fulfilled their commissions; and now there is an hour and a half, or two hours, in which the work of packing has to be completed. The packing of books is an art, not an intuition. If it is not well done, the books suffer in their transit to the bookseller, and may be refused by the customer; and if it is not done quickly on Magazine-day, it may as well not be done at all. Practice, however, renders

the packers adroit; and it is amusing as well as surprising to note how rapidly a heap of books, of all sizes and all shapes, of damp magazines and flimsy sheets, is transformed into a neat brown-paper parcel, corded and directed, and ready for carriage. This all-important work employs all hands, and consumes the last labouring-hours of the day. As time draws on, symptoms begin to appear of the conclusion of the labour. Head-clerks and shopmen button on their coats, and march off to a late dinner; chops, steaks, and cups of coffee walk in, to the solace of those who are left behind to see to the termination of the day's business; and carts and waggons begin to defile into the Row from the western entrance, to carry off the parcels to the carriers' depôts. According to a very necessary regulation, well understood, the carts and vehicles performing this service enter the Row from the western or Ludgate Hill end, and draw up with horses' heads towards Cheapside. As a compensation for any trouble this rule may occasion, the carters have a small monthly gratuity allowed them. The carriers send for the goods at their own expense, receiving only the usual booking-fee for each parcel. Notwithstanding these regulations, however, the carting process rarely goes off without a bout at wrangling and squabbling among the drivers. Now and then an unsalaried carter, hired for the single job, and ignorant of the etiquette which requires that all vehicles shall depart at the Cheapside end of the Row, will obstinately persist in crushing his way in the contrary direction, and—though he is generally defeated in the attempt—he does not submit to fate without the usual demonstrations characteristic of his class. When the carts have all been filled and driven off, the Row assumes a sudden tranquillity, in remarkable contrast with the bustle and turmoil of the past day. By the time its shops are finally closed for the night, some million or so of copies of the latest productions of the press have taken to themselves wings of steam, and are all flying from London, as a common

centre, to all parts of the realm; and before to-morrow night the greater portion of them will be affording to the reading public their monthly literary treat.

The above glance at the operations of the publishing-trade furnishes us with a reason sufficiently obvious why publishers should congregate—in so doing they do but practise what is mutually convenient and profitable. It shows us, moreover, that the convenience at present derived from association is capable of very considerable enhancement. What to us appears to be wanting is, the establishment of a publishers' hall of commerce, in which, of everything published, not only in London but in all parts of the country, copies should be deposited for sale at the wholesale prices to all the members. The establishment need not be large, nor its management expensive; and the expense should be defrayed by a rate chargeable to each member, and deducted from the sums handed over to him in payment for his deposits. If the publishing trade goes on increasing for the next thirty years in the same proportion as during the last thirty years, Paternoster Row, with its present limits, cannot long continue to form its principal store-house. As other nuclei arise in other places, the necessity for some common area for the despatch of business will become more imperative and indisputable; and something equivalent to what we here suggest will arise, as most improvements in commercial systems have arisen, out of the urgent requirements of the hour.

OUR TERRACE ON SUNDAY.*

FROM the fact of Our Terrace standing in the line of cattle transit from the rearing-grounds in the north of the island to the market of Smithfield, we are all invariably awakened on the Sunday morning by the ba-a-ing of sheep, the lowing and bellowing of cattle, the bawling of drovers, and the barking of drovers' dogs. This matutinal concert begins, whatever the season of the year, before it is light, and continues at intervals, rarely of long duration, throughout the whole of the day. It is not by any means so monotonous a performance as a stranger might suppose, being enlivened by a variety of little accidents and pleasantries on the part of the fourfooted pilgrims, all of which we can hear and perfectly comprehend as we lie comfortably in our beds, which, on this morning of the week alone, a commercial people may be said fully to enjoy. Sometimes it is a vivacious ox, that, seized with an unforeboding whim of friskiness, takes it into his head to leap out of the road to the high pavement of the terrace, and thence into one of the small gardens, where he marches straight to the house-door, and butts at it with his horns, as though bent on a morning call to some particular friend of his own. Sometimes it is a flock of Norfolk wethers that have made an irruption into the doctor's garden at the villa over the way, through the negligence of the boy, who, after polishing the brass-plate on Saturday night, and getting up a bright face on it for the morrow, forgot to lock the gate.

* This sketch represents a state of things which has undergone considerable modification since the removal of the cattle-market from the city.

Sometimes it is a vociferous exchange of compliments between a couple of north-country drovers, who, without the slightest suspicion that a hundred pair of ears are cognisant of every syllable they utter, are lavishing affectionate endearments upon each other. These little incidents serve to vary the monotony of the perpetual ba-a-ing and boo-o-ing, and have a further effect in inducing us at length to rouse up, turn out, and confront the cold-water ewer, in preparation for getting down to breakfast.

As early as seven or eight o'clock in the morning, if we are up so early, which is not always the case with all of us, we may see, on looking out of window, detached groups of artisans, and apprentices to humble handicrafts not a few, in fustian and second-hand garb, but with unmistakeable holiday faces, passing onwards towards Highgate or Hornsey, and the picturesque country in the neighbourhood of both, resolved on the enjoyment of a rural holiday in the fields and lanes—where they will spend the entire day in the full appreciation of such pleasures as perfect idleness and perfect freedom can afford. These are soon followed by groups of anglers, with their tackle and rods in canvas-bags. A sense of propriety makes these fishermen, who catch no fish, set forth on their expeditions at an early hour. It would be a scandal, they think, to be *seen* with a fishing-rod at an hour when church-going people are abroad with their prayer-books; and, in consequence, the two discordant spectacles are seldom visible at once on the pavement of London. Comfortable anglers of mature years, who lie abed late on Sunday morning, and go a-fishing after breakfast, lock up their tackle at the fishing-stations, and are never seen carrying it at all. Next to the angler, it is as likely as not that the fowler passes along the terrace; he has generally with him an assistant in the shape of a ragged boy or lad, tolerably well loaded both on the outward and homeward bound march. Besides the nets and the poles, which,

together, make up something considerably above a hundred-weight, there is a whole cluster of cages to be carried, each containing one or more call-birds, and a pot of bird-lime, with sundry bundles of forked twigs, intended to serve as a snare for some desiderated songster. If you talk to the fowler on the subject of Sabbath desecration, he will tell you impudently that he cannot afford to be idle on the Sunday—that it is the best day for catching birds, and he had better give up any two days in the week than Sunday. He spreads his nets in the neighbourhood of the furthest and newest of the brickfields, where, from some cause or other, the goldfinches, linnets, and titlarks most do congregate, and where on Sunday the brickmakers are not at work to scare them off the ground. He is a perfect model of patience in his way; and he had need to be so, for he will often have to trudge under his heavy apparatus, out and in, a distance of ten miles, and lie or kneel watching his traps all day, for no better remuneration than four or five small birds, marketable, perhaps, for 6*d.* apiece, with perhaps a score of sparrows for the shooting-trap at 8*d.* a dozen, or for his own supper if they are not in demand to be shot; and sometimes he gets through his whole day's desecration for no remuneration at all. About this time of the morning, too, we see silently plodding past the terrace, every now and then, a race of demure-looking fellows, each propelling a truck or hand-cart, laden with fruit, nuts, or oranges; or with ginger-beer, lemonade, and sweet stuffs. These fellows are bound for the very furthest limits of London, and will bring their establishments to a halt at the foot of Highgate Hill, or somewhere in the neighbourhood of Hornsey Wood House, or at one of the gates or stiles leading to some favourite public or eel-pie house, whither the denizens of London's smokiest holes love to resort when Sunday emancipates them from the toils of labour. Here they will display their wares in a form as tempting as may be, taking advantage, where possible, of

some natural bank or prostrate tree-trunk, which may serve as a seat for their customers; and here, if the day prove propitious, they will do a good trade among the pleasure-seekers, nor think of returning to town until darkness has set in.

At an hour somewhat later comes that lazy, lounging, blackguard tribe, who invariably infest the outskirts of London on a Sunday, and whose amateur vocation, if it is not their professional one, is dog-fancying and rat-hunting. In the pockets of the first half-dozen that lounge past, it is odds that a score at least of live rats would be found, which are carried out into the fields on a Sunday morning, to afford entertainment and training for that yelping tribe of terriers and terriers' pups clustering round their heels. When all the rats have been duly hunted and killed by the dogs, ferrets will be let loose among the hedges and corn-ricks, and more rats hunted and slain; and in these congenial pursuits the morning will be spent, until the approach of one o'clock, at which hour the tippling-shops will be opened to supply a more potent temptation.

There live on Our Terrace at least half-a-dozen Sunday-school teachers; and about nine o'clock, or perhaps a few minutes before, we see them go past one after the other, as sure as fate—some of them to the church, and some to the dissenting chapel further on. It does not seem to signify what may be the state of the weather to these friends of the poor girls and boys of the district. If the whole terrace stays at home in consequence of the rain, snow, or tempest, no matter—the teachers always brave it, and meet their classes. They generally pass by while we are at breakfast, in which we are apt to indulge somewhat more at length, or at least to conduct with more becoming ceremony, than on other days. After they are gone, there is a pause in the succession of human footsteps; and we are struck with the solemn and Sabbath-like silence that prevails. There are no omnibuses passing Our Terrace on Sunday-morning—no

cabs ever come wandering this way at that hour—not the faintest echo of the customary roar of London traffic reaches us. We should know by that circumstance alone that it was Sunday: the very cats know it, and not one of the whole number thinks of going to look out for the catsmeat-man. Our old Stalker, instead of coming to sit in the parlour-window to wait for that officer, goes down into the kitchen, and torments Betty for his allowance, who, as he knows well enough, took it in yesterday, and shut it up in the dresser-drawer along with the shoe-brushes. This quiet time soon passes away; and while it is going, the sexton passes the window. Then the silence is broken by the sudden rush of a railway-train, whizzing like the discharge of a tremendous rocket, and cough—cough—coughing like a Titan with a fit of the asthma. The whole terrace seems to vibrate with the sudden shock as the train rushes along underground within a few yards of where we sit.

“Dong! dong!” That is the bell from the chapel-of-ease at the north end of the villas, warning for church-time. Now it stops; now it warns again! then the clock strikes the hour, and is followed by the peals of the bell in regular succession, which have quite a pastoral sound, mingled as they are with the bleating of a new flock of sheep, and the distant lowing of cattle not yet in sight. The sheep and the cattle go off, but the bell goes on—dong, dong—for half an hour. Soon, in response to its brazen voice, hundreds of doors are opened, and from almost every house pours forth the morning congregation, all having their faces turned towards the quarter whence the sounds proceed. Now is the terrace swarming with well-dressed people. It is wonderful, as Betty says, what a swell some of us do cut on this important occasion. There goes the butcher, with his wife and two daughters! Who upon earth would suppose that portly and majestic figure in senatorial raiment to be the same man who yesterday, in blue blouse, and with a steel

dangling between his legs, brought us that quarter of lamb we hope to see smoking on the table at two o'clock? There goes the grocer! Who wouldn't think him a magistrate at least?—and who would guess that the magnificent dame at his side weighed out the currants last night which Betty is at this moment mixing in the pudding? There go the furniture-broker and his whole family! Here comes Smith, smirking—lucky dog!—with the pretty Miss Robinson on his arm, and shaking his cane at an advancing drove of oxen, of which she pretends—it is nothing but pretence—to be afraid. Yonder is Jones doing the genteelest of knocks at No. 9, of the villas, with the intention of escorting Miss Goodall—who, he says, is his cousin, and whom, according to Brown's version of that story, he has been "sticking up" to for these three months past—to the parish church, nearly a mile off. Now the grooms lead out the pony-chaises to draw the elderly people over the way in the villas to their several places of worship; and there they stand, both horses and vehicles, as clean as a new pin, for a full quarter of an hour before the old folks come out and climb into their seats, and amble steadily off.

Now you may discern among the crowds of respectables on both sides of the road, here and there a slipshod damsel, with bare elbows and bare head, carefully edging her way as she carries a joint of meat resting on a substratum of solid pudding to the baker's at the corner of the next street. Children follow, still more cautiously, with gigantic pies from the cottages in the rear of the main road—and now and then a busy, fiery-faced woman darts past like a phantom, with ribs of beef and potatoes bound for the oven. Now comes a column of tall boys, dwindling by degrees into a line of very small ones from the Rev. Mr. Leatherlad's boarding and educational establishment, from a neighbouring terrace, which is not Our Terrace. They defile past slowly, the lanky leaders with an oppressive sense of dignity, and the

subjugated small tail with an equally oppressive sense of supervision, under the eye of the Rev. Mr. Leatherlad himself, who, arm-in-arm with his friend and confidant the mathematical master, brings up the rear. When they have all gone clean past the villas—for, being the genteelest of schools, they always lead out their procession on the genteeler side of the way—then the Misses Backboard, who invariably wait and watch for that event, discharge from their own front-door an equally imposing column of young ladies, comprising bodily proportions of equal variety—the members of their unimpeachable seminary. Before all the good people have gone off to church, it is odds that some of them feel considerably scandalised by the presence of a series of very equivocal equipages, which about this time make their appearance in the road. It may be, that the first is a sorry hack (which ought in justice to have fed the city cats long ago) harnessed to a rickety cart, into which half-a-dozen chairs have been thrown to serve for seats; upon each chair sits an unshaven fellow, in greasy costume, and with folded arms, and all are puffing volumes of smoke from black stumpy pipes. The drivers of the crazy, rickety vehicle, which is mounted on wheels of different colours, are two: he who holds the reins has enough to do with both hands to guide the hard-mouthed anatomy of a horse clear of obstructions, while the other is laboriously at work supplying the incentive of a whip to his bony flanks. The next is a Whitechapel butcher's cart, and a fast-trotting horse, in the rear of which sit a whole family packed together in a solid lump. Then follows a coster's equipage similarly loaded—and this is followed in its turn by a long, flat board upon wheels, drawn by a couple of donkeys, bound for some Cockney Arcadia, and freighted with a cargo of veritable gamins. After them comes a three-wheeled velocipede, labouring along under the weight of a couple of blacksmith's apprentices, who take it by turns to steer and work the treddles by which the

useless machine is propelled, at a cost of considerably more exertion than it would take to get over the ground without it.

By and by, the bell ceases tolling; and now, with the exception of a few belated stragglers, with whom it is a constitutional habit to be late at church, and a group or two of idle mechanics in working-garb, lounging lazily at intervals towards the outskirts, the terrace is comparatively silent and deserted. But anon comes more ba-a-ing of sheep and boo-o-ing of cattle, of which, being unfortunately confined to the house by a slight indisposition, we have the especial benefit. Now the drovers, as if aware that they have the world pretty much to themselves, indulge in unusual latitude of speech, and their sturdy voices reverberate angrily from the tall buildings on either side of the way. There goes a whole flock of sheep, leaping over one another's backs, and plunging headlong into the doctor's garden—and out rushes the doctor's cook, armed with a long broom, to drive them back again; but in at the same moment scampers the drover's dog, and cook is driven back herself—there is a prodigious barking and bellowing, and roaring and ba-a-ing for the next twenty minutes, until all are turned out again—all but one unfortunate mutton, that has got maimed in the *mêlée*, and is unable to move, and which the drover, finding that neither he nor his dog can prevail upon him to join the march, tethers to a tree in the garden, promising to fetch him in the afternoon. More boo-o-ing and ba-a-ing, more drover's rhetoric, more barking of dogs, more intervals of quiet, more rushing past of railway-trains; and thus, hour after hour, passes away the suburban Sabbath morning.

So soon as the church-clocks have rung out One, we begin to perceive a gathering, from various quarters, of figures in exceedingly various costume, all converging towards the baker's shop at the corner. The slipshod girl who slunk so stealthily among the crowd three hours ago with her brown

dish, is now neat, and trim, and tidy, like a good-looking lass as she is, and marches proudly home with the family dinner; the working-carpenter, dressed in his Sunday's best all but his coat, which he is afraid of greasing with the gravy, walks into the baker's in his shirt-sleeves, and comes out again with that scored leg of pork browned over with crackling, of which he is so fond, and whose savoury odour reaches us as we sit at this distance at the open window. That fiery-faced matron, who was in such a heat and hurry at ten o'clock, is now calm and composed enough as she emerges with the beef and potatoes she is about to dispense at the head of her own table. The dinners are scarcely cleared off from the baker's, when, if the road should happen to be free from cattle; we may hear the hum of the organ in the chapel-of-ease pealing the final voluntary, and forthwith the whole congregation come streaming forth, and Our Terrace is, for the next ten minutes, alive with indisputable gentility and fashion. Amidst the pattering of feet, and the subdued hum of pleasant and complimentary voices, there is a prodigious alarm of knockers, among which the portentous sis-e-ra-ra of Jones, as he assaults Mr. Goodall's door in behalf of his fair cousin or sweetheart, whichever it may be, is pre-eminently audible. Positively the fellow walks in when the door is opened, and no doubt means to stay and dine with the charming girl and her wealthy papa. Sure Brown was right after all: there *is* something in it; we shall keep an eye upon Jones and Miss G——, and get at the rights of it before long by hook or by crook. There goes our landlord, who nods us a good-day as he passes. There goes our butcher, looking, for all the world, as though he had just waked up out of a dream, which, considering how late his shop was open last night, and that he is upon his legs some fourteen hours every day in the week, we have a strong suspicion is the fact. There goes the grocer, who wafts us a polite bend, in virtue, no doubt, of the little bill which Betty pays him

every Saturday night. Robinson is looking well, but that pretty daughter of his hanging upon Smith's arm looks better. Good-morning to you, Mr. Scriven; glad to see you about again. Ha! here comes our better-half—rat-a-tat-tat. Now, we shall soon see what to-day's dinner is made of.

Just as we are sitting down to dinner, comes the milkman from the monstrous far-famed establishment in the immediate neighbourhood. He, too, is dressed in his Sunday garb, with a clean snow-white smock and glazed hat inscribed with the address of the firm to which he belongs, and rejoices this day in polished boots. He never cries "Mee-ho!" on a Sunday, but gently tingles the area-bell, and quietly deposits your allowance in a small tin can within the railings, gathering up his numerous vessels when the servants have withdrawn their contents. The dinner-hour is generally a very quiet time on the terrace, barring the accidental presence of the herds and flocks, and barring, too, the apparition of Silly Willy on the pavement, who, if he happens to be dinnerless himself, is very likely to come by, and to favour some of us with an angry jobation on the subject of gluttony, delivered in a stentorian voice, with his grimy face jammed between the garden railings—gluttony, in his view, consisting in people barbarously eating their own dinners without inviting him in to take a share. After dinner, we dwellers on the terrace are accustomed to indulge on the Sunday in a modest glass of wine; and before the decanters are glittering on the table, we hear the voices of three or four fellows at once bellowing: "Walnuts, ten a penny! very fine wa-a-a-lnuts! Oranges! fine oranges! fine oranges!" as though these geniuses were convinced that it is part of a Londoner's religion to partake of a dessert of fruit after the Sunday's dinner, and that they were commissioned to furnish him with the means. Never, by any chance, is this hebdomadal supply of the fruits in season, whatever they may happen to be, wanting between the

hours of two and six on the Sunday afternoon; and very rarely indeed are the members of the very numerous commissariat, who cater for what must be a pretty universal demand, out of hearing.

But while we crack our nuts, and temperately sip a glass or two of sherry, and are cosy and happy within the sacred walls of home, a change—a melancholy change—steals gradually over the world without. As Our Terrace lies in the immediate route to several church-yards and burying-grounds, and to Highgate Cemetery to boot; and as, of the thousand persons who die weekly in the metropolis, at least seven-tenths are buried on the Sunday afternoon, it follows that we have more than an average share of funerals to witness. The mortuary bell begins to toll while we yet sit at table, and its sad note mingles discordantly with the clatter of the knives and forks. Anon comes the ponderous hearse with its nodding plumes, preceded by the stalking mutes, and followed by a train of mourning-coaches, all slowly wending onward to the distant and populous cemetery which overlooks the huge living world of London. Then there is a walking funeral, followed by a party-coloured train of weeping relatives. At the heels of this comes the coffin of a child aloft on the shoulders of a single bearer, and followed only by the sorrowing members of the family. Then, perhaps, a young girl is borne to her last home by her maiden companions, all in white, and carrying flowers to cast into her grave. Or, it may be, that the remains of some parish pauper, in unseemly shell, is carried to earth without a single follower to justify the assertion of the poet, that

There is a tear for all that die,
A mourner o'er the humblest grave.

Toll-toll goes the weary, weary bell, and on, with slow and solemn step, go the funeral-trains in all their sad varieties. That is the sixth—seven—eight—nine—ten—eleven—twelve, this afternoon, while we, bound for the same journey,

and the destined objects of a similar ceremony, sit in self-satisfied ease and luxury, living, loving, laughing, and enjoying, with *that* to come! Such are life and death, and such are habit and custom, which, by a merciful provision, have been made "to lie upon us with a weight" heavy enough sufficiently to counterbalance the inevitable future, in order that we may make a wise use of the present. But adieu to moralising.

By the time dinner is cleared away, the servant-girls on Our Terrace are for the most part released for an hour or two, and may be seen filing off, some of them to the afternoon service at the Methodist chapel down the road, and some to enjoy a gossip and a walk with friends or "cousins." Betty is off with the servant next door, and after she is gone, we are apt sometimes to forget ourselves in our easy-chair, starting up every now and then at the renewed bleating and clamour of the sheep and cattle, and catching just an inkling of the tinkling of the muffin-bell, but no cry of "muffins," which the baker would not think respectable on a Sunday. We are roused before five o'clock, by a single dab at the door—it is Betty's sister come to take a sisterly cup of tea; she is despatched down stairs to the kitchen, and a few minutes later Betty lets herself in with the street-door key. Tea is served in double-quick time by the aid of an extra pair of hands in the kitchen, and that is no sooner discussed and cleared away, than the church-bells ring out again for evening service. There is shortly a repetition of the ceremonial gathering of the morning, minus, however, the columns of young gentlemen from the Rev. Mr. Leatherlad's, and of young ladies from the Misses Backboard, neither of whom attend the services of the evening at the chapel-of-ease, though both undergo a course of homiletical instruction—at least, so say the prospectuses—at home. The evening gathering is not followed by a tranquil season, like that of the morning. The cattle and sheep now begin to increase

very considerably and very rapidly in numbers, and the dogs and drovers, having harder work to do, grow more impatient and more noisy. The anglers begin to return, wearied out with their day's no-sport; and the country pedestrians, "dusty and deliquescent" with their long rounds, are seen marching back towards the city, bearing with them some verdant trophy ravished from the country-side—branches of blossoms or of berries, or handfuls of mosses or wild flowers—to decorate their dull chambers at home in the smoky city. Then come the characteristic charioteers of the morning, in high spirits and in high voice, audibly proclaiming their practical dissent from the doctrines of Father Mathew.

As twilight comes down upon us, Our Terrace is almost as crowded as Cheapside on a week-day, owing to the simultaneous return of the tens of thousands of straggling pedestrians whom the fine weather had seduced into the country. The congregation which the chapel-of-ease pours forth after the conclusion of the service, makes hardly a sensible difference in their number. For an hour or more, this tide of returning population rolls on, continuing till past supper-time. Supper-time on Sunday has but little effect on the public-houses at each end of Our Terrace; they are crowded just then by the cattle and sheep drovers; and we think it as well not to send our servants among them, except upon a mission of absolute necessity. By the time we have finished our supper, the returning pedestrians have for the most part passed on to theirs. At about ten o'clock, if you walk out upon the terrace, it is ten to one that you hear Smith grinding away on his semi-grand at one of Handel's choruses; but you must wait till that lot of sheep is gone by to hear it advantageously. Perhaps Jones and Co. are there, too, singing in parts; but the din outside is so great, that it is impossible to say. We are all so much used to this boo-o-ing and ba-a-ing, however, that we think nothing of it, and shall

assuredly miss it when it is gone, as go it soon will, now that the new cattle-market is fairly on its way to completion : it is not unlikely, such is the force of habit, that we may even regret its loss, though, of course, we have none of us ever failed to exercise our undoubted privilege of abusing it as an intolerable nuisance.

As the voices of cattle and sheep are the first accents that awake us in the morning of Sunday, so are they the last we hear at night. We are lulled to rest by the ba-a-ing, boo-o-ing, and bow-wow-ing of the brute creation ; and if we dream, as we are likely to do, of beeves and flocks, and patriarchal times, and fancy ourselves wandering with Abraham on the pastoral plains of Mamre, or sitting with his angel-guests under the shadow of his milk-white tent, it is an agreeable and innocent delusion which beguiles the last moments of Sunday on Our Terrace.

JACK FROST AT OUR TERRACE.

WE must confess to a friendly feeling for Jack Frost, as an old acquaintance, who in times past has contributed not a little to those bracing exercises out-of-doors which are worth all the doctor's stuff in the world in a sanitary point of view. Jack, moreover, is a picturesque fellow, dealing in strong contrasts of colour, depths of rich brown and black beneath mountainous mantles of white; and in odd and grotesque shapes, as well as forms rare and fanciful—in involuted snow-drifts, curling like the capital of an Ionic column—in gigantic icicles ranged in jagged rows, like the teeth of some pre-adamite monster, or sharp, glittering, and terrible, as the sword of Michael. These doings of Jack's, we say, are picturesque and suggestive; they set the imagination scampering off on a new track, occasionally breaking up a little fallow-ground in a man's fancy, and awakening old associations, or creating new, which one would not like to be without altogether. Wherefore we welcome Jack Frost as a friend; and when he comes writing his beautiful and flourishing signature on our window-panes, we show him a cheerful face on the warm side of the glass, and wish him a merry time of it.

But a man may have too much of a good thing; and the best friend in the world may become a bore if he is always at your elbow; and on this account we would take the liberty of suggesting to our friend Old Jack Frost, that it would be quite as well if he would content himself with his own side of the street-door, and not be playing the burglar as he has done of late, and turning things upside down, besides per-

petrating all manner of mischief in our peculiar domiciles. The fellow came in unceremoniously, "last Wednesday was a week," as Boniface says, and took possession like a broker's man; and here he stays, and won't be got rid of, do what we will. Betty, having a presentiment of his intention, did all she could to keep him out, by cramming the vents of the attic stoves, and shutting the windows tight, not to mention the lighting of rousing fires on every floor. But Jack found his way in somehow, and has had his own way ever since. The first thing he did was to crack the water-bottles by the expansion of their contents; then he glewed the ewers to the basins, so that they couldn't be got apart; then he transformed our private and particular sponge into a piece of pumice-stone; changed the tooth-brush into a lump of something as hard as the kitchen-poker, but of a colder flavour; and starched the towels to such a state of dignity, that each one thought fit to declare himself independent of the towel-horse, and would ride a pick-a-back no longer, but stand stubbornly on end. These exploits, however, were but trifles compared with what was to follow. Notwithstanding that we have regularly paid our water-rates, and have all our receipts on the file ready to produce at any time, Jack had the impudence to treat us as defaulters, and to manifest an intention to cut off the water. Betty, who had suspected his design, made up her mind to defeat it. With this view she commenced a course of friendly overtures and good offices to the pipe, which running through the kitchen, pierces the wall, and disembogues into the cistern in the back-garden. Never was pipe the object of more tender care or solicitous coddling—a part she swathed in warm flannels, a part she bandaged surgically with hay-bands, and another portion she boxed off with boards, filling the interstices with sifted coal-ashes. After all this skilful engineering, Betty grew defiant against Jack; and, we must say that for her, certainly kept her kettle boiling without the

help of foreign resources for days after our neighbours were frozen up. But, alas for the triumphs of the *beau sexe*!—the first thing we heard on coming down to breakfast on Tuesday morning last was, that that pipe had frozen and burst in the night, and that all the water in the house would have to be dipped out through ice three inches thick, from the half-empty cistern. There was no help for it; and we had to submit, especially as the plumber, upon being called in, declined operations till the thermometer should rise above the freezing-point. At the moment we write, the whole capillary system of the New River Company is suffering from congestion, and the arterial circulation of that leviathan body is represented by a few perpendicular plugs stuck up in odd corners and out-of-the-way places. Upon these extemporised fountains, Our Terrace, and the whole parish, for that matter, are thrown for their indispensable supply of water. The capture of a pailful of the precious liquid is no easy matter. The plug, being besieged all day long by tubs, buckets, pails, pans, and garden-pots, in the possession of every description of bare red-elbowed matron, serving-maid, small girl, and errand-boy, is not readily approachable, particularly as it is surrounded by a slippery glacier, a foot or more in thickness, caused by the spillings and overflowings. There is a continual quarrelling for priority; and though the law of “first come first served” is recognised in theory, it is not amicably carried out in practice—the strong supplant the weak, and the sure-footed upset the timid; and it is at the water-plug as it is all the world over, that the feeble go to the wall, and the strong-willed have their way. Now and then comes the sound of a splash, followed by a roar of laughter, and perhaps a faint cry: this time it is a little girl lugging a water-pot with a spout as long as herself, which she has been waiting half an hour to get filled, and having upset it through falling, is limping off to beg a kettleful from a neighbour.

There is another plug at the other end of the Terrace, but that is in the possession of the water-hawkers, a race who, according to a law which ever operates in London; have sprung up to supply the necessities of the moment. Their voices, in every tone and key, are heard all the morning long, bawling as they march slowly along the pavement, "Water—water! any water wanted?" They pull bells and bang at doors without ceremony, and will fetch you a yoke of water for twopence "in your own pails." They are pretty well employed in the forenoon, but disappear about one o'clock until to-morrow. They are the same race—in fact, the same individuals—who but a short time ago performed the part of "snow-birds" in clearing away the snow from the doors and house-fronts—a duty which the law, as they are perfectly aware, will compel you to perform, if you do not set about it spontaneously before ten o'clock or so—and which, for a "trifle of coppers" they are ready to perform for you.

The only man in the neighbourhood of Our Terrace who has fought victoriously with Jack Frost, and beaten him on his own ground, is the water-man of the cab-stand round the corner. But Old Tom Buckle seized Time by the forelock; and when he scented Jack a-coming, took the precaution to bury the fountain from which he fills his horse-tubs in a pyramid of stable manure five feet high, and nearly as wide at its base. Into this pyramid Old Buckle has to make an excavation to get at the tap for every bucketful he draws; but he gets the water he wants without buying, begging, or borrowing, and therein he differs from his neighbours the householders.

The peripatetic tradesmen appear to care less for Jack Frost than one might expect. Their sonorous cries penetrate further than usual through the clear atmosphere, and are intelligible to a greater distance. "Live soles" and "Live cod" keep alive longer in ice, and cook never questions their freshness when they come to hand frozen. Charley Coster

continues to maintain as abundant a show of vegetables as though frosty weather were no bar to their production—though, notwithstanding his obstinate assertions to the contrary, it is our conviction that his potatoes at a penny a pound are *not* the better but the worse for being frostbitten, and eating sugary. The larder of the cats-meat man is frozen as stiff as a brick wall, and Stalker just now has to crunch his daily ration as noisily as though it were so much overbaked biscuit, unless when Betty chances to get hold of it first, and, in mercy to his old teeth, thaws it for him.

Just now, the road in front of our dwellings is alive with stooping figures, and noisy with the click of pickaxes. Two or three dozen of poor fellows, who, having been frozen out of their employment in the fields or gardens, or on houses in process of building, have applied to the parish for relief, have been set by the overseers to cut channels in the ice next the kerb-stone, in readiness for the thaw when it shall come. They form, however, but a small proportion of the unfortunate crowd whom the severity of the season has driven to apply for parish relief. We find the door of the workhouse besieged by numbers, pass it at what hour we may; and we see in other places sufficient evidence of cruel personal sufferings borne by the industrious poor, who yet disdain the relief of alms. On the other hand, Jack Frost is welcomed by a numerous band of his special followers and admirers. There is Mr. Brown, who goes a-skating in Regent's Park every day, and is seen coming home at dusk, dangling his steel blades and straps, and steaming after the exhilarating exercise like a locomotive. There is Robinson, who wasn't at church all day yesterday, but was seen starting from home at nine o'clock with a suspicious swelling hunch at his coat-tail, which looked more like a pair of pocketed skates than a prayer-book, and who didn't return till after dark. Then there is that Jones, who has rushed home at three o'clock every afternoon since the ice would bear, and started thence

at a trot to Hornsey Wood House, where the lake is as smooth as a mirror, and kept select for subscribers, and where he stays cutting all manner of figures by lamplight, until it is time to come home to supper and to bed. It was but Friday afternoon last that, happening to walk over to take a look at the sport, we surprised him in the very act of giving lessons in skating to Miss G——, who, it was evident from the ease with which she swept an arc on one little foot, must have had a pretty liberal course of instruction before.

Betty summons us to the coal-cellar, and we go down, feeling alarmed at our consumption of the black diamonds, and wondering if it be possible that the liberal supply which came in at Christmas can show symptoms of exhaustion. She brings a candle; and then we see a sight worth seeing—Jack Frost, among his other tricks, has converted the coal-cellar, which runs under the front garden, into a crystal palace; the walls and ceiling are apparently incrustated beneath a massive frieze of silver—the old cobwebs are pendulous with frosted silver instead of dust—and spumy-looking cascades of frostwork exude from every fissure and crevice, reflecting the light of the candle at every angle. We have just taken our fill of this natural curiosity, when there comes a message from the landlord to say, that he hopes we shall be thoughtful enough to have the roof cleared of snow before the thaw comes, and perchance floods the upper rooms unawares. So we send Betty off to Mr. Scriven, and he sends his man with a shovel to do the needful service. Stump, stump, he plods upstairs, and disappears through the trap-door. A minute after, his big voice is heard bawling out “Be—low!” and down comes a succession of snowy avalanches, plump into the middle of the road, with a shock that rattles the parlour-windows as we sit by the fire watching the lumbering shower. This practice of snow-balling on a grand scale excites the com-

bative organ of the doctor's boy opposite, who evidently itches to be returning the compliment to the man on the roof, but has no time for such experiments, having too many pills of a different description to distribute.

Which brings us to the notice of the melancholy fact, that this season of extreme cold is alarmingly sickly and trying to the invalid and the old. Cough-lozenges, delectables and jujubes, are not the only medicines now at a premium. Medical men are active night and day; and so, alas! are the coffin-makers and undertakers. The number of funeral processions that passed Our Terrace yesterday, amounted to nearly a score. The bills of mortality have risen as much as forty per cent. since Jack Frost housed himself in every dwelling; and many a sad heart, and many a weary head, are looking forward prayerfully for the arrival of the gentle south wind, which shall snap the iron chain that binds the world, and restore them to liberty and health.

THE PRECATORY ORDER.

A MAN may live for fifty years in the very heart and focus of social bustle and turmoil—shall know the ways of mankind so well, and manage them so much to his own advantage as to place the world under his feet—shall be, so far as the known and recognised usages of social life are concerned, a very Solon, whose verdict is invaluable on affairs legal, political, parochial, municipal, commercial, and what not—yet it shall happen all the while, that he is as innocent as a babe of all knowledge respecting what, for the want of a better name, we shall call the Precatory Science; and that he shall have been from his youth up, and shall continue to be from his maturity down, the unsuspecting tee-totum of its ingenious professors, who will never leave him nor forsake him until the family-vault shrouds him from their polite attentions. The extent and importance of the undeniably respectable body to which we have given the above denomination have dawned upon us by slow degrees; and we have only been made fully sensible of their unity of purpose, their systematic persistency in labour, and the philanthropic end they have in view, by a series of condescensions on their part, and a sort of semi-mesmeric semi-sympathetic experience on ours, which, notwithstanding all the benefit we have derived from them, we are ungrateful enough to own we would rather have been without. Every man or woman that comes into the world, according to a prevailing figure of speech, has a mission to accomplish; and that of the Precatory Order is,

to teach stingy humanity to be liberal—to inculcate the divine maxim that charity is the essence of religion—to open the hearts of the niggard and the churl to the claims of want and wretchedness—to impress the wealthy and the proud with the obligation they are under of showing to the poor and needy that mercy “which blesseth him that gives and him that takes”—to do all this and more—and to pocket the contributions they receive from their pupils in return for the trouble they take in imparting the lesson. How we came to be thus far enlightened on the subject of this hitherto unrecognised benevolent association, we shall, with the reader’s permission, unfold, by simply narrating some few of the incidents of our own experience. It is many years ago since we took our first lesson, and thus it happened.

It was during the transitory and fragile season of the honey-moon, when we had just returned from the wedding-tour. Twilight was brooding over London, and we were pacing up and down in that apology for a garden which London offers to her denizens, when a low, rumbling, genteel rap at the door aroused us from a pleasant reverie, and we were summoned to the parlour to meet a gentleman, “who would not detain us five minutes.” A tall and rather aristocratic-looking stranger bowed low as we entered the room, and sighing deeply, looked despondingly round, as if at a loss for words. We mechanically pointed to a seat, into which he sank gracefully, heaving another deep sigh, and, directing a tearful glance at the lady whom we had hardly yet learned to call “my wife,” invoked a blessing on her head. We hinted, somewhat apologetically, that he had the advantage of us, that we had not the pleasure of knowing, or at least of recollecting him, at the moment—a hint which opened the floodgates of his eloquence, and was the signal for the commencement of a dolorous narrative, as long, at least, as the story of Æneas before Dido, and abounding in details of personal suffering and domestic

calamity of the most pathetic character. Our better-half actually shed tears at the touching recital, coupled with the spectacle of a gentleman, a scholar, and father of an interesting family, reduced to such heart-rending distress. He wound up his history with ill-concealed emotion and half-suppressed sobs, and in a faltering voice besought us, if Providence had blessed us with the means, to stretch out a helping-hand towards him—not for his sake; he disclaimed that: nothing should have induced him to humiliate himself before a fellow-mortal on his own account merely, but for the sake of those whose necessities had driven him to an act so desperate as an appeal to the sympathy of strangers on their behalf. We are not going to be overcandid on the subject of the effect of his oratory. Enough to say, that when he had taken his leave—with few expressions, but the most significant looks of the profoundest gratitude, we felt all the pleasure of having performed a good action, and experienced, both of us, to the fullest extent, the truth of the declaration, that “it is more blessed to give than to receive.” The unhappy gentleman was the subject of conversation occasionally for months, nay, for years afterwards, and figured in many an air-built castle, the foundations of which were laid for his especial benefit. We had served an apprenticeship to the business of housekeeping before we accidentally discovered, owing to a chance visit to the Cold Bath Prison, that our distressed gentleman was none other than a rather maudlin member of the Precatory Order, who had invaded the sanctuary of our wedded bliss to experiment upon our charitable tendencies, at a moment when he probably considered they might be in a favourable state. From a habit of observing and remembering faces, we recollected him at once. He was undergoing the exercises peculiar to the Metropolitan Cold Bath, being engaged in getting up a very harmless kind of revolution, by accelerating the gyrations of a wheel which is not that of fortune.

A card, "Miss Caroline A. Johnson," is laid upon our desk as we are busy with arrears of correspondence: we had thought we heard the knocker slip through a lady's fingers. "Show Miss Johnson into the drawing-room." Miss Johnson, we find, as we approach within ceremonious distance, is a lady of uncertain age, enveloped voluminously in clouds of bombazin, and carrying a broad bluish face in the recesses of a black bonnet, a poke or two in the rear of the fashion, behind a very thick veil. Though by no means a lively-looking personage, the tone of her voice is both lively and decided, as she expresses a most resolute conviction that we will excuse the liberty she has taken in invading our domestic privacy, when we know what has induced her to do so. "You know Codger's Fields, my dear sir?"

We can't help knowing Codger's Fields, whence emanates the smell of burnt bricks, which, when the wind is northerly, invades our domestic privacy with even less ceremony than Miss Johnson herself; so we acknowledge that much.

"Well, there's that poor Dab the brickmaker has tumbled off the kiln, and dislocated his shoulder, and broken his leg in two places, and the bones are come through the skin, they say, because the stupid people carried him home in a wheelbarrow instead of on a shutter; and he's too ill to be moved to the hospital; and there's his poor wretched wife and five little children—and what are they to do, my dear sir?—what are they to do, unless some good Christians like yourself will help them a little to get over this unfortunate time. So I've taken them in hand myself, and I've determined to leave no stone unturned to supply them with the necessaries of life, till the poor man is able to get about again. You see what I have done. I am getting on famously. Here is my book; I have taken the Reverend Mr. H——'s advice, and limited the subscription to five shillings; that's the maximum, though I take any smaller sum I can get—a shilling, or even less. It's a capital plan—don't you think so? You

see, it gives everybody an opportunity, and—though it is not polite to say so—leaves nobody an excuse.”

With that the lady submits her book for inspection, where we see unmistakably enough the autographs of several of our neighbours opposite to small sums subscribed to ameliorate the condition of the family of the tumbling brickmaker. We are ashamed to torture our invention for an excuse for not affixing our own, and though not particularly relishing the invasion, as the lady has very justly termed it, down it goes with a dash of the pen, and the shillings vanish with a farewell chink into the fair collector's bulky reticule.

“Many thanks on behalf of the distressed wife and children, my dear sir;” and with that Miss Johnson trips down stairs, and a moment after we hear the creaking of our neighbour's gate, and the dribbling knock at his door, as the ceremony recommences at No. 25.

A few days after, we happen, in an evening stroll towards the locality of the Codger's Fields, to fall in with our medical man. The sight of him and the damp bricks together recalls the calamity of poor Dab, and, imagining that the doctor has been to visit him, we inquire how he is getting on. The doctor, whose wife had been induced to subscribe during his absence, is savagely jocose on the subject, and anathematises Miss Caroline A. Johnson and Dab into the bargain. It appears that, anxious to have something to do with a case of compound fracture, he has been for the last two hours in search of the crippled brickmaker, and has just arrived at the irrefragable conclusion, that Dab himself, his dislocated shoulder, doubly-fractured limb, skin, bones, and all, with his disconsolate wife and five children into the bargain, never had any other existence than in the fertile brain of Miss Johnson, and that, together with the £10 which she had heroically made up her mind to collect for their necessities, they and she had vanished for ever from the paradise of Codger's Fields. And so it turns out to be. Miss C. A.

Johnson is a benevolent member of the Precatory Order, and Dab *is* not, and never was anything but a convenient myth, endowed for the nonce with "a local habitation and a name" by that ingenious lady, to assist in the laudable purpose of arousing a comfortable and self-complacent neighbourhood to the delightful sensations attendant upon the exercise of Christian charity.

An unctuous elder, with broad shining buckles on his shoes, with silk stockings shining too—in solemn sable garb—the coat of straight cut and single collar, and all of the newest broad-cloth, waited upon us graciously a few months back to solicit a subscription on behalf of a certain foreign mission, in aid of which, he informed us—what, indeed, we knew already, from placards on the church-door and on the walls in the neighbourhood, that the Rev. Mr. ——— was about to preach a sermon on the coming Sunday morning in the parish church. He produced from his side-pocket a copy of the last annual report of one of the missionary societies, bound up, together with a dozen or two of ruled memorandum leaves, in black morocco, and lettered on the side "African Mission—Subscriptions." We naturally connected him in our mind with the coming ecclesiastic, and if we had had any suspicions, they would have been put to flight by the gracious ease and dignity of his manner, and the undeniable good sense which marked his conversation. He spoke with great feeling of the degraded condition of the African races, who, by making war upon one another, and selling the prisoners taken in battle to the white dealers, are the source and origin of the slave-trade; and talked with much enthusiasm of the necessity of making a grand and united effort to overthrow the reign of violence and bloodshed by the influence of Christianity. A dignitary of the church had suggested the plan of a domiciliary canvas for subscriptions, and he and a few of his brethren had undertaken each a specified district, and, at the risk even of

an equivocal welcome—for he knew it was not always a pleasant thing to be thus appealed to—had resolved to call in person upon all the inhabitants whose circumstances enabled them to contribute, and to endeavour to enlist their co-operation on behalf of these poor benighted heathen. He must say it was a burdensome, and, in some respects, a humiliating commission to undertake; but still he found a pleasure in it, from the consciousness of the good which, under the blessing of Providence, might result from his feeble endeavours.

What this sleek, silver-tongued, and self-sacrificing individual scraped together on behalf of the benighted Africans, we had no opportunity of ascertaining; but a brief commentary upon his proceedings from the lips of the preacher at the close of the promised sermon on the following Sunday morning effectually put to flight the satisfaction that any of us might have entertained from the consciousness of having charitably interfered to effect their reformation. The reverend gentleman denounced their eloquent advocate as a plundering impostor, and gave us regretfully to understand, that we had parted with our money to augment the ill-gotten gains of an unprincipled and godless deceiver. Thus did a son of Mother Church stigmatise a full-blown professor of the precatory science—who, on his part, modest man, returned not railing for railing, but, with characteristic humility, forbore to emerge from his placid retirement, even for the vindication of his good name.

We forget exactly how long it is ago since we were favoured with a visit from the honorary secretary of the Cramp Hospital, or something of the kind—a gentlemanly-whiskered man of five-and-forty, who in a most confident and persevering manner enforced upon our attention the claims of that most useful institution. He was armed with printed documents in the shape of begging-circulars, and some copies of a column apparently cut from a London

newspaper, recommending the hospital, now languishing for lack of funds, to the generous sympathies of the public. Happening to be intimate with the locality in which the hospital was said to exist, and having no recollection of any building that could possibly subserve such a purpose, we put off the honorary secretary to a future day, promising to make inquiries, and act according to the information we received. Our suspicions in this case turned out well founded. On investigation, it proved that no hospital of the kind, or indeed of any kind, had existed in the neighbourhood within the memory of man. The begging-circulars, signed with names purporting to be those of the trustees, resident surgeon, &c., were a pure invention; and the newspaper column, we have little doubt, was equally so. The hospital, with all its wards and patients, nurses and medical men, was nothing more than the stock-in-trade of the *soi-disant* honorary secretary, an independent member of the Precatory Order, who in this instance lost his labour, and deprived us of the pleasure of bestowing upon him a substantial token of regard, by not calling to receive it.

When Grace Darling performed the heroic exploit which rendered her name familiar to the whole kingdom, the members of the Precatory Order took up her cause, and boldly canvassed the country in various directions, with the praiseworthy object of collecting a substantial testimonial of the public regard. When the news of the imprisonment of the Madiar was first brought to England, they did the same in behalf of the persecuted prisoners of the Grand Duke. They make it a matter of conscience to "improve" every public event which is of sufficient magnitude to be talked about, and capable of being used as an incentive to a contributory purpose. Shocking calamities, heroic deeds, unmerited sufferings, or visitations of Providence—all are manageable materials in their industrious hands, and all are texts on which they build their instructive homilies to teach the

world the obligations of charity and sympathy. We might add to the examples we have already cited of their ingenuity and perseverance, by the narration of many others; but we have probably said enough to acquaint the reader with the merits of this disinterested school of practical philosophers. They are the living embodiments, in forms ever changing, and with which it is difficult, therefore, to become familiar, of a spirit which has been always prevalent with a not very distinguished or distinguishable order of humanity. It would almost appear that there is a certain and settled amount of the precatory faculty ever existing in all social communities, which it is impossible, by legislative or other means, to suppress or to transmute into any other kind of energy. Acts of parliament may shut up the unsightly ragged pauper in the workhouse, and drive the tattered professional mendicant from our streets—but they touch not the ladies and gentlemen of the Precatory Order. These, in the garb of gentility, and under the gentle aspect of angels of charity and mercy, penetrate to our parlours and firesides, and awakening our tenderest emotions, give us lessons of virtue in the abstract, lest our sympathies should decline from want of exercise, and we should forget the duties of compassion towards our humbler neighbours. In the accomplishment of their instructive mission they display a most remarkable ingenuity, and avail themselves of all the ills and calamities that flesh is heir to, to arouse the general benevolence. Does the cholera smite its victims?—the precatory professor brings you the news, and summons you to aid in withstanding the grim destroyer. Does a terrible inundation desolate a whole valley?—he comes at the heels of the inundation, demanding your sorrows and compassion for the sufferers. Does a fearful conflagration destroy life and property, overwhelming both rich and poor in one desolation?—he is as alert as the fire-brigade to secure your benevolent co-operation in alleviating their woes. True,

the sufferers never know anything of his enthusiastic labours in their cause. But what of that? They get your pity, and he gets your pay; and thus the proceeds are equitably divided, at least according to the regulations of the Order. When real misfortunes are wanting on which to found a valid claim upon your sensibilities, they condescend to the department of fiction to furnish it—and, as we have shown above, are extremely happy and fertile in such resources. Because—their mission must be accomplished—the genial current of human affections must not be allowed to stagnate. They have devoted their lives to the purpose of keeping it in constant and active circulation; and if some of them occasionally become martyrs to their calling, and incur the opprobrium of a class incapable of appreciating it, their merit is none the less.

Occasionally a member of this Order will dispense with the formality of knocking at your door, and introducing himself to your family; he will generously pick you up in the highway, and this mostly happens at the soothing hour of twilight, or when darkness has settled down upon the stony-hearted streets of London. Perhaps he will request the liberty of a moment's speech with you—he does not wish to detain you—but as you walk along. It is demonstrably a gentleman that accosts you, and you do not think of objecting. He pours a tale of woe into your ear, a touching and pathetic romance. You hear that he was educated at Trinity College, Dublin, perhaps—that he was intended for a learned profession—but that, seduced by the charms of black bright eyes, he married secretly while yet a student—affronted his guardians and relatives by the step, who cast him upon the world and upon his own resources—that he maintained himself and wife by his literary talents, writing for one of the Dublin papers in the patriotic interest which exploded in the rebellion of 1848, when the journal was stopped, and he of course lost his engagement. After this

he came to London, where for the last four or five years he has led a struggling life, enduring the most abject poverty and deprivation while obliged to maintain a respectable appearance, without which he would fall into utter destitution, now unhappily impending over him through a change in the proprietorship of a periodical from which he has latterly derived a small weekly payment of a few shillings. His wife and three small children are at the present moment in a most wretched garret, where they await his return. He hopes by your benevolence to be enabled to carry them a meal, if it be but of dry bread, to allay the pangs of hunger. Such, at least, in substance was the burden of the last precatory professor who condescendingly favoured us with his company during an evening walk. What effect it might have had upon us under ordinary circumstances, there is no knowing; but the voice seemed not altogether strange to our ears, and the sudden flash of a gas-lamp upon the speaker's face revealed to us features known any day these ten years upon the same beat. We gave him to understand as much—when he vanished “just like a bullet from a gun”—doubtless from the sheer force of modesty.

We cannot prolong this humble oration; but we trust the few remarks and illustrations we have given above will assist in drawing the attention of the charitable part of society to these devoted missionaries of benevolence, and secure for their universal sympathies a more profound and discriminating appreciation than as yet has been awarded them.

A RAINY DAY IN TOWN.

SOME cynical person has remarked that people are given to talk most about what they least understand—an observation, by the way, which although it has passed into a maxim pretty generally current, is, like most of the dicta of your sarcastic philosophers, true only in a limited sense. It is strikingly true, however, with regard to John Bull and his numerous family whenever their talk is about the weather. John, from his insular position, is more exposed to the “skiey influences,” as fine writers call the changes of the weather, than any of his neighbours; and being a personage whose business, and whose pleasures too, lie very much out of doors, he would be glad to know, were it possible, how to manage his movements so as to escape the foul and enjoy the fair. Hence it is that the weather, and its probable state at some not very distant or closely impending period, is a universal topic of conversation with honest John. It is a question in which he has a personal interest, and one often of greater moment than any other which a mere casual acquaintance could discuss with him. A Frenchman or a German, an Italian or a Spaniard, may, it is true, be equally interested in the weather—but then he is seldom, if ever, in the same uncertainty respecting it. With a wind from any point but the west or south-west, your continental friend does not fear getting drenched to the skin; but John knows from awkward experience, that he has no cause for solid reliance upon any wind that blows; and that rain may come to him, and does come to him at times, from all points of the

compass. So he is ever on his guard against it, and prophecies concerning its advent and departure—not very often, it must be confessed, with the happiest result—thus showing that though he talks so much about it, he understands it very little indeed. But he is not content with talking only—if he were, he wouldn't be John Bull. He arms himself against foul weather, as he would against any other enemy; and has contrived no end of munitions and fortifications against the assaults which the clouds are for ever preparing or discharging upon his devoted head. If, on the one hand, he is annoyed by water, he is, on the other, defiant in “waterproof.” Run your eye down the columns of his morning paper, and see what a prodigious store of bulwarks he has prepared against the storm. Read the list of gallant defenders, with the immortal Macintosh at their head, who have levied contributions from the resources of universal nature for the purpose of keeping the hostile moisture on the safe side of John's waistcoat—from coats of four ounces, “warranted to keep out twelve hours' rain,” to coats of twice as many capes, which would laugh at a monsoon—and from idrotobolic hats, which keep his bald pate dry, and ventilate it at the same time, to gutta-percha soles that don't know, and won't be prevailed upon, under any circumstances, to know, what it is to be damp. Think of voluminous folds of vulcanised caoutchouc and gutta-perchified cloth—of rugs and railway wrappers—of paletôts, bequemes, bear-skins, pea-coats, Chesterfields, Codringtons, Witney Overs, Derby coats, Melton-Mowbrays, Wellington sacs and wrap-rascals—to say nothing of the millions of umbrellas, of which everybody has one to use and two to lend: think of all these, and a thousand more of the same sort, and say if John Bull be not tolerably well provided against yonder black cloud.

Come, we are not going to be afraid of a rainy day, at any rate, though we do prefer the sunshine; and it is well

we are not, for it is coming down in torrents just now, and we must be off to the office to our daily task, let it come as it may. Jones, our volatile neighbour in the "two-pair back," has just declared, in our hearing, to his wife, that this *is* a "delectable swizzle," and no mistake. We know what *that* means, well enough. But Jones's wife has tied a comforter round his chin, and he is off, and we must follow close at his heels, "swizzle" as it will, or else lose a character for punctuality, which will never do. The street-door slams us out. Whew! but it is a soaker! What a clatter the big drops make upon the strained silk!—we could spare such hydraulic music. The sky is one dull sheet of lead; the nearest houses appear as if veiled in a gauze dress, and the further ones are behind a wet blanket, and won't appear at all. All London is just now under the douche, and undergoing a course of hydropathic treatment. Much good may it do thee, thou dear old wilderness of brick: thy alimentary canal has long been out of order. Drink, old Babylon! Drink, and forget thy filthiness, and show thy countless offspring a clean face when the morrow's sun lights up thy forest of tall towers. In the meantime, though, this is but a sorry joke. Slippety, sloppety, squash! *Concern* that loose paving-stone! and an ovation to the man of genius who invented gaiters, by which we are spared an involuntary "futz." What is that? "Clickety, clackety, skrrsh!" Pattens, by all that is poetical! "O the days when we were young!" as the poet says, when pattens were the genteel thing—when comfortable dowagers went waddling abroad exalted on iron rings, and with their heads buried in calashes shaped like a gentleman's cab, only not quite so big. Ah, those were the days! What a rush of tender recollections comes with the clatter of that single pair of pattens! It seems an age since we last heard that once familiar sound; and it seems, too, as though we had entered a new world since that sound was of everyday occurrence.

But we must not indulge in these pensive recollections. Swizh!—p-r-r-r-r-r-r-p! whirr!—no indeed!—if this isn't enough to swill all sentiment out of a fellow. "Halloo! Conductor, stop that bus!"

"Full inside, sir: plenty of room outside, sir!"

"Not a doubt of it; but I'm outside already."

No admission for gentlemen in distress. Never mind—we shall be sure to find an omnibus in the City Road that will take us in. Really, this is the very sort of a day to turn into a night; and were it not for the despotism of Business, that genius of modern activities, who rules us, as he rules all his subjects, with an iron sceptre, we should be tempted to follow the example of an eccentric artist of the last century, and by turning back to our home once more, and by simply closing the window-shutters, lighting candles, and poking up the fire, transform this drenching morning into a cheerful evening. But that won't do either, lest we fall into a practice that will entail upon us rainy days of a still less endurable complexion. Sweeper Jack, yonder, is of the same way of thinking; he has scraped his crossing as clean as he can with his worn-out broom-stump; but his function is no sinecure this morning, as new puddles are forming every minute in the track which his daily sweepings have hollowed out. He cannot afford to lose his morning coppers; and though he is wet through to the skin, and has been for this hour past, he will not quit his post till his last regular patron has gone by on his way to the City. He holds out a hand, sodden like a washerwoman's, for his customary half-penny, and deposits it in one of his Bluchers, lying high and dry under the shelter of a doorway—a piece of practical economy that, because he finds it cheaper to subject the soles of his bare feet to the mud and slush of the season, than it would be to submit the soles of leather to the same destructive ordeal. Sweeper Jack is not much worse off on such a day as this than the whole tribe of peripatetic

traders whom the sky serves for a roof every day in the year, and who prefer the risk of drowning abroad to the certainty of starving at home. "Eels! live eels!" cries one; and we can fancy them swimming at their ease in the broad basket in which they are borne aloft. The soles, haddocks, and cod are travelling once more in their own element, and the salesmen are particularly lively, knowing, by experience, that a drenching day, when economical housewives don't care to plunge over the way or round the corner to the butcher's, is not unfavourable to their trade. Ten to one that we find a cod's head and shoulders on the table when we return to dinner at five. Charley Coster's cart looks remarkably fresh and green this morning; but that poor "moke" of his is evidently depressed in spirits, and, after the manner of his kind, lowers his head and bends back his ears in silent deprecation of the extra weight of moisture he has to drag through the miry streets. Yonder is a potato-steamer, which the prudent proprietor has moored snugly under a covered archway: his little tin funnel is fizzing away amongst a group of boys and lads driven there for shelter from the storm. He has got his steam up early to-day—foul weather acting invariably as an impetus to his peculiar commerce: a hot buttered potato for a halfpenny, with salt *à discrétion*, as the French say, is too good a bargain to go far a-begging on such a morning as this. Another wandering son of commerce, who profits especially when the clouds are dropping fatness, is that umbrella hawker, who stands there at the corner, roofed in under a monster-dome of gingham, from which he utters ever and anon in a cavernous voice: "A good um'rella for sixpence! Sixpence for a good um'rella! A silk un for a shilling!" You will not see him driving business in that fashion when the sky is without a cloud; you might as well look for a rainbow. He gets his living by rainy days; and if he could regulate the calendar in his own way, 'twere but little hay

that would be made while the sun shone, and Vauxhall and Cremorne Gardens might shut up shop. But of all the gainers by the liberality of Jupiter Pluvius, the cabmen are the most active and the most exemplary. Now is the very carnival of cabs; and every driver assumes an air of increased importance, and sways his whip with authority, as though he were chief monarch of a wet world, which in some sort he is. But there is not a single cab on the stand. The stand itself is washed away—all the disjecta from the nose-bags, every wisp of hay and straw of fodder, is floated off the stones; the very waterman has disappeared, and taken for the nonce to burnishing pewter-pots in the back-slums of the Pig and Whistle—his tubs alone are the only vestiges which are left to proclaim the fact, that four-and-twenty vehicles, all of a row, have their home and resting-place on that deserted spot. Cabby is abroad stirring up the mud in every highway and byway of universal London; and Cabby's horse, under the impetus of unlimited whipcord, is straining every nerve to compensate for the idleness of yesterday, and to devour as many miles, measured by six-pences, as will satisfy, if that be possible, the expectations of his owner.

But now we emerge upon the City Road, and hear the welcome syllables, "Room for one," from the conductor of a Favorite omnibus. With a foot on the step, we look in upon a not very inviting spectacle: ten stout gentlemen, each with a dripping umbrella, and one stouter dame, two single Niobes rolled into one, with a weeping umbrella and a plethoric bundle to boot—all packed together almost as tight as Turkey figs in a drum, in a locomotive vapour-bath reeking and steaming at every pore. It is impossible to pass up the centre, and so we are jammed into the corner next to the conductor, who, enveloped in oil-skin, considerably bars the pelting drops from our face by exposing to them his own broad back. We commence a conversation by

observing, as a sort of leading remark, that such a drencher as this is a capital day for omnibuses. "Why, you must be making quite a fortune to-day."

"Hexcuse me, sir," says he, "but that ere's a very vulgar horror. People thinks, because they finds the buses full when they wants to go to town of a wet day, that the wet weather is best for the trade. 'Tain't no sich thing. We goes to town this mornin', for instance, full; but we shall come back empty well-nigh, and shan't do nothing to speak of afore gentlemen has done their business and comes back in the evening. Buses that runs along the business-lines does tolerable well perhaps; but I'm bound to say, that them as goes north and south don't do half a average trade sich a day as this. No, sir—fine weather is best for buses, if I know anything about it. People walks out in fine weather to enjoy theirselves, and gits tired, and rides home; or they rides out for pleasure, and to call upon their friends, or they rides a-shopping, and brings home their bargains; but when sich weather as this shuts people within doors, of course they can't ride in buses."

There was no denying the force of the conductor's logic, backed as it was by a long experience—and we sat corrected.

Here our *vis-à-vis*, the stout dame with the bundle, stops the omnibus, and stumbling hastily into the muddy road drops some halfpence into the conductor's hand.

"What's this, marm?"

"Why, the fare—threepence to be sure."

"Threepence ain't the fare, and this ain't threepence. D'ye call that a penny? 'tis only a half-penny as ha' been run over."

"O dear me! are you sure it's not a penny? it's big enough. I thought your fare was threepence."

Conductor opens the door and shows the printed table of fares. "You see, marm, it's fourpence. I want three-half-pence more."

"O dear, I wonder if I've got any more."

Niobe lays her bundle on the step, and dives into her pocket. First dive, fishes up an enormous pincushion, red on one side and green on the other; dive the second, a pocket handkerchief and a ball of worsted; dive the third, a nutmeg-grater, a nutmeg half consumed, a piece of ginger, and an end of wax-candle, which shows signs of having been on terms of the closest intimacy with a skein of thread; dive the fourth, half of a crumpled newspaper and a lump of gingerbread.

"Come, be alive, marm," says the conductor; "we can't be waiting here all day."

"O dear me, how it does rain! Don't be in a hurry, my good man—I feel the money now;" and, sure enough, dive the fifth produces, together with a handful of ends of string, reels of coloured cotton, and a tin snuff-box, a couple of penny-pieces. The fare is paid—bang goes the door, and on we roll towards the Bank.

The City wears rather a blank appearance. It is busy, as it always is, with the working-bees of commerce, but the drones are absent, and of pleasure-takers there are none to be seen. Greatcoated figures flit hurriedly backwards and forwards beneath their hoisted umbrellas; and the indispensable business of the day is done in spite of the unceasing tempest that pours from morn to night. But retail trade is almost at a stand-still. That immense standing-army whose lives are passed in the service of the ladies, experience, it may well be, a welcome intermission of their labours. The shop-walker may rest his weary shanks, and the shop-talker may give his tongue a holiday. Drapers' assistants have no goods to drape, and may assist one another in the laborious occupation of doing nothing. Now and then the shopkeeper walks to his front door, and, with one hand in his pocket, while he rubs his smooth-shaven chin with the other, casts an appealing look upwards to the leaden sky. He sees no symptoms of a

pause in the pattering storm ; so he retires, and buries himself in his back-parlour, where, with his nose every now and then between the leaves of his bad-debt book, he falls to making out fresh bills for stale and long-forgotten accounts. We mourn for our old friends the book-stalls, which lie all day long under a pall—a pall of dilapidated floor-cloth, which no man stops to lift and look beneath. The search after knowledge may be carried on under some difficulties, but not under such a sousing shower-bath as this. It has actually washed away the apple-women from the kerbstones, who are known to be as waterproof as Macintosh himself ; and it has driven the orange-girls off the pavement to the shelter of covered courts and theatrical piazzas.

But if the rain has dispersed a whole host of professionals, it has at least brought some new ones upon the scene. Here comes a characteristic establishment, vamped up for special use on a rainy day. It is nothing more nor less than an ostensible father of a family, with six impromptu children, all born to him this identical morning—children whose father was humbug, and whose mother was a promising ten hours' rain. He, unfortunate man, informs you as plainly as the cleverest pantomime can tell the tale, that he is an unsuccessful tradesman who has seen better days, and that these six forlorn infants, all clad in neat white pinafores, but paddling with naked feet on the cold wet stones, are the motherless children of his dear departed wife, who has left him in sickness and poverty to be the sole guardian of their tender years. As an evidence that he has brought them up in the right way, they are singing, as lustily as they can bawl, a pious hymn to a sacred tune, to which he himself groans a deplorable bass in a deplorable voice—holding out his hand the while as a modest appeal in behalf of his innocent orphans. If you are prudent, you will not be in a hurry to tax your sympathies. You may feel quite at your ease, and rest assured that this unhappy family, which shows

so pathetically amidst the driving storm, owes its very existence to this dismal day, and to nothing else. Had the sun shone brightly this morning, each of these motherless infants had remained in charge of its own maternal parent, or passed the day in raking the mud of Westminster; and the demure, sorrow-stricken father himself, had been off chalking the pavement, shamming the cripple, doing the deplorable "fake," or cadging in some ingenious way on his own private account, among the gullible population of some other district. We know the rascal well enough; but he contrives to sneak on the safe side of the law, and laughs at exposure. If you want to help him to a debauch of gin, bestow your charity, but not otherwise.

Such a day as this is a dead loss to a multitude of out-of-door professionals, not a few of whom will have to put up with short-commons, as a result of such an inhospitable sky. It is not very pleasant to think what becomes of a host which numbers so many thousands of needy individuals at such an untoward time, when they cannot be abroad, and when it would be of no use if they could, because their friends and patrons the public are snug at home. Where are all the poor music-grinders? Where that solid phalanx of Italian piano-players? Where those gangs of supple acrobats and street-jugglers? Where that battalion of "needy knife-grinders?" Where the travelling-tinkers, swinging their sooty incense beneath our noses? Where the hawkers of fruits, and nuts, and sweet-stuff? Where the bands of children with their bunches of lavender? Where those merry little tender German tinder-merchants? Where the street-stationer, with his creamy note-paper? Where the violet-girls, with their sweet-smelling posies? And where that vast and indiscriminate crowd that hangs perpetually upon the skirts of business or of pleasure, and, like Lazarus from the rich man's table, supply their daily necessities from the abundance and the superfluities of their more fortunate brethren? In what

cheerless homes, what wretched slums and corners, what dark and unwholesome dens, do they lurk in hunger, cold, and bodily discomfort, while the relentless rain shuts them out from the chance of earning an honest penny? Truly, a rainy day in London has its dismal aspect within doors as well as without.

The animal creation, which always sympathises in the pains and pleasures of us humans, show their aversion from rainy weather, when it is excessive, in a manner not to be mistaken. We cannot pretend to decide whether the horse pulls a long face at a rain-storm, his face being never of the shortest; but his eye is sadder than usual when he is soaked with a shower. Donkey shows his dislike to heavy rain by invariably getting out of it when he can, and by his unwillingness to face the driving blast when upon duty. Dog is, in wet London streets, invariably draggle-tailed and downcast, and out of heart. His post is too often, on these occasions, outside his master's door, upon the step of which he may be seen sitting, his muddy tail between his legs, and his woebegone face confronting the public, upon whom he turns an appealing, lack-lustre eye, telling how much he would prefer sleeping curled up by the kitchen-fire to standing sentry in company with the scraper. Puss shows her sense of cleanliness and comfort by keeping within doors; though our old "Stalker" is an exception to the general rule, preferring to sit on the outside of the window-sill, where, erecting every hair in his black coat till they bristle up "like quills upon the fretful porcupine," he gathers a vast amount of electricity and considerable moisture besides, and is always the cleaner and the livelier for the process, which he doubtless knows to be good for his constitution.

Time was (when we were not so thoughtful as we are now) when we entertained a notion that it would have been an agreeable and convenient arrangement of such moist phenomena, if all the rain, hail, and snow, of which Mother

Earth stands in continual need, had been predestinated to fall after sunset, and the hours of daylight had been left to the uninterrupted pursuits and enjoyments of mankind. We are grown wiser now, and see that it is better ordered. In that case, we should have lost for ever the moral effect of a rainy day; and the stock of undeniable blessings to our mental and spiritual nature which spring out of little crosses and disappointments, would have been diminished so much in amount through the lack of a little gentle moral discipline, that, bad as the world is now, it would have been infinitely worse, and perhaps hardly bearable for living in. Therefore, with your leave, good reader, we will be reconciled to the wet weather; and when it rains, let it rain, without grumbling, merely donning our gaiters, induing our waterproof soles, buttoning up our coats, hoisting our umbrellas, and setting about our business cheerfully and industriously, which, as everybody knows who knows anything, is the best way of providing against a rainy day.

A LONDON RAILWAY STATION.

IF some respectable mandarin of Peking, Whang Whampoo Fong, who has spent forty years in learning to read his Confucius, and who takes forty hours, and a trifle over, to travel (when he does travel, which is not very often—not more than once in a year at the most,) a distance of a hundred miles—if *he* could be suddenly caught up out of that opium-smelling snugger of his, lighted by a single paper lantern, and dropped down in a London railway station at ten at night, say, during the arrival of one of the long trains—I wonder where he would think he was got to. How he would stare at the flaming gas-lights—at the glittering roof with its light cross-work of iron bamboo! How the sudden apparition of the monster engine, with its goggle eyes of fire, would bewilder the brains of the Chinaman! How he would shrink from the approach of the sinuous leviathan with thirty or forty stomachs, all disgorging at once their quota of men, women and children, amidst the bawling of countless voices, the lumbering of luggage, the din of whips and wheels, and the hissing of that big tea-kettle with a fire in its belly, and its straight spout aloft in the air! Poor Whampoo Fong might think the whole affair a dream conjured up by the fumes of opium, and would certainly wish himself back again, away from the incomprehensible uproar, to the calm of the sober city of the celestial empire.

Yes, disciple of Confucius, it *was* a dream once, and that not very long ago; but it is now the realisation of a dream, and, like a thousand other things of less importance, which

were all of them, at one period or other, dreams too, is as much a matter-of-fact affair as a cup of tea, a button, or a mandarin's tail.

A London railway station presents an aspect which constantly varies. At one hour you shall find it a cool promenade, where the footfall of the porter or the policeman reverberates from the lofty walls and the glazed roof in a silence broken now and then by the thundering echoes of a heavy hammer-stroke, or the crash of a ponderously-loaded truck shunted suddenly into its place. The pleasant sunlight shimmers softly through the arching roof, and at the open end towards the country, you see the glistening rails winding onwards for miles, and converging to a point in the far perspective. As you stand gazing, a bell rings sonorously at your elbow, and, if your eyes are as sharp as those of the ringer, you will discern in the distance a dim speck, or a fitful wreath of silvery steam, which grows rapidly bigger and bigger as you look upon it, and soon, bursting upon the ear with its sharp iterations of the piston-stroke, gives audible indication of its near approach. Another minute, and the huge iron fabric, with its brazen pyramid, pauses majestically at your side—a hundred doors fly open, and a motley crowd of travellers, the majority of whom appear to be gentlemen in easy circumstances, unincumbered with luggage, alight on the broad flooring, and in a very few minutes are scattering themselves towards the City by various routes. It is the morning train, which runs for the special convenience of commerce, and brings from their country residences to the mart of London, perhaps a hundred or more of her merchants, whose *dulce domum* may lie at the distance of twenty, forty, sixty, or more miles from their places of business on 'Change. It is but a ride of an hour or so in a first-class carriage, soft with elastic cushions, purchased with the price of an annual ticket, which costs less than the difference in housekeeping between a domestic

establishment in London and one in the country, or by the sea-side. So it happens, that with all her abnormal increase—and London increases at the rate of more than a thousand souls a month—a good portion of her inhabitants live out of town, and places are now rising into note, as the country residences of London merchants and tradesmen, which, before the invention of railways, were no less than a day's journey from the metropolis.

In two minutes from the entry of the train not a single one of the passengers is to be seen. But now, on the other side of the platform another is preparing to go out—there is a series of indescribable snorting, grinding, and clanking sounds, mingled with loud bangs and explosive concussions,—carriages and trucks are punching one another in the ribs; and while these are boisterously getting into line, the crowd are squeezing and jamming for precedence at the little trap-doors where the tickets are procured, and then they file off to the platform to secure places. “First-class to B——!” “Here you are, sir!” “Second-class to T——!” “That’s your carriage—Where do *you* want to go, sir?” “To A——.” “Into that carriage, and then you won’t have to change, sir.” Such questions and directions are sounding and resounding on all sides; and now comes the news-boy, and mingles his shrill treble with the “manly voice” of the officiating police—“Who’s for the Times?—this morning’s Times!—Want the Advertiser, sir?—Who’s for the Illustrated News? supplement and all for sixpence!—Times! here! Times! Times! Times! Pa-a-par! ainy of the morning papers!” The boy doesn’t stop shouting while he serves a customer, but bawls, and sells, and gives change, and bites the sixpences to taste if they are of the real mint flavour, “all under one” as he would say. But the train doesn’t start yet, and old travellers know that well enough, and are in no hurry to take their seats after they have secured them by depositing their wrappers in a corner.

There stand a group of them at the book-stall, if it is allowable to call a shop with five thousand volumes, all new, a book-stall;—they are picking out something to amuse them by the way. A hundred miles or two will keep them five or six hours in the carriage, and they must have something to pass away the time. When travellers were few it would have paid nobody to keep a book-shop to supply them with literature; but since travellers have multiplied by thousands, owing to the conveniences which railways have afforded them, multitudes have taken to reading who never read before. The result of this is visible and prominent in every department of literature, but chiefly, we fear, in that of fiction and what is termed light reading. Looking at it in a commercial point of view, there can be but little doubt that the railroad has been the means of at least doubling the number of books printed and published; not that by any means half the books sold are sold at railway stations, though there are few railway stations without their book-stall; but the habit of reading in railways has created new classes of readers, and spread the taste for reading, and awakened so general a desire for the accumulation of books, that myriads of volumes are now sold elsewhere, which, but for railway reading, would not have been sold at all. Looking at this new fact in a moral light, its aspect is not so pleasant as it might be, inasmuch as no small amount of literary rubbish travels by the rail, and a considerable quantity besides which might be designated as something much worse. But we are mending in this respect of late; works of the very best class are now to be found on the railway stalls; and there are hopes that the grand means of intercommunication may one day become the channel also of an uncorrupted literature.

But now jangles the bell for starting, and already the long train makes a few fitful and sluggish movements; the laggards leap through the open doors, each of which the porter

shuts with a bang as they defile past him. Before the whole of the train has left the shelter of the roof, it has quickened almost to a running pace—the guard jumps into his seat—and whiz! it is off—diminishes gradually to a speck, and is seen no more.

But yonder comes another in sight, and clang goes the bell again; and now we see, as the train wheels round a swelling curve in the line, that it is one of unusual length, consisting of something like fifty carriages, and drawn by two engines. It is the excursion train from a town nearly a hundred miles off, and it brings above a thousand holiday makers on a visit to London, and will take them all back again the day after to-morrow, or this day week, at the cost of five shillings a head for both journeys. They come on but slowly, for, owing to the momentum of their mass, which is not much less than a quarter of a mile in length, the engineers are compelled to be cautious, and to shut off their steam at a long distance from the stopping-place. What a prodigious clamour they make, to be sure! Every carriage is choke-full of heads, and bundles or carpet-bags, which is all the luggage allowed. Now the doors are open, and the merry Babel breaks loose. Tom is bellowing for Jack, who is at the other end of the train; and Betty is staring about for Mary, who ought to have come in the same carriage with her, but somehow strayed into another. Yonder is a red-faced mother, with four young lasses, palpable peas of the same pod, clutching on to her gown, while she looks about wildly for the fifth. There is a knot of hobbledehoys broke away from home for the first time, with money in their pockets, and all their own masters. Here comes Tim Goble the carrier, stooping as he walks, as though afraid of striking his head against the awning of his cart. "What, Tim," says a superannuated crone, "be you comed too?" "Ees a be," says Tim, "had'n a thort to zee yow tho', Missis Grimes." "O, t' missis gied I a ticket—her zed I zhoud

zee Lunnun avore I died, an' zo I be comed—but a han't zeed much on't benow!" Tim escorts the old dame off, letting the more active crowd bustle past him. On they go by hundreds, and in five minutes the population of the distant borough is swallowed up by omnivorous London, like the dripping contents of a summer cloud by the ocean.

They are scarcely gone, when a luggage train is sighted, and soon heard thundering in the distance. If you look out a-head you will see a sort of pantomime performing by a couple of men with green and red flags, while another pulls away at an iron bar rising at an angle from the ground. The goods train as it advances turns its long trail off into a siding, and disappears beneath a huge barrack-like shed.

Now the express train is getting ready to start: a few carriages only of the first and second-class, and a proportionately smaller number of passengers, are in the habit of flying across the country at the rate of fifty miles an hour. There is a savour of the gentleman in the negligent garb as well as in the demeanour of the engineer, who pulls out a duplex watch to note the exact time, as he gives the necessary directions to the stoker. A party of ladies and gentlemen are shut into the first-class carriages—a few commercial travellers climb into the second—the inspector gives a shrill whistle, the doors are shut, and off glides the express, coughing slowly at first, but soon accelerating to the swiftness of an arrow—and vanishes out of sight.

We need not stay to see more trains go out or come in; it would only be a repetition of what we have already seen. Nor need we linger in the handsome refreshment room, where parties waiting may solace themselves with delicate viands—nor in the lost-property room, where those who have left their chattel behind them in the carriage may chance to recover it again on payment of a trifling fee—nor among the crowd of cabs and omnibuses in the yard, where some of the excursionists are scrambling for places almost

before they have made up their minds where to go. But before quitting the subject, we may as well contrast the railway station in London with a certain railway station on the skirts of an inland village where we have been in the habit of occasionally rusticating in the summer months.

This country station is a small red brick house of four rooms, with a little patch of garden-ground inclosed from the bank of the iron-way; and its platform is formed of a few planks only, in front of the ticket-room, which serves for luggage and waiting-room as well. A single rail only runs past it, and the line is worked on what is called "the red-stick system;" that is, no engineer is allowed, under penalty of instant dismissal, to pass on to the single line unless he has possession of a certain baton painted a bright red; and as there is but *one* of these batons in existence, collisions are thus rendered impossible. The whole staff at the station consists of one man, who prints the tickets, takes and accounts for the money, distributes parcels and goods arriving, and, in short, does everything. "Sir," said he to us, one day, "it ain't a easy place altogether. You see, as the line crosses the turnpike-road on a level, I've got to get up in the night to let everybody through as comes a horse-back, or with gigs and carts and that. Last Saturday night I come down nine times in my night-dress to let the farmers through coming from —— market; they stays after the market is over, and drinks, and comes home late. Now, when you got to do that in the winter, you see, it's apt to give a feller the roomatiz, an' I gets it very bad sometimes."

"Did you ever have any accident?" we asked.

"Never, nothing fatal, sir. Once I lost my gate—that *was* a curious thing—that was."

"I don't understand you."

"You see, sir, I used to bar the railway, according to my instructions, after the last train went past—about half-past

one in the morning—leaving the road open for the farmers, who generally gets up betimes. Well, one morning when I come down at seven o'clock, I found the gate wasn't there—neither open nor shut, but clean gone—nothing but the post left. I couldn't make out what was gone wi' it—'twas too big to steal, and too heavy. I couldn't make it out no-how. However, when the train came in from B——, I heered all about it—they'd got the gate there, miles off. It seems a train was sent express about something : they never thought of letting me know anything of it—besides we had no telegraph there. On comes the express at fifty miles an hour—rips the gate off the hinges without the engineer knowing anything about it, and carries it away, hanging on to the buffers, to B——, where they first found out what was done. 'Twas lucky the engine wasn't throwed off the rails."

"What wages do you get for your attendance, night and day?"

"Twelve shillings a week. Not much, you may think, sir, for a man with a wife and children to maintain; but then I live in a good house, rent-free, and there's a bit o' garden. I should like a little more, but there's a pretty many as would be glad to take what I got, if I were foolish enough to throw it up."

So much by way of contrast.

It is at a London station, perhaps, that we are likeliest to form an adequate idea of the marvellous amount of travelling which takes place in our day. The increased facilities of locomotion have already effected an immense change in all orders of society. No doubt the change is mainly for the better; but the same total of good originating from the use of the iron road is not unaccompanied by corresponding evils. The wondrous despatch of which railway travelling is the great example, is recklessly imitated in all our concerns. The go-ahead principle has, in too many cases,

knocked down and pushed aside principles of more value. We are forgetting the old axiom, "Fair and softly goes far," in our anxiety to go fast; and we pay the penalty by smashes and collisions, commercial and financial, which would have alarmed as much the moral sense of our forefathers, as the deplorable slaughters which have occasionally disgraced the management of railways, would have outraged their good old-fashioned estimation of the value of life and limb.

PINCHER INVALIDED.

My good dog Pincher had, some time ago, to my no small grief, been in a declining way. An unwonted sobriety and seriousness was the first symptom of his approaching declension. Instead of tearing and scampering about the house and garden like a mad creature at first sight of me in the morning, and wagging his tail in regular thumps on the carpet as he was wont to do, he took to welcoming me with an endearing sort of whine, more human than canine, a moist supplicating eye, and a tremulous motion of his caudal terminus more like the vibration of a magnetic needle than anything else with which I can compare it. Then, instead of making his bed at night with exactly three revolutions on the hall mat, and lying down in it, with his nose in the centre, to sleep in quiet—a ceremony which he invariably performed as soon as the bed-room candles made their appearance—he took to attempts at making his bed in all sorts of holes and corners, twenty times a day, turning round a dozen times instead of three, and not lying down in it after all. Then his appetite, which only moderated at first, failed him altogether; the moisture on his cold nose dried up; shivering fits crept over him; his sleek furry coat grew rough and tangled; and leanness came on, “till his skin, like a lady’s loose gown, hung about him,” and his poor bones squared unsightly protuberances to the view.

What was to be done? A domestic consultation elicited a variety of opinions. My better-half suggested that poor Pincher might be breaking up with old age; but six years

is hardly more than maturity for a water-spaniel, and I know that Pincher is not older than that. Betty gave it as her decided opinion that he had swallowed a bung cork, or a buttered sponge, or something of the kind, which had hermetically sealed up his alimentary canal, and therefore there could be no hopes of him. Tom would have it that the butcher's dog round the corner had given him a sly gripe, and that Pincher, poor fellow, was dying of it; but there was no visible wound on Pincher's body to substantiate Tom's assertion. Our consultation failed to produce any remedial measures; but the butcher's man happening to come to the door at the moment, I referred Pincher's unfortunate case to him.

"Sure-ly," said he, "that there dog *is* out o' condition, and don't look respectable no-ways. Our boy shall drown him for you, sir, if you like."

"Thank you," said I, "time enough for that; I will have him cured, if possible."

"Well, sir, if you like to lay out money on him—and to be sure he's wuth it—I know a man that can cure him, if anybody can."

Thereupon I took down the address of the canine physician, and finding that his abode lay scarcely a furlong out of my daily route citywards, I put poor Pincher in a cab, and drove off to the address indicated.

It was in a small house, in a narrow back street in the very heart of the city, that the professor of canine therapeutics resided. On a sign-board, exalted over the window of his little shop, was a capital portrait of a water-spaniel, the very model of Pincher himself, and surrounded by legends of considerable length, setting forth the medical qualifications of the professor. On entering, I found the worthy man—a personage considerably advanced in life, and of almost Johnsonian figure and feature—seated behind a small counter, in the act of preparing medicines for his

four-footed patients. He was surrounded with bottles, jars, gallipots, and pill-boxes, ranged on shelves on all sides, and was well provided with the usual pharmaceutical implements which we are accustomed to meet with in an apothecary's shop. From the walls and ceiling hung several cages, some of them of singular construction, containing singing and talking birds. These, he informed me, were not his property, but had been confided to his care by their owners, some of whom were officers in the army and navy, appointed to serve on foreign stations during the present war, who preferred paying him for their safe custody and proper treatment to the risk of leaving them in the charge of servants or strangers; a rather curious instance, I thought, of the characteristic regard of brave men for feeble, fragile, and helpless creatures.

On introducing poor Pincher to the good man's notice, he took him in his arms, and tenderly turning back his eyelids, and looking at the bared orb for a few moments, assured me that he could effect a perfect cure in the course of a few weeks, though it might take some months for the animal to recover flesh and condition. Having settled the necessary preliminaries with regard to Pincher, and finding the medicus no way unwilling to be communicative, I gathered, in the course of the conversation that followed, a few facts relative to the contingencies of the canine race in London, which, in connection with some particulars derived from other sources, it may be worth recording.

The London dog-trade, ever since the passing of Mr. Hawes's bill, which enfranchised the draught dogs of the metropolis, and filled the surrounding rivers, canals, drains, and ditches with their abandoned carcasses, has been confined almost exclusively to the breeding, the importation, and the sale of pets and fancy dogs: the exceptions are; the transactions in the fighting-dog line—a class of animals who do not come very much under the hand of the professional man, being mostly doctored, when they want doctoring, by their

owners. The trade in fancy dogs is not one at which any man can honestly make a fortune, the loss by death being very great, and the successful rearing of an animal which will command a high price being a comparatively rare occurrence in the experience of any one man. Few men devote themselves entirely to the business, which is carried on for the most part by amateurs, who engage in it as much from a natural love for animals as from the gain they derive from it. The notion that such persons are cruel to the animals they rear is a gross absurdity; on the contrary, they would generally submit to any deprivation themselves, rather than inflict it on their favourites. It is the unfortunate rat who is the object of cruelty. The rat and the dog are equally the companions of man; but, with the former, man has no sympathy, and no pleasure connected with him, but in his death, and he educates the dog to kill him. Millions of rats are caught alive, and hunted to death in the training of dogs; rat-killing being the chief accomplishment of the pet terrier, and the test of the purity of his descent.

Great as is the number of dogs bred in London, the home-produce is not enough to meet the demand, and many are constantly imported from all parts of the world. Poodles have been known to travel twelve thousand miles from China; and perhaps we ought to congratulate them upon their escape from a land where they are ranked as butcher's meat, to one where they are received as guests in the drawing-room—saved from revolving on the spit or swimming in the tureen, to be fondled on satin in a lady's lap. Terriers are brought from the Isle of Skye, and small spaniels from Holland. Italy sends a miniature grey-hound; and various different breeds, rarely weighing more than five pounds per individual, come from different parts of the Continent. The traders in dogs may be seen in fine weather standing at the corners of streets, with half a dozen specimens of their merchandise seated on arm and shoulder, or yelping round

their feet, and perhaps as many little shaggy heads peeping forth from their capacious pockets. These may be honest men, for aught we know; but we are bound to state that the legitimate dog-traders are at least equalled in number by the dog-pirates who constantly infest the streets of London, seeking whose dog they may purloin. Evidence of their exploits is continually visible in the shop-windows, in the shape of hand-bills offering rewards for the recovery of lost dogs.

There are several dog-hospitals in London, whither diseased dogs are sent by their owners for medical treatment. The practice in these hospitals has diminished since the passing of the act above alluded to, though doubtless many interesting cases are still to be found in the various wards. Our good friend once had a hospital himself, but the pirates broke into it at night, and marched off with a valuable prize; and since then he has housed his patients in his own domicile, where, as he takes but a few at a time, they do not incommode him, and are all the better attended to.

Many of the dogs of the first class, belonging to the aristocracy, are, when sick, attended by the "regular faculty:" and this, according to our informant, is perfectly as it should be. "For," says he, "the anatomy of the dog resembles much more than you might suppose that of the human being; and whether it be that, associating with mankind so much, and leading a sort of artificial life, he has picked up a kind of human constitution, I don't pretend to say; but it is very certain that he is liable to a good many of the disorders to which we are ourselves subject. It is a fact, that there is hardly a dog that lives out of doors in the mud and wet but what gets the rheumatism very bad, just as we should do if we led the same sort of life. Then they get the asthma from being tied up in damp places. Lots of them die in their youth from a disease very like consumption. When over-gorged and indulged, they will die of apoplexy. They perish by epidemics and fevers at times; and they get nervous and

hippish, just like lazy gentlefolks, when they get no exercise. Now, I've studied dogs, and very little else, for forty years, and I s'pose I know what a dog is. I never want to look further than a dog's eye to know what's the matter with him. You can tell something by the tongue, but the tongue's deceitful; the eye tells you the truth, if you know how to judge of it. I'll show you a dog (and he fetched one hardly bigger than its own tail from an inner room)—What should you think was the matter with that dog?"

"Have not the slightest idea."

"Fits, sir—come from China eighteen months ago—and they've allowed his wool to grow till he was smothered in it. I've cut off more than his own weight, docked all but his tail, you see; and he's a coming round, though he's a little bit fittified still. He'll be all right in another month, except his coat. Here's another, one of the handsomest terriers ever you see—two years old, and weighs less than three pounds; there's nothing the matter with him; he's here upon diet—I shan't give him medicine."

"What medicines do you generally use?"

"I prepare all my medicines myself, in order that I may be sure of their effects; but I use pretty nearly the same drugs that I should give to the best friend I had in the world, if he was ill and I had to doctor him. There are some exceptions, but not many: thus, if you or I take a powerful dose of aloes, it gripes us fearful; but a dog will swallow a lump of it and feel nothing: on the other hand, you may take calomel, four or five grains, and do you good, while half a grain might kill a dog. But generally speaking, the same medicine produces pretty nigh the same effects both in dogs and men."

"Do you ever administer bark?" I asked; but the good man was superior to a joke, and replied seriously, that he did not, because minute doses of quinine were better and more easy to manage.

The tenderness with which he handled his patients, and the grateful fondness of the creatures themselves for their benefactor were amusing to witness; and I left Pincher in his care with the assurance that all that science and kindness could do would be done for his restoration.

Sure enough, three weeks after, that saucy young dog came home again, and brought such an appetite with him as was quite terrific to witness. The first thing the rascal did was to jump upon my writing-table, whisking off my papers right and left with his furious long tail, and commence licking my face. Then his impudence dashed out of the open window into the garden, and set to work digging up a lot of bones which he had buried against a hungry day, and, planting himself in the centre of the grass plat, employed the whole of the morning in settling the arrears of that account. He has recovered now nearly all his flesh and more than all his vivacity; in fact, there is no teaching him decorum. Down Pincher! Ha! would you? Down, sir!

BEATING THE BOUNDS.

A STRANGER to the civic customs prevailing among the English, is sometimes startled with curious out-of-door exhibitions, which defy all his attempts to fathom them; and it sometimes happens, too, that on seeking an explanation from those who are supposed to know all about it, he is put off with a conjecture, more or less fortunate, instead of a veracious solution of the problem. The wisdom of our forefathers is often a riddle to their descendants; and though she lift up her voice in the streets, as in affairs municipal she is very much given to do, she cries in an unknown tongue to the majority of those who hear. In the streets of London, numberless demonstrations are made, from time to time, before the eye of the public, of the signification of which the larger portion of spectators know but little, and care less; yet they all *have* a signification, if we choose to look for it; and primitive and even puerile as some of them may appear, they might hardly be abolished without the risk of losing with them some positive advantage which it would be better to retain. Among these out-of-door observances, one of the most frequent occurrence in the summer months, is, that procession of juveniles which once a year, in every parish in London, starts from the vestry-door of the parochial church to traverse the limits of the parish, or, in colloquial phrase, to "beat the bounds." The practice is a very old one—how old, we have no means of ascertaining. Every parish is of course in possession of maps of its own domain; but something more than this is supposed to be necessary in order to

prevent its limits from being encroached upon. In London, a single yard of land may chance to be worth a large sum of money; and every possible precaution is taken to prevent any doubt as to the proprietorship of every square inch of the soil. Cast-iron plates bearing inscriptions in raised letters, indicative of the claim of the parish to the land upon which they stand, are inserted in the walls of houses and ware-rooms, or affixed to beams of timber or upright posts along the whole route of the parish boundaries; and these are formally visited and identified once a year, to ascertain that they stand where they did; and the boys of the charity-school are always chosen as visitors, in order that the rising generation may be duly impressed with their parochial rights and privileges, and made intimate with the extent of the territory which at some future day may chance to be confided to their guardianship. In ancient times, as we are informed upon very good authority, the custom of beating the bounds, which is now one of unmingled pleasure and festivity, was celebrated in a manner not exclusively joyous. The boys did not then regard it altogether as a holiday, seeing that certain of their number, who, it is to be hoped, had earned a right to that distinction, were regularly horsed and soundly whipped in presence of the several inscription-plates defining the boundaries. The castigation, it was shrewdly judged, was an efficient means of impressing the localities upon their memories. There is no doubt that our forefathers were right in that respect: a fact thus effectually brought home to an individual's consciousness, at that tender age when the mind (and the epidermis) is susceptible of the slightest impressions, was not likely to be forgotten; and there is no record to show that it ever was. It is long ago, however, since innovations crept into this part of the ceremony; and within the memory of man a different practice has prevailed. At the present day, the boys carry in their hands willow-wands peeled white; and with these they

commence a combined assault upon the cast-iron inscription-plates wherever they find them—a process which, in the opinion of our modern humanitarians, is thought to answer quite as well, though dissentients from that opinion are not wanting among the admirers of hoar antiquity.

In ancient times, too, unless my authority is himself misinformed, the boundaries of the London parishes were all beaten in one day, which must have been a memorable day for the boys of the city, considering the cakes and ale, which were always abundant upon the occasion, to say nothing of the flagellations above alluded to. This practice, however, was found to have its inconveniences. It may happen in the case of a destructive conflagration, that in spite of all precautions, the boundary-mark of a parish, if not obliterated, is overthrown and buried in a mass of ruins—and when recovered, there may be a doubt or a dispute as to the precise position it previously occupied. This actually took place some years ago: a large warehouse, which stood partly in the parish of St. Botolph Aldersgate, and partly in St. Bartholomew's, was destroyed by fire. The premises were in ruins when the day for beating the bounds arrived. It chanced, unfortunately, that two armies of charity-boys met upon the spot, and, as a matter of course, disagreed as to the position of the boundary-mark, which, in this case, it was their business to replace. They quarrelled, and fought a bloody battle. The inscription-plate, raised upon a pole, was the object of a furious contention; now it was in possession of one party, who endeavoured to plant it too far west—and anon it was in the hands of another, who bore it a full half yard to the east. It was a new battle for the standard. The fight raged round the pole amidst a volcano of dust that rendered the combatants invisible: now and then, a disabled champion with black eye or bloody nose emerged from the cloud, and sought the refreshment of the pump. They made a good many broken heads among

them; but they never settled the dispute after all. The combat was only put an end to by the police securing the bone of contention and carrying it off. Since then, it has not been deemed advisable that two adjoining parishes should beat their bounds on the same day; and care is taken that two irascible factions shall not have the opportunity of breaking the peace of the City. The parishes now choose different days for the ceremony—saints' days generally having the preference.

My own experience in this way is but small, having officiated but on one occasion. What took place then, I shall relate for the satisfaction of the curious. I have been a shopkeeper in the City for more than twenty years, and am considered to do a good stroke of business. When I was chosen select vestry-man last year, I cannot say I was very much surprised. I was not sorry either; perhaps I felt a little flattered. At any rate, I did not refuse the office, which in our parish is, to say the worst of it, at least as convivial as it is burdensome. We dispense a good deal of charity one way and another; and if we make merry after it now and then, nobody is the worse for that—not ourselves, I'm sure, whatever cross-grained folks may think about it. A few weeks ago, I received an intimation that my attendance at the parish church, where I was to join the procession to traverse the bounds, would be expected on a certain day, at an hour specified. On the morning of the day named, there came to my shop by way of reminder, and perhaps, too, as one of my neighbours hinted, by way of placebo to my wife, a paper packet, which, on being opened, was found to contain five or six yards of elegant white ribbon—a sort of thing which the ladies, bless their hearts! always know what to do with—and a couple of pair of silk stay-laces of a rather antique breadth—such, I fancy, as used to be worn at the time when the plump citizenesses followed the fashion of lacing their bodices on the outside. We had a hearty

laugh, my good dame and I, over the contents of the packet, which were soon whipped out of sight ; and then I brushed up a bit, and set off to the church. I met my colleagues at the vestry at the hour appointed. Here, while the boys were getting into marching-order, we took a friendly glass of wine together ; and when all were prepared to set forth, I found myself at the head of the column, armed with a bunch of flowers as big almost as the head of an ox, and with a companion furnished in a similar manner on each side of me. It wanted an hour of noon when we sallied forth down the street. Our way lay through various streets, lanes, courts, and alleys, and along the bank of the river. I cannot say that I traversed the whole limits of the parish myself, but I can certify the boys did. At all the recognised boundaries, they set up a jovial shout, and battered away at the iron landmarks with their willow-wands. In some places, they had to climb ladders ; in others, to dive into cellars : now their yellow breeches and blue stockings were seen cascading through an open window ; now the whole school marched bodily into a tailor's shop, and began jumping and poking with their sticks at the ceiling ; then they would knock at the door of a private dwelling, and the moment it was opened, rush down to the cellar in search of the rusty plate, emerging again with three cheers, in token that all was as it should be. In this way, we spent, I should say, something like four hours, without exciting much attention from the public, who, in London city, have a rather characteristic habit of attending to their own business, and leaving other people to follow theirs. Here and there we attracted some observation, and our yellow-legged regiment picked up a few recruits of their own age and standing, who seemed to desire nothing better than to share in the frolic of the procession. When we had completed the survey of the boundaries, and ascertained that the parish stood in the same place it did on that day twelve-

month—none of the cast-iron tablets having disappeared from their positions—our business was concluded. What followed, I do not consider myself bound to state categorically. If we gave the boys a substantial dinner, which is quite as agreeable a thing to remember as a sound whipping; if they got a glass of wine after it, as well as a slice of cake; if young Bob Grimes carried home a couple of tapped bottles of port, to help his mother over her convalescence after a rheumatic fever; and if, after the boys had gone home, we also sat down to a comfortable dinner, a snug party of twelve, and enjoyed ourselves in our turn, after a walk that had given us all an appetite—nobody has a right to complain; because I defy any man to come forward and prove that he or his ever contributed a single penny towards the expense.

This old custom of beating the bounds of parishes is by no means confined to London, as most of my readers know, although it differs there in some important respects, as I have shown, from the practice prevailing in country towns. In rural districts it is not always so harmless as it is within the sound of Bow bells. I have seen the ceremony performed many years ago, in my young days, by an awkward squad of clodhoppers, headed by the beadle in his magisterial robes, in a way not at all indicative of the march of intellect in that quarter. I have known a troop of heavy-heeled rustics tramp over the boundary-line, clean through a farmer's rising crop, or over a gentleman's, or even a lady's flower-beds, in spite of any remonstrance the owner could make to deter them; and I have seen walls overthrown, and fences pulled up, when there was no necessity for touching them, solely because the spoilers had a prescriptive right to make their way through them on one day of the year. Those who remember how these "possession days," as they were then called, used to terminate in the old times before corporation reform—with what quarrelling and drunkenness the

nights closed in—how the parishes were literally in possession of the mob till past midnight—will not be disposed to find fault with the citizens of London for the way in which they manage the matter.

Talking of that, reminds me of a “possessioning” in which I once bore a part when I was a boy. I served my apprenticeship in the gay and brilliant city of Bath, and, as near as I can calculate, it must have been somewhere about the year 1819 the event which I am going to narrate took place. At that time, the beating of the bounds of the city came off in June, and was a grand summer-day’s holiday for all concerned in it. A great deal of fun was mixed up with the ceremony; bushels of buns, baked for the purpose, were scrambled for by the mob, among whom they were thrown. A part of the route lay through the city and suburbs, and a part along the course of the river Avon. A canal-boat, decked out for the occasion, served for the corporation barge, from which a shower of buns flew continually to the banks, from whence half of them rolled into the water, whither they were followed by eager urchins, who made no account of a ducking in such a cause. A band of music accompanied the *cortège*, which consisted of members of the corporation, townsmen with their sons and apprentices, and a hundred or so of school-boys. The procession was in movement nearly the whole day, stopping occasionally at various places, and partaking of libations more copious than prudent. The latter part of the route along the boundary lay across the river, at a ferry near South Parade, the once fashionable promenade of Beau Nash and his followers. Here the whole party of us, numbering some hundreds, had to cross in a flat-bottomed boat, which was pulled over the river by means of a rope strained across. The boat would carry safely, perhaps, a dozen persons; but thirty rushed into it, and, for a wonder, reached the other side, and disembarked without accident.

At the second trip, above forty, half of them men full-grown, and three-parts intoxicated, jumped into it, lowering it in the water to within an inch of the gunwale. The ferryman expostulated in vain, and was compelled to attempt the passage. When about half-way over, the boys began rocking the boat—in an instant, it toppled over, turned bottom upwards, and immersed the whole living mass, in one dense cluster of struggling beings, in twenty feet of water. A fearful shriek rose on the banks, and then a few moments of terrible silence, as we viewed the evidences of the struggle going on beneath the surface of the river. The water surged and bubbled, and seethed and twisted in a hundred whirlpools, as we held our breath and strained our eyeballs for a sight of our lost companions. There were at least a dozen strong swimmers among them, but they had all gone down in one entangled mass, and no sign of a swimmer appeared above the foam. No boats were near, and although messengers had started off to fetch them, it seemed an age before any arrived on the spot. The ferryman clung to the rope, and, in spite of the drowning men pulling at his legs, managed to warp himself ashore. The ferryboat floated slowly down the sluggish stream, and three or four boys who had clung desperately to it, were taken up by an advancing wherry. After an interval which I cannot attempt to measure, a number of hats and garments belonging to the drowning crew floated into view, and a few minutes later, several inanimate bodies rose, one or two at a time, to the surface. These were pulled out with all haste, and laid on the shelving bank, where, under the care of a few medical men hurriedly called to the spot, means were adopted to restore animation. There was a cry for bedding and blankets, I remember, and the inhabitants of the South Parade threw the desiderated articles plentifully from their windows. The green bank of the river was soon converted into a sort of hospital, and a hundred hands were engaged in stripping,

chafing, and rolling the insensible bodies. By this time a number of boats, in which men armed with long hooked poles, and groping with them in the deep waters, kept up a continual search, were upon the spot, and paddling about in all directions, every now and then lifting another body from the depth, and sometimes two or three clutched together in the death-grasp. News of the calamity had spread like wild-fire throughout the whole of the town, and now crowds of distracted friends came rushing bareheaded through the streets to the scene of the disaster—mothers and sisters to find their sons and brothers dead or dying on the banks, and wives whose husbands were yet at the bottom of the flood. The dragging of the river continued all the evening till long after dark. Most of the bodies were recovered that night—a few, having been carried down the stream, were not found for some days. Of the number of the victims, I have no distinct remembrance at this distance of time. I lost two of my most intimate companions, both of them excellent swimmers. No one sat down that day to the plentiful dinner to which all had been hastening so jovially. The event cast a gloom over the fashionable city which was not soon dissipated. That day twelvemonth the city bounds were not beaten, and I have no recollection that the holiday connected with such a fatal remembrance was ever renewed upon its former footing.

There is no parallel to be found to the above miserable tragedy in the whole annals of the London corporation—although we have our aquatic processions, as all the world knows. The grandest of these is of course that which takes place on Lord Mayor's-day, the particulars of which are too well known to be repeated here. But there are other excursions upon the river on a smaller scale, which also take place periodically, of which those who do not participate in them know but little or nothing. One of these has received from the populace the sarcastic designation of swanhopping, from

the ignorant notion which prevails, that the members of the corporation embark on board their barges in a body to count the swans on the river, which are supposed to be, and for aught I know may be, their property. Perhaps the term may have originated in the fact, that this kind of excursion being one in which business and pleasure are united, the common-councilmen sometimes take their wives and daughters with them, when a dance may happen to take place upon the sward of some shady meadow. The real object of the excursion is, however, the survey of certain estates which belong to the City, and which lie on the banks of the river, and are leased to tenants bound over to the observance of specified conditions, and therefore requiring occasional surveillance. When it comes to pass that a "griffin" joins one of these parties he becomes conventionally liable to certain practical jokes, which have for their object the making him intimately acquainted with an old landmark, in the shape of a big stone on the bank of the river at Staines, which is said to have been set up originally as a memorial of the disafforesting of the Warren of Staines, by virtue of a charter of Henry III., which granted to the citizens of London, and all free tenants of the county of Middlesex, liberty of warren and forest in that district.

Another excursion, and one which, I believe, is a source of much enjoyment to the voyagers, is the annual trip of the Navigation Committee, to whom the conservancy of the banks of the Thames is entrusted. The Lord Mayor of London has been, time out of mind, bailiff or conservator of the river Thames. James I., by a charter, confirmed him in the office, the functions of which devolve upon the Navigation Committee, composed of common-councilmen. The lord mayor appoints a water-bailiff, who is called the sub-conservator, and who, taking his instructions from the Navigation Committee, executes their commands. He controls and licenses the fisheries, superintends the repair of the

banks, and keeps the bed of the river in a fit state for navigation. Some time in one of the leafy months of summer, the committee make their annual voyage, to inspect his domain, and see that Father Thames suffers no neglect at his hands, or wrong from evildoers. This important business, I am credibly informed, is never hastily slurred over or thoughtlessly undertaken. The barge which is to be freighted with the commonalty being first duly provisioned with all the requisites for an *al-fresco* collation, and with an assortment of wines, in bottles of all shapes, and suited to civic palates, is despatched in charge of the water-bailiff up the river as far as Reading, or perhaps up the Isis to Oxford. The members of the Navigation Committee run to the latter place, say, in the evening by rail, and, after a sunset ramble among the universities, and a becoming supper at the Mitre, pass the night in the arms of Alma Mater. Next morning, they embark on board the barge, and, drawn by a horse at a walking-pace, commence the voyage back to London, commenting, it may be, by the way, on the state of the river, and suggesting the adoption of any fresh measures necessary for the conservation of the banks, the dredging of the bottom, or the regulation of the fisheries. The chief characteristic of this return-journey is the deliberation with which it is conducted. The voyagers are seldom known to proceed further than Henley on the first day. There are a good many things to be looked into, and more to be got to the bottom of; and there are fortunately many pleasant shady nooks on the banks, where, in clear moss-bordered springs, claret is known to cool, in the course of an hour or so, to a state of delicious perfection. A table-cloth, spread upon the ground by the side of a rustic fountain, and garnished with a cold venison-pasty, a brace or two of plump capons, and a Westphalia ham, with here and there a Strasburg paté standing upright among tall crystal goblets, into which the red juice of the Rhine-grape gurgles forth from sombre-coloured

bottles responsively to the ripple of the fountain: such is the delightful mixture of nature and art which completes the summer landscape in the eye of the civic connoisseur. A lunch thus luxuriously partaken of is a thing to be enjoyed and remembered, and a worthy prelude to the dinner which comes off at Henley, whither a turbot or a fine salmon, or perhaps white-bait or turtle, have been thoughtfully forwarded from sympathising friends at the Mansion House, to enrich the larder of the landlord, and enable him to do honour to his guests. The party sleep at Henley; the next morning they embark again, and proceed with the same deliberation, and the same agreeable intervals devoted to the contemplation of nature under the most favourable circumstances, until they arrive at Windsor, or perhaps at Hampton. The third day wafts them pleasantly into the heart of the great city, and lands them at London Bridge, whence they return in peace to their families, grateful, it may be presumed, for having been preserved from the perils of the deep.

I could say something more on the subject of these aquatic excursions, and their excellent effect upon the river population and the river property; but too much writing somehow makes my head feel as though it did not belong to me; besides which, there is waiting in the shop a particularly good customer of mine, who will never be served by anybody but myself. So perhaps I am justified in leaving off here, and deferring the rest to another opportunity, if that should ever occur.

DANIEL DIBBS, *Chandler.*

A NOVEL COMPETITION SHOW.

I HAD been to look for a friend a long way off—a very long way off; but not being a man of fashion, only a foot-passenger in the journey of life, I don't mind how far I go in search of a friend—east or west, north or south—so that I find him at last. As adverse fate would have it, however, I did *not* find my friend, and had to return disappointed and vexed.

Of course it began to rain—it always does when you are a long way off. Rain, did I say? it began to spout, as though Jupiter Pluvius had just hit upon a new system of hydraulics, and was making experiments with it upon a grand scale. Before meeting with a cab or omnibus, or coming to any rational place of shelter, I had got dripping wet, and determined doggedly, since matters could not be worse, to go right through it all the way. I was brought up, however, by an advertisement in the window of a public-house of a nature curious enough to attract a hunter of curiosities like me. It announced a convocation of dogs, just about to come off, under the patronage of a celebrated character: in other words, a dog-show—a kind of canicultural fête, at which the best-bred specimens of the bow-wow fraternity would reap the honour of a prize.

This was too much for my resolution: I darted at once into the “Thingumbob,” and made my way to the exhibition-room—a public-house parlour of the usual dimensions. In the centre, a couple of tables placed together were surmounted with a roomy cage of wood and wire in several

compartments. A solitary poodle lay curled up in the bottom of the cage, and his owner, who looked a cross between a bailiff and a stable-keeper, and in whose mouth stuck a short pipe very considerably blacker than his rusty hat, sat contemplating him with perfect satisfaction. In a minute or two, he was joined by another exhibitor, who produced from his pocket a spaniel of King Charles's breed, no bigger than a kitten, and passed it into an upper compartment of the cage. The owner of the poodle had a bull-dog sitting gravely between his knees, and the proprietor of the spaniel had another at his heels. Tokens of recognition, consisting of a species of electric nods, almost too rapid for observation, passed between the candidates, but no speech. Two newcomers anticipated any conversation that might have ensued; they were handicraftsmen—shoemakers I think—and each produced a miniature terrier from his pouch, full grown, but not much bigger than a good-sized rat. They then pulled the bell, and ordered stout from the waiter. Other exhibitors now poured in fast, and nearly every man produced his dog, most of them from the pocket. In the course of half an hour, the room was unpleasantly full, and the cage, too, was thoroughly stocked. Every man drank beer or grog, and smoked, and all talked—save those who roared—together. The odour of the strong rank weed they chose to smoke was almost enough to choke a crocodile—the walls of the room vanished behind the reeking mist that arose on all sides, and the vision of ill-favoured faces that loomed through the grey cloud, reminded me of the grim colossal phantasmagoria which used to haunt my boarding-school couch on a hungry and sleepless night. The floor was literally covered with ugly curs, which had come as spectators—all of the fighting school, and most of them maimed or mutilated by battle. One prodigious Gorgon of a brute—with a chest as broad as a boy's, and whose feet, as he sat motionless beneath a table, met on the ground like the two

lines of a capital V—had lost one eye and the whole of his lower lip; he had a face and forehead of chamois leather, and was covered with half-healed wounds from some recent and desperate encounter.

There were as yet no signs of business. The celebrated character had not made his appearance, or he had delayed his introduction, perhaps, to give the accommodating landlord of the "Thingumbob" the benefit of those interesting moments which precede any important event, during which the absorbents are generally in a state of activity. Pending his arrival with the umpires, some of the party got up an exhibition of a different kind, which I had not expected. Several members of the fraternity had brought little square bundles wrapped up in handkerchiefs; these proved to be small bird-cages, each containing a pet bird. One man, opening his cage, put in his forefinger, upon which he brought out a lively goldfinch, which he offered "to whistle agin any bird in the room for a crown." It seemed that the little songster was a celebrated prima-donna in its way, and had earned the name which it bore, of the Jenny Lind. "Don't you wish you may get it?" was the jeering inquiry from several voices. "Give the long odds, and I'll match Piper agin him," bawled one; but the proposition was not accepted. The little bird plumed itself proudly, and uttered a note of defiance.

"Cock-a-doodle-doo!" screamed its proprietor; "all afeard on yer, Jenny—that's what it is, my beauty—champion of all England, my little pinch o' feathers. Who bids ten guineas for the champion?"

"Not champion yet, if *I* know it," said a voice from the abyss of sickening vapour; and a man stepped out of the gloom, bearing a bird perched on his knuckle, as closely resembling the redoubtable champion as it is possible to imagine. He accepted the challenge on behalf of his *protégé*, and producing his money, seated himself in a chair,

rested his elbow on the table, and held forth his forefinger as a perch for the bird; the other did the same, while a third person lighted an inch of candle, and stuck it on an upturned pewter pot between the competitors. The lists thus prepared, the challenger gave the signal by a peculiar sound produced by drawing the air between his lips; and Jenny, after a few low and preparatory flourishes, burst into song. The rival bird responded in a strain equally loud, and both sang in evident emulation of each other, and by degrees stilled all other sounds in the room, save the snorting puffs that arose from some half-hundred pipes. The little creatures grew wondrously excited; their throats swelled, their tiny feathers ruffled up, their eyeballs rolled, their beaks yawned and quivered, while without an instant's pause or let, amidst that horrid reek of filthy tobacco, through which their forms were but just visible, still rushed the stream of song. One would have thought such an atmosphere would have poisoned them, but both were plainly proof against it; and when at length the rival bird ceased and fluttered down upon the table, it was from sheer exhaustion of physical strength, and lack of further power of endurance. Jenny, as usual, had won the day; and its owner, as he complimented the bird caressingly, averred, with a tremendous expletive, that he would have wrung its neck upon the spot had it been defeated.

Another similar match followed between birds of less note and less exalted pretensions; but, owing to a defect, or perhaps to an excellence, in my pectoral apparatus, I was so unpleasantly affected by the amount of tobacco-reek which had found its way into my lungs, as to be compelled to make a hasty exit. Consequently, I had not the privilege of seeing the celebrated character, or of witnessing the bestowal of honours upon the dogs of merit. Whether Pompey bore off the prize—which of the terriers got a medal—and which came off with only honourable mention, I am in no condition

to satisfy the public. There was no illustrated catalogue of the exhibition, although it would have stood illustration remarkably well from the hands of some combined Hogarth and Landseer. Bets were rife upon the chances of the prize, and the "favourite" was a black and tan spaniel, about the size of a rabbit, with long broad ears, long silken hair, and no nose to speak of. This was a dog of fortune—had been pupped, to speak figuratively, with a golden spoon in its mouth, having been bred to order for a certain beautiful duchess, to whom, after having competed for, and probably won, the first prize, it would be forwarded on the morrow, to be pillowed henceforth on silk plush, or fondled in the folds of lace or satin; to be dieted on fricassees and cream; to be attended, in case of an attack of the spleen, by a physician who keeps his carriage; and to be led forth in park or shrubbery every day for an airing, by a liveried page impressed to melancholy by the awful responsibility of the charge.

Companions of man, dogs are subject, like him, to every imaginable variety of social position, and to all possible mutations of fortune. The difference between the Queen upon the throne, and the veriest houseless outcast that cowers shivering beneath the blast of winter in the streets of London, is not greater than that which exists between the kicked, starved, mangled, worried, and skeleton mongrel that wears and whines out its miserable life in the oozy kennels of the city slums, and the Queen's favourite poodle, caressed by royalty, immortalised by Landseer, and housed in a palace. The parallel is capable of a much more extensive application; but I must not pursue it too far, lest I be betrayed into comparisons which might not be deemed complimentary to the reader, for whom, and for whose dog, I entertain the tenderest regard.

THE SIGNS OF THE TIMES.

NOT being gifted with the spirit of prophecy, and possessing no skill in sciences abstruse and occult, we are not going upon the present occasion to attempt any explanation of the mysteries of the past, or to project forward from the dark lantern of imagination an enlightening gleam upon those of the future. We know nothing whatever about the Coming Struggle—have not even the honour of a bowing acquaintance with the Coming Man—have no pretensions to decide upon the completion of the chiliadic periods, nor have looked over the proof-sheets of the next year's almanac by Raphael. The great uproar among the nations that is to be, or is not to be—the long-looked for *débâcle* which is to hoist Turkey in Europe out of Europe—and all the threatened and promised marvels and prodigies and horrors, which certain hungry and thirsty seers find it so profitable just now to send drifting down the current of public opinion—these must take their course for us, and crown their own especial prophets and promulgators with honour or disgrace, as it may happen: they are not wares for our market. The signs of the times with which we at present have to do, though they do some of them hang out aloft very high, and blaze like meteors—while others glimmer feebly and fitfully in fuliginous and cavernous resorts, have nothing either celestial or infernal, supernatural or prophetic about them. They are substantial realities, the work of men's hands; they appeal in silent but unmistakable language to a very numerous class of Her Majesty's liege subjects, and, unlike the

symbols of ancient or modern soothsayers, are never misunderstood by the dullest pate in Christendom. For instance : "The Cat and Bagpipes."

When certain unpropitious planets are in apogee, or when Mars and Venus are in opposition, there may be a shindy brewing somewhere, we don't deny it—very probably there is—we cannot undertake to determine ; but when we see the sign of the Cat and Bagpipes in the ascendant, and swaying gracefully in the evening breeze at the corner of a street, we don't want the aid of astrological lore or the spirit of divination to inform us what it symbolises. We know as well as if we were Spigot himself, and had doctored the beer and spirits with our own hands for these twenty years past, what it means. It means stout in draught, and bottled beer, and treble X at threepence-halfpenny "in your own jugs;" it means "Max," and "mountain-dew," and "yards of clay," and a brown japanned tobacco-box, inscribed with the venerable legend—

A good half-penny pay before you fill,
Or forfeit sixpence, which you will ;

and a saw-dusted floor crowded with kitchen chairs and iron-spittoons, and mahogany-tables baptised in beer and loaded with foaming pots, each the temporary property of a volcanic proprietor in a state of eruption, to be followed by a state of harmony, and to end in a state of beastliness. And besides all this, it means skittles in the mouldy patch of garden-ground in the rear, and "goes" of gin, and "nog-gins" and "three-outers," and plenty more of that sort of thing, as everybody knows, and no mistake at all about it.

If any one doubts the universal knowledge which bibulous man has obtained with respect to the language of these signs, he or she must be a person of most happy experience, who has dwelt apart in some delectable Arcadia where milk and honey have not been banished by malt and hops—and not in dusty, miry, smoky, beery, brewery London, where

Sir John Barleycorn surveys the whole capital from un-numbered elevations, and is monarch of all he surveys. Yonder fustian-jacketed labourer is in no such a state of heathen, or, if you like it better, classical ignorance. Ask him the way to Aldgate, and he will direct you along the whole route, though it should extend for a couple of miles, by those to him hospitable and infallible guides. He knows the charms of each separate paradise, and, never dreaming but that you are equally well informed, directs you to go straight on till you come to the Three Turks, then to turn to the right and cross over at the Dog and Duck, and go on again till you come to the Bear and Bottle, then to turn the corner at the Jolly Old Cocks, and after passing the Veteran, the Guy Fawkes, and the Iron Duke, to take the first turn to the right which will bring you into it. By this civil communication you are taught, as we have been taught a hundred times, that the publicans' signs are, to no small section of the public, a substitute for the map of London. We propose to take a brief glance at them as they hang over our heads or flourish on side-posts or ground-glass windows. We have no intention of entering their sacred precincts, but shall confine ourselves to some selections from the catalogue which the bare enumeration of them would present, in order to see who and what are supposed to be the presiding deities in these veritable homes of half the working population of the capital of Great Britain.

The public-houses in London amount in number to something not much short of 5,000, and if we suppose that the average number of customers to each is 100 a day—and some of the gin-spinning fraternity may count their daily customers by thousands—the sum-total will be more than equivalent to half the adult population—which does not say much for the spread of the total-abstinence principles. The half-million men and women who daily subscribe to the great alcoholic fund for promoting the demoralisation of the human

race, and throw their personal example into the bargain, are the supporters of about 30,000 persons employed in the sole occupation of administering the popular libations, and of half as many more engaged in their manufacture, for the consumption of London alone. They congregate together for one uniform purpose, but under banners including every variety which the imagination can suggest. Somebody has said that upon a question capable of popular solution nearly everybody will arrive at a just verdict, though perhaps no two men will be found who do so upon the same premises: your thirsty subject has always a problem to solve, and, so that he comes to the desired conclusion, is not at all particular as to the premises. If in a loyal mood, he may get drunk on the premises of the Victoria or Prince Albert; if in a patriotic one, at the Nelson or the Duke of Wellington; if in a benevolent one, at the Open Hand; if in an angry one, at the Hand and Dagger; and so on, suiting the action to the sign, with true drunken philosophy, the action being always the same whatever the sign.

The first class of signs demanding notice are those bearing the names, and frequently the portraits, of celebrated individuals. The first on the list, for we like to begin at the beginning, is of course Adam; but Adam, before he had his Eve, had his arms, for which we must refer the reader to the College of Heraldry, putting no faith in the legend of a pewter pot, and a couple of crossed tobacco-pipes, attributed to him by the learned members of the Licensed Victuallers' Company. There is but one Adam's Arms in London. Then come Adam and Eve together, and the blissful pair dominate over exactly twelve reeking tap-rooms within the sound of Bow Bells. Our first parents are the only antediluvians on the list, but of Noah's Arks, which form the connecting-link between the world before and the world after the deluge, there are eight. David with his harp begins the catalogue of royal personages, of whom there is literally no end. There

is a King Alfred, only one King George, two Henry the Eighths, three Kings of Denmark, fourteen Kings of Prussia, five King William the Fourths, one King on Horseback, ten King and Queens, ninety King's Arms, and seventy King's Heads. Of Queens Adelaide and Charlotte, there are two each; of Queen Victoria, twenty-one; of Queen's Arms, a dozen; and of Queen's Heads, fifty; and for the use and behoof of all these royal personages, there are threescore-and-ten Crowns; and about as many more in connection with Anchors, Anvils, Apple-trees, Barley-mows, Tin cans, Dolphins, Horse-shoes, Leeks, Sceptres, Shears, Shuttles, Sugar-loaves, Thistles, and Wool-packs; to say nothing of fifty Roses, the rose always taking precedence of the crown on the sign-board. There are a dozen Prince Alberts; twice as many Princes of Wales; as many Prince-Regents. Each Prince-Regent might be matched with a Princess of some designation or other; and foreign princes and princes' heads complete the catalogue of sovereignty. Then there is everything Royal, from the Royal Albert, down through the whole alphabet to the Royal Yacht, including five-and-twenty Royal Oaks and fifteen Royal Standards.

Of Dukes, there are ninety-eight, including fourteen Dukes of Clarence, six Dukes of Sussex, twenty-five Dukes of Wellington, and thirty Dukes of York. There are ten Earls, and forty-five Lords, including thirty Lord Nelsons; thirty-six Marquises, of whom one-half are Marquises of Granby. Of Shakspeares, there is but one, and six Shakspeare's Heads. There are two Sir Isaac Newtons, two Sir Sydney Smiths, and one Sir Walter Scott; one Van Tromp, three Whittington and Cats, two Sir John Barleycorns, four Sir John Falstaffs, and ten Robin Hoods.

Among the signs especially appealing to working-men, there are the arms of every profession, from the Bricklayers' Arms, of which London boasts thirty, through the whole

alphabet again, down to the Watermen's Arms, of which there are fifteen.

In the animal kingdom, there are three Antelopes; fourteen Brown Bears, besides a whole bear-garden of various other lively colours; Birds in the Hand, five; Black Bulls, sixteen; Bulls' Heads, twenty-five; Black Dogs, four; Black Horses, twenty-five; Black Lions, ten; Black Swans, six; Blue Boars, seven; one Blue Pig; one Blue Lion; one Camel; four Cart-horses; three Cats; one Civet Cat; twenty Cocks; four Cocks with Bottles; two Cocks with Hoops, and one Cock and Neptune; two Dogs and Ducks; fourteen Dolphins; six Eagles; seven Elephants with or without Castles; ten Falcons; one Fish; thirty Foxes, with Grapes, Geese, or Hounds; three Hampshire Hogs; five Hares and Hounds; ten Goats, some in Boots, and some furnished with a pair of Compasses; thirty Green Men; nine Greyhounds; two Hen and Chickens; one Hog in the Pound; twenty-seven Horses and Grooms; ten Lions in a state of nature, some *tête-à-tête* with Lambs, some with French Horns; ninety Lions in red skins, and twenty-eight in white ones; seven Magpies, one with a Maiden, three with a Stump, one with a Pewter Platter, and one with a Punch-bowl; twenty Nags' Heads; one Old Cock; one Old Fox; six Old Red Lions; and four Old Swans. There are twelve Peacocks; one Pheasant; four Pied Bulls; two Rams; two Ravens; nine Red Cows; one Red Horse; ten Roebucks; seven Running Horses; one Running Footman; three Spotted Dogs; eleven Spread Eagles; thirty Swans, some with Horse-shoes, some with Sugar-loaves, and one with two Necks; five Tigers; twelve Turks' Heads; five Unicorns; eighteen White Bears; seventy White Harts, and only one White Hind; fifty-four White Horses; one White Raven; thirty-one White Swans; four Stags; one Leopard; three British Lions, and one Porcupine.

Some publicans betray a partiality for a particular number,

and double or treble their signs, or choose some device which shall express their favourite figure. Thus we have the One Tun, the One Swan; the Two Bells, the Two Black Boys, the Two Sawyers, the Two Ships, the Two Mariners, the Two Brewers (of which there are thirty), the Two Eagles, &c. Then we have the Three Colts, the Three Compasses (twenty-seven in number), the Three Cranes, the Three Crowns, the Three Cups, the Three Goats' Heads, the Three Hats, the Three Herrings, the Three Jolly Butchers, the Three Kingdoms, the Three Kings' Heads, the Three Loggerheads, the Three Lords, the Three Mackerel, the Three Neats' Tongues, the Three Pigeons, the Three Stags, the Three Suns, and the Three Tuns, which last number over a score. Four is not a favourite number with Publicans, and the Four Swans in Bishopsgate Street is the only quadruple alliance upon the sign-boards of London. Fives there are in plenty; among which we may particularise the Five Bells and Blade-bone, the Five Ink-horns, and the Five Pipes. Of sixes, there are but two—the Six Bells, and the Six Cans and Punch-bowl. Of the sevens, there are just seven—of which six are the Seven Stars, and one the Seven Sisters. Then the Eight Bells, of which there are four; and the Nine Elms, of which there is but one. There is also but one ten—the Ten Bells; and one twelve, which is also a peal of Bells.

There are sixteen saints—St. John, St. Luke, and St. Paul being the favourites; and though there is but one bishop, Bishop Blaize, there are eleven Mitres. Of Georges, there are fifty; and twenty more of that gentleman settling his account with the Dragon. There are twenty-one Angels, and fifteen more Angels in partnership with Crowns, Suns, and Trumpets; seven Flying Horses; about thirty Golden prodigies of various kinds—Anchors, Fleeces, and Lions; of Green Dragons, there are sixteen; and five Griffins, three Men in the Moon, one Monster, three Neptunes, eleven Phoenixes, and one Silver Lion.

Among the Jolly fellows are the Jolly Anglers, the Jolly Farmers, the Jolly Millers, the Jolly Sailors, and the Jolly Waterman, with a Tippling Philosopher at their head.

Of fruits, fruit-trees, and vegetables, we have—Artichokes, seven; Apple-trees, three; Cherry-trees, five; Grapes, sixty-six; Mulberry-trees, four; Orange-trees, two; Pine-apples, five; and Vines, three.

The most absorbent colours are found to be black, blue, green, red, and white. Of these the Blacks amount to nearly a hundred, the greater part of them being Black Bulls and Black Horses; the Blues are sixty, being mainly Anchors, Boars, and Posts; the Greens are fifty, mostly Green Dragons or Green Men; the Reds are a hundred and ten, of which three-fourths are Lions; and the Whites are above two hundred, in which the White Hart and the White Horse principally predominate.

Among the mysterious signs which are apt to puzzle us as we walk the streets, are the Hole-in-the-Wall, of which there are seven; the Bag of Nails—thought to be a corruption of The Bacchanalians—the Two Black Boys; the Cat and Salutation; the Fish and Bell; the Globe and Pigeons; the Goose and Gridiron; Grave Maurice (who was he?); the Half-moon and Punch-bowl; the Ham and Windmill; the Hat and Tun; the Hop and Toy; the Horns and Chequers; the Horse-shoe and Magpie; the King's Head and Lamb; the Naked Boy and Woolpack; the Queen's Head and French Horn; the Rose and Three Tuns; the Salmon and Compasses; the Sash and Cocoa-tree; the Sun and Sword; the Ship and Blade-bone, &c., the significations of which, if they have any, lie too deep beneath the surface for our comprehension.

Of the implements of agriculture there are—Ploughs, eighteen; Harrows, five; one Shovel, three Carts and Horses, and two Waggon. We may add that there are fourscore Ships in all conditions, from a Ship on the Launch,

to a Sheer Hulk ; and of Anchors there are twenty, most of them allied with Hope, and twenty more allied only with blue paint.

The above selections from the list of wooden banners, beneath which assemble nightly the thirsty population of the metropolis, must suffice for the present. They are the multifaced symbols of the most frequented, most popular, and best patronised of all our national institutions ; whether they reflect much credit upon us as the inhabitants of the most enlightened city in the world, is a question we have not leisure to enter upon. The hospitality they practise is regarded by humanitarians as a very doubtful virtue—and some of them do not scruple to declare, that though by no means ministers of charity themselves, they are the originating causes of half the munificent and splendid charitable endowments which adorn our land, and, moreover, of not a few of those palatial-looking prison-fortresses which the genius of architecture has latterly condescended to render ornamental too, on the principle, we suppose, that if the body politic cannot get rid of an unsightly wen, the next best thing is to hide it beneath an agreeable covering.

LAGSMANBURY.

LIKE a rotten core beneath the bloom of ripe fruit—like a treacherous and villanous heart under a hypocritical aspect—like anything and everything that is evil and bad, yet clings to the semblance of decency and goodness—is Lagsmanbury. Neither Westminster, nor, indeed, all London, contains a more remarkable instance of the isolation of that supplementary order of society that sinks below classification, yet is in the very arms and close embrace of orders whose ambition and pretension it is to soar above it. You shall pass a hundred times within a few paces of the boundaries of the Lagsman's domain without discovering it or suspecting its existence—for it lies between two well-frequented thoroughfares of respectable and official character, and can be entered through either only by the narrow approach of a covered-way. The world to be found within, however, is worth the notice of the observant, and we shall take the liberty of making such investigations as may suffice to satisfy our curiosity.

Three or four acres are probably the utmost extent of the whole area, and this is traversed from north to south by a narrow winding lane, at least twice the length of the distance, as the crow flies, between its termini: like a long snake in a short bottle, it has to double upon itself to keep within its bounds. The sinuous course of the lane saves it from being used as a short cut by pedestrians, and thus helps to keep the company within select; another cause conducing to the same result, is the fact that Lags Lane is rarely

passable to people of the outer world, unless at an early hour. From twenty to thirty small courts and *impasses* disembogue into it, and of whatever is ejected and rejected from them all it is necessarily the receptacle, gathering its deposits the whole day long. The lane itself is lined with shops of a characteristic kind, that tell plainly enough to the discriminating onlooker what is the position, and to some extent also, what are the pursuits of the surrounding inhabitants. Shop windows do not much abound; with the exception of the baker, the grocer, and the barber, there is hardly a trader who is troubled with the ceremony of cleaning glass or the prospect of a glazier's bill. Provisions are the chief staple of merchandise, and these are of a sort which respectability rarely sets eyes on. Vegetables, both crude and cooked, and venerable in either condition, are piled in pyramids or heaped on dishes, along with gallipots of pickled eels, saucers of pickled cabbage, little hills of boiled whelks, stacks of fried soles, sections of cocoa-nuts—and a heterogeneous collection of yesterday's unsold fish. The stock of the butcher comes to him from the market, and consists of the otherwise unsaleable refuse. For those who are not family members, there are the eating-houses—we were going to say the cook-shops, but in reality very few of them *are* cook-shops. Their *carte*, however, is not wanting in variety, and everything cooked elsewhere comes here in its last practicable, not presentable stage, to be finally finished off. Here are terribly attenuated shoulders of mutton, hams, and sirloins, the remnants of geese and turkeys, cod-fish reduced to the gills, fins, and tail—and all the *disjecta*, in a thousand shapes, of the cook-shop, coffee-shop, confectioner's shop, tavern and eating-house of more dainty districts; among which the martello-tower-looking pork-pies, which have stood guard for a month in the window, cut the most imposing figure.

On Saturday night, and early on Sunday morning, the lane is alive from end to end, being crowded with the popu-

lation of the adjoining courts, for whom it is the only available market. At other times the crowd is not excessive, save at the three gin-shops, one in the middle, and one at either entrance, unless, as too frequently happens, when some disagreement grows into a brawl, and every court sends forth its quota of sympathisers to take part in the settlement of the dispute. The population of the courts may be divided into two distinct genera—the residents and the transitory guests, and each of these is divisible again into more species than we care to particularise. We can, for many reasons, notice but a few of them ; and of these, the residents, as they have the strongest claim, shall come first.

There was a time, and that not very long ago, when Lagsmanbury was to modern London what Whitefriars was to the London of three centuries back—that is, a kind of thieves' refuge and sanctuary, where, if offenders against the law did not defy the police openly, they could at least reckon upon eluding their search, and lying concealed among their friends till means of escape were ready. That state of things ceased with the last generation ; and there is no longer within the whole round of the capital any privileged Alsatia in which the hunted criminal may hope to find sanctuary. When such dens were scoured out, and their most secret recesses exposed to the fiery bull's-eye of the detective, they lost their reputation for safety—the criminal desperado now shunned them as the fox shuns the trap, and left them to more fortunate rogues, to whom imperious justice had not yet issued cards of invitation. The dearth of accommodations for the toiling masses in London drove a rough class of labourers to domicile where they could, and it happened in numerous instances, and must happen again, that the abandoned lair of the thief became the home of the poor labourer's family. So long as the maintenance of the sanctuary was possible, the rogues, for obvious reasons, allowed no intrusion of honest people ; but, the sanctuary at an end, it was

their policy to adopt an opposite course, and they did adopt it. Thus it happens that the resident population of Lagsmanbury, at the present moment, consists of a low class of labourers, chiefly Irish, who get an honest living by the work of their hands, and a predatory class, still lower, who never work, but live by the exercise of their wits in the prosecution of any artifice or imposture—or, their wits failing them, by any species of depredation they can find or make an opportunity to commit. The contact of these two classes is, of course, the last thing that is desirable; but how it is to be avoided is not plain. Among the Lagsmen, what is noticeable is the determination of those who live by their honest labour, and against whom no suspicion rests, to keep themselves and their families distinct and separate from their contaminated or suspected neighbours. To do this as effectually as may be, they have taken possession of certain of the entire courts, into which they admit only those who can give a satisfactory account of themselves—and have surrendered other quarters as entirely to those who have no such account to give. All such precautions can prove but partially operative against the effects of that evil communication which corrupts good manners: yet it is pleasant to witness the existence of the principle.

Among the less permanent residents are a various and vagabond multitude of foreigners. Some are poor exiles, spoiled for all useful purposes by the reception of our national bounty—starving on a trumpery pittance which they ought long ago to have learned to do without, and too proud and lazy to work to increase it. Some are independent grinders of organs or pianos, or dancers and exhibitors of dogs, monkeys, wooden dolls, or white mice. Some are makers and hawkers of plaster images, roaming the street by day, and modelling their wares by night. Some are teachers of languages reduced by sickness, extravagance, or ill-fortune, to the lowest stage of poverty, and condemned to start again

from the bottom round of the ladder. Some are gamblers in ill-luck, savage with fortune; and not a few are defeated and disappointed projectors, who have failed in impressing John Bull with the value of their services.

The migratory class of vagabonds who honour Lagsmanbury with their presence at irregular and uncertain intervals, embraces the whole catalogue of poverty-stricken professional nomads that are seen in London streets. A good proportion of these are men who travel with "properties" of some kind or other, and for whom the accommodation of the common cheap lodging-houses and "kens" would not suffice. There are the acrobats and conjurors, with their gymnastic apparatus and juggling paraphernalia, their big drums, long swords, golden balls, daggers, tinsel robes, the lamplighter's ladder, and the little donkey bound to climb to the top of it whenever the public liberality mounts to the climbing point—which it never does. There are the dog-leaders and dancers with their melancholy troops. There are the wandering bands of boy-Germans, with their burden of battered brass. There is the player on the bells, whose apparatus runs upon wheels, and has to be stabled like a beast. There are the grinders of monster organs as big as caravans. There are the Punch and Judy men with their travelling stages, and the rival proprietors of all those variations and modifications of Punch and Judy which one encounters from time to time in the public ways. There is the travelling rat-catcher and rat-fighter, with his traps and ferrets, and dogs and whiskered menageries. There is the poor pedlar with his pack; the poor Jew picture-dealer, with his collection of moonlights and Dutch metal; the belated hawker of plants, shrubs, and flowers, "all a-growing and a-blowing;" the omnium stall-keeper, with his stationary stage or rambling hand-cart; and the travelling razor-grinder, with his rickety equipage. All these—and we have not set down a tithe of their titles—are debarred by their accompaniments from taking refuge at

night in the travellers' rests with which the slums of London abound, and in which Lagsmanbury itself is by no means wanting. Such places are too crowded for the property-men, who therefore make for "Shinders's," where properties of any and every kind are taken in charge for the night, and placed safe under lock and key, for a percentage proportionate to their bulk upon the price of their owner's lodging.

"Shinders's" is a pretty extensive caravanserai, occupying the whole area and buildings of Allsaints Court. It is said, with what truth we know not, that Shinders himself is a retired bear-leader, who formerly piped a bruin through every county in England, but who retired, when bears went out of fashion, into Lagsmanbury, and set about gaining a living by providing for others that accommodation he had often stood in need of himself. Be this as it may, he has long enjoyed the reputation of being the father of this peculiar class, and under the endearing cognomen of Daddy Shinders, is known far and wide. He is the sole householder of Allsaints, of which he has purchased the lease, converting the premises into that species of hotel of which his clients stand most in need. All a parent can do for them he does: he lodges them all at a low rent; he boards as many as choose to sit at his table for a like consideration; he guards their property during their repose or absence; he washes and mends for as many as need or choose to submit to that sort of service; and the report goes, that he even doses them when they are ill.

A peep into Shinders's on a summer's day, when his clients are, or ought to be, reaping the harvest of their year, and making the most of their opportunity, reveals a characteristic and suggestive spectacle. The sun may be shining and scorching aloft ever so hot, but the air of Allsaints is cool and moist, and fragrant with the odour of damp linen, combining unmistakably with the reek of tobacco and the flavour of "entire." The flagstones of the court exude

a soapy ooze, which glistens in a deep umbrageous gloom, through which the fiery sun casts not a single ray. The reason is, that at this season of the year it is always washing-day at Shinders's, and the trophies of the tub are hanging out aloft upon innumerable lines stretched across from house to house, from poles thrust forth from the windows, and from stays and tight-ropes rigged from the roofs and chimneys on both sides of the way. The miscellaneous and dripping collection of rags and ragged costume tells its own tale. Together with a regiment of striped shirts, there hang coloured sashes and spangled vests, tight-fitting "fleshes," and gaudy mantles of the Spanish cut. There is Judy's gown and headgear, and there are the cutty kirtles of the dancing-dogs. The principal mass of the pendent napery is, however, an indescribable collection of tattered trumpery, which all the washing in the world would never cleanse. Beneath this cool and odorous shade you may watch, if you are so inclined, the progress of a species of operations ingenious and industrial, rarely offered to your inspection. Here the proprietor of a dilapidated organ has disembowelled the instrument for the hundredth time, and, with the pipes scattered in confusion around him, is painfully cobbling at the disabled bellows. There, the owner of a cornopean, doomed never to utter any sort of pæan more, is endeavouring to cast out the dumb spirit by the charms of tinkering, plugging, oiling, and soldering. Yonder is a man fitting the blade of a property-sword to his own swallow, by carefully rounding its point with a file and emery-cloth, and smoothing its back and edge with a fine polish. Another fellow in the corner is training a little mongrel dog to sit on a narrow plank, and bark and bite, without change of posture, at the proboscis of Mr. Punch. Within doors there are sounds of hammer and saw, and the tinkle of small tools, and the babble of voices—and half-clad figures walk in and out, or lounge about the court in attitudes half swaggering,

half graceful, indicative of their professional habits. You have more than a suspicion, as you glance at the defalcations of their outer covering, that they are very much in the predicament of Beau Tibbs, when his "twa shirts" were gone to the wash, and that they are loitering here at home for lack of the indispensable habiliments in which to present themselves to the public.

In the rear of Shinders's is Coster's Mews. The idea of establishing a mews and stabling a stud of horses, in such a locality as Lagsmanbury, probably never entered the brain of the original founder of the settlement, whoever he was : at any rate he made no provision for anything of the kind. What now constitutes the Mews is nothing but a row of wretched cottages flanking a piece of unpaved ground. What were once the sitting-rooms of the tenants are now the stalls of the beasts—the flooring having been ripped up and used for barriers and fittings. The bedrooms have been converted into lofts for hay and straw, a transformation, however, which does not hinder them from being still used as sleeping-rooms when Lagsmanbury is crowded, and beds are at a premium. Where the horses, and the asses which fully equal them in number, that domicile in Coster's Mews come from, and to what class of the community they belong, is more than we can determine ; but the Mews is crowded all the year round ; and such is the demand for the accommodation it affords, that twice within the last three years it has been rendered capable of stalling an increased number of animals, and that without adding an inch to its original area—simply by narrowing the stalls. The mews are under the management of Mr. Thady Brill, whose name figures on a sign-board at the entrance ; but there are reasons for supposing that Thady is a man of straw in more senses than one, and that old Daddy Shinders is their veritable proprietor.

Opposite the entrance to the Mews is the inlet to the

Creek—a court which is also a *cul-de-sac*, so narrow that it is possible for the opposite neighbours to shake hands across the space that separates them. The lower floors of the houses are so dark, that the use of them by daylight is impossible; and in the Creek the order of things is inverted—the householders living in the upper floors, and letting the lower rooms for lodgings. It is in the Creek that typhus and cholera always make their first appearance, when these scourges come round. It is here that the most reckless and debased of the Lagsmen are to be found—the psalm-chanter, the “ruined tradesman,” the starved weaver with five children in clean white pinafores, the dolorous dodger, and the smasher. Here infants are to be hired, trained to put on melancholy faces to excite compassion; and hence children hardly above the age of infancy are sent forth to prey upon the public by imposture or theft, and starved or tortured into accomplished pickpockets and cadgers. We said the Creek was an *impasse*; and so to the uninitiated public it is; but a clansman can find a way through it into Crack Alley, and take refuge for a time, if pursued, in Scamp’s Castle, where he can be captured only by a police force. The castle is nothing more than a number of dingy tenements, standing back to back, perforated and pierced into one vast labyrinth, and its only defences are its own evil character. It is comparatively empty during summer, by which we mean that it lodges at that time not many more inmates than it can decently accommodate; but towards November, when the cracksmen and lags crowd into town from their provincial tours, and resume their winter-quarters, it begins to swarm like a hive. It is hither the detective comes in search of a practitioner who is “wanted,” routing him out with bull’s-eye and truncheon, in the dead of the night, from a score of comrades all huddled together on the same floor, not a man of whom dreams of resistance. It is here rogues in feather hold their nocturnal orgies, until drinking, feasting, and gambling have

plucked them bare again to their last coin, and driven them forth to new adventures. It is hither the belated votary of Bacchus, who has lost his wits and his way, is sometimes beguiled by an accidental friend, and submitted to that searching and refrigerating process which ends by his waking up sad, solitary, sober, shivering, and stripped to his waistcoat and pantaloons, on a dung-heap in Coster's Mews, or in the moist kennel of Lags Lane. Whoever looks for Scamps' Castle, in the expectation of any outward and visible sign of its inner and various capabilities, will be disappointed. He will see but a block of grimy brick buildings, with ever-open doors, gaping, jagged windows, and a few half-illegible sign-boards, promising "good accommodation for travellers."

We have not surveyed a third of the area of Lagsmanbury; but there is no necessity for continuing the survey. What should we discover by prosecuting the investigation? Nothing more than *idem, eadem, idem*—more courts, more impasses, more creeks, more travellers' lodges—and all with the same dirty face, the same mixed population, the same undelightful fragrance. We have had enough of it by this time, and we quit without reluctance this delicious nursery-ground of freeborn patriots and members of the society which prides itself on its growing enlightenment and Christian philanthropy.

LURKING LITERATURE OF LONDON.

INDEPENDENTLY of the vast mass of literature which floats or seeks to float upon the stream of popularity in this capital of the world, and very distinct from anything the publishers and their agents are employed in putting before the public, there exists a class, or more classes than one, of printed documents, more or less privately circulated, and to which the denomination of lurking literature may be fairly applied. We speak not now of those flying and ephemeral sheets passed from hand to hand among the members of the different commercial professions, with which the general public have nothing to do, and which are for the most part incomprehensible to all but the parties immediately interested. Nor do we care to include in the category such periodicals as the *Hue and Cry*, interesting to rogues and vagabonds—to policemen, detectives, and the victims and avengers of crime of every sort—though these are never to be met with in the usual marts for the productions of the press, and may be said in a sense to lurk, rather than to circulate. Again, there are various trades which have periodicals of their own, intended to advocate their own interests—to vindicate their cause, if that should ever stand in need of vindication, but chiefly to serve as a medium for the facilitation of business, and as a check to the victimisation of the subscribers by frauds to which they stand peculiarly exposed. Such a publication is the pawnbrokers' weekly journal; we forget by what name it goes—a paper which has done real service in its time, by causing the recovery of much valuable property,

and the detection of delinquents in the act of committing offences against the law. With such publications as the above, however, we have on the present occasion nothing to do; they are all set on foot for legitimate ends, with which we have no right and no wish to interfere: those, to which we design briefly to call the reader's attention, are, all but one, of a description considerably different.

First among the literature that lurks unseen, except by the eyes for whose especial delectation it is prepared, we may mention the prospectuses of numberless bubble-companies. These things, which are generally printed on fly-sheets of super-royal folio, lie snug in the desks or in the pocket-books and breast-pockets of their concoctors—a race of needy men—so long as money is tight in the market; but let the Bank cut down its rate of discount to two or three per cent.—let speculation set in like an epidemic—and out they come numerous as swallows in summer-time; and terrible swallows they prove, in engulfing the floating cash, and flying away with it. The shares of the Great Gridiron Company, and the Barbers' Block Association, which were both a month ago considered defunct, are now not only alive, but found to possess astonishing buoyancy, and really promise to become the most profitable investments going. They rush like race-horses up to par, and beyond it—make a tremendous sensation in the market—are bought by hundreds who know perfectly well that the intrinsic value of a waggon-load of them would not amount to a farthing, but who also know that they can sell them at a profit before they begin to tumble down again; and then, after the fussing and shuffling of a few months, weeks, or days, as it may happen, the rage for gridirons and blocks subsides, and shares and speculators in them vanish together. If, after all is over, you inquire what has been done, the result is neither more nor less than the simple fact, that some tens or hundreds of thousands have been lied out of the pockets of greedy

simpletons into the pockets of greedy swindlers. The literature by means of which this transfer of cash is periodically inaugurated abounds in pompous names, which you cannot always find in the *Directory*, and in paragraphs remarkably technical and official, promising a golden harvest, compared to which twenty per cent. is as nothing, to all and sundry who shall have the discrimination to dabble in the gridirons or the blocks.

Mr. Bawker is the editor, proprietor, advertising agent, and collector, as well as the entire literary staff, of a monthly magazine. He is a man of considerable substance, with a large balance at his banker's, and a comfortable leasehold property in one of the suburbs. He started in the literary line many years ago; and his first appearance before the public that way was in the character of a "walking sandwich" between two deal-boards placarded with puffs of that now defunct periodical *The Tomahawk*, whose proprietor kept him in pay. The editor of *The Tomahawk* threw the hatchet with such success, that he was prosecuted for libel. *The Tomahawk*, in consequence, sunk out of sight, leaving Bawker high and dry on the strand. But by this time, being a man of observation, and having participated in various functions connected with the printing-office, the editor's closet, and the advertising agents, he had solved a good part of the mystery of the book-producing trade, and resolved, if he could compass it, to have a magazine of his own. How he succeeded, without money, in setting his speculation afloat, it might be difficult to discover; but the magazine came out, nominally under high sanction, and from the first assumed to have a position second to none of its numerous rivals. Bawker did not go in for a large sale; he did not care for the sale at all. What he wanted was a good advertising medium—good, that is, for Mr. Bawker. To make sure of this, he stereotyped a paragraph upon the front-page of his wrapper, announcing to all whom it might concern

that Bawker's Magazine is perused every month by 120,000 readers, and is therefore the best vehicle for advertisements open to the commercial world. A pushing tradesman, who had puffed largely in Bawker's advertising sheets, happened to discover that the impression which promised 120,000 readers, was actually short of 200 copies; and he accordingly resisted payment of his account.

The ingenious publisher's defence of the announced circulation was worth all the money in dispute. "Bless you, this here magazine is lent, and lent, and lent about among the ladies, like *anything*. It have never done cirkilatin! My calkilation of readers is one hundred and twenty thousand. Of course, I may be mistook." This little trouble did not cause any abatement of Bawker's pretensions. He still kept up the game with unflagging success. For the literary substance of his magazine, he is indebted chiefly to American writers, the fashionable columns of the morning papers, and the obsolete fiction of old periodicals, cut from their columns with the shears, and flung to the printer to arrange according to convenience. Bawker does his own criticisms, and, taking warning from the Tomahawk, to use his own expression, "soaps everybody and everything." It is marvellous to think of the odd catalogue of commodities which come for criticism to Bawker. Among them would be found every new perfume in elegant crystals and vases—all the washes for the complexion that were ever devised—numberless new inventions for the toilet, and imaginary bulwarks against the inroads of time, preventatives against baldness and greyness, hair-dyes, charming ringleted fronts and bewitching little wigs, paddings and plumpers, and rouge-pots and powder. Add to these a long list of everything captivating to mothers—darling babies' caps and lace-wrappers, tiny crocheted socks, corals, jumpers, toys without limit, and perambulators to carry single or double. Then there is infinite music, in the shape of songs, fantasias, polkas, and quadrilles, amount-

ing to reams in the course of a month or two ; and, over and above all this, a complete library of ladies' literature, and a complete museum of the materials and finished performances of those various species of domestic industry in which ladies delight. All these voluntary contributions, as fast as they flow in, are noticed each by a brief laudatory phrase, and, the instant they are "soaped off," are transferred new to the shops of the retailers, with whom the careful Bawker does business on liberal terms, and at once transformed into cash ; and, it need not be said, they contribute handsomely to the profits of the concern.

Another literary work, of a somewhat analogous kind, is the *Aristocrat*, which for some years has figured as a weekly newspaper, purporting to have an extensive and exclusive circulation among the nobility and landed gentry of the country. Its real sale in any class is a mere trifle, except on some extraordinary occasions. Some obsolete institution, for instance, is dying a natural death because it is no longer wanted, and lacks the sinews of war. The governor or secretary, trembling for his salary, gets up a flaming puff in praise of its benevolence, and an eloquent appeal to the rich and charitable on its behalf. The document is sent to the *Aristocrat* office, together with an order for a thousand copies of the number in which it shall be printed. The bribe amounts to something considerable, and of course in goes the puff in a front column. The same thing will happen when young Briefless gets his first suit. He reports it himself, and dresses up his speech to the best advantage ; and at the cost of a few hundred copies has the pleasure of a brief celebrity, at least among his personal friends. But these things happen rarely—not once in six months, on the average. Of the copies printed on ordinary weeks, not more than one-third are sold, the rest being given away ; and the proceeds of the sale are a trifle. But the *Aristocrat* swarms with advertisements, chiefly of books, and these of the most

expensive kind, copies of which are sent for review, and before the week is out are turned into cash. If a book of any value is not sent, it is written for, with a request that it may be sent per bearer—a request generally complied with. The entire literary work, including scissor-work and reviewing, and extracting by the yard, is done by contract for some 35s. a week, with the periodicals and stitched stiff-covered books as perquisites.

Let us turn now to some lurking literature of a different description. Reader, unless you happen to be a stranger to the book-stalls, you must have encountered, among the heterogeneous boxes and ragged, mud-flecked rows of volumes exposed to the weather, a tolerable list of treatises upon medical subjects, or on the medical treatment of real or imaginary disorders of the human frame. There is Stickleback on the Spinal Cord—there is Pumper on Pleurisy—there is Noggins on the Nervous Energy—there is Glauber's Physiology of the Alimentary Canal—there is Renal Records, by Ramsbottom—there are fifty others whose names we might write down from memory; and there are at least a hundred and fifty more whose names we have forgotten. Did it ever strike you, good friends, that until these volumes found their way to the book-stall they were never before offered for sale—though some few of them may have been nominally published by men who are unknown as publishers—and never had a name, much less a value, in the market? No bookseller ever had them in his catalogue—no critic ever commented on their contents; and the reason is, that they were not intended by their *soi-disant* authors to run the career of ordinary books. It was the fashion some years ago, and the fashion has not yet died out, for every practitioner in high life to write his volume declaratory of his own views, after the well-known Abernethy plan, and to lay it on the tables of his patients. Men who could not write at all, and who would have betrayed sad ignorance

in the attempt, were driven to get others to do the business for them. Scores of those volumes were thus written by scribblers who knew nothing of the curative science, under the direction of their medical employers; and this system of vicarious authorship still goes on.

Calling the other day on our friend Spiller, who knows everything, for a little information on an abstruse subject, we found him up to the eyes in heavy volumes handsomely bound, and scribbling away, early in the morning, as if for dear life.

"Cut it short, my dear fellow," he said; "I am over the ears in business: the Greeks did eat mustard with ham, if that's all you want to know; you'll find an allusion to it in Aristophanes, I think—but I can't stop to look now."

"Why, what's the matter? You seem quite excited."

"The matter! Why, M'Stickit has been here—you know I did his Kidneys for him. I'm now going in for the Mucous Membrane, if you know what that is. See what a cart-load of books the fellow has sent, and more are coming. He thinks I'm going to read through the lot, I suppose—know a better trick than that. He wants the book out by the end of the month—300 pages at least—he stumped up like a Trojan (here Spiller showed a handful of notes); and I shall walk into it."

And Spiller was "walking into it" at the rate of forty pages a day. We don't happen to be in his secret, and cannot therefore testify as to the mode in which he got through with the business; but the Mucous Membrane is already out, though seven weeks have hardly elapsed since he commenced the attack; and M'Stickit, amazingly proud of it, is pushing it right and left among his patients.

It is not necessary to say that volumes of this peculiar class add little or nothing to the general store of knowledge on medical subjects: but, at the same time, it would not be altogether just to infer that their reputed authors are

mere professional pretenders. There is many a clever practitioner well versed in the treatment of disease, whose skill may snatch a patient from the jaws of death, who yet would be exceedingly puzzled to write a book; and a melancholy experience sometimes shows us, on the other hand, that medical professors of high literary standing will blunder fatally in the practical details of their art. The printing and circulation of these books is one of the expensive vanities for which fashion has to answer.

The last specimen of lurking literature to which we shall allude is a periodical work, to which we shall give the name of the Black Book. This is a work of portentous importance and signification, of which ninety-nine out of a hundred of our readers have never had a sight, and of which, moreover, let them labour to that end as they may, they will never succeed in getting a glimpse. Who are its editor, printer, and publisher, we cannot say: the whole business is got through with a secrecy as marvellous as the appearance and clandestine distribution of the work itself are regular. What is the extent of its circulation no man knows, but it must be considerable, for the expense of its production is great; yet so far are the proprietors from making any attempt to push it with the public, that its very existence is guarded as a secret from all but the subscribers, and if inquiry is made for it by a stranger, it is universally ignored. The reason is, that every line of the book is a libel—all the more offensive and hateful, in that every line is also a truth. The Black Book is, in a word, a comprehensive register, inexorably posted up day by day, of every man and woman in the metropolis who has ever been known to break faith, through either vice, imprudence, or misfortune, in a monetary matter. The register dates, to our own knowledge, to ten years back, and very probably to twice that period. To the merchant, the man of business, and the speculator, it is an invaluable record of commercial character, because it is a

general directory of defaulters under all the phases in which default is possible. Every bankrupt's commercial history, with all the particulars interesting to a creditor, is down at full length : the amount for which he failed—the amount of his assets—the cause of failure, whether extravagance, speculation, decline of business, or the failure of others—the amount of the dividend he paid—whether he got a certificate, if so, whether or not his certificate was opposed, and what class certificate he *did* get. Then there is a compendious catalogue of names in close columns, with their addresses, of all sham and shuffling and failing securities, whether to loan societies—these alone amounting to many thousands—or to credit transactions in any shape. There is the endless list of all those who have ever dishonoured a bill, with its amount, the date of its notification, and whether it was eventually discharged or not; and of all those who have given a bill of sale or a power of attorney upon their property. There is analogous information of every kind respecting the constitution of companies, the cash character of their promoters, agents, and responsible parties,—in short, there is every item and atom of intelligence that can possibly be derived from public documents and the most rigid private investigation, which may prove serviceable to business-houses by enabling them to distinguish, so far as that can be done by the teachings of experience, between men of substance and character and men of straw and no character. The Black Book is thus a book of doom to multitudes who know nothing of its existence, and who would be horror-struck if they were to see, after the lapse of years, the figure they cut in its columns. The uses of the book are obvious, and, managed as it is, with a circulation strictly guarded and private—for not a leaf of it is ever exposed to view, even to the most prying eye—it is, in our opinion, a perfectly justifiable document. The knowledge that such a compilation exists need not,

however, be kept a secret. The trading and speculating world will manage their affairs none the worse for knowing that a watchful eye marks their operations, and will assuredly chronicle their breaches of faith. The consciousness of this fact will be a timely providence to more than a few, and it may explain to some the mystery of that uniform repulse they meet with in their attempts to raise the wind by the most promising schemes. As a commercial people, we have latterly become shamefully insensible to the moral delinquency that too frequently marks commercial failure. The most infamous frauds are practised and, at least legally, countenanced in the way of business—frauds which in other European countries would be punished by exile or condemnation to the galleys. Whole families are reduced to beggary through putting faith in the plausible lies of unprincipled traders—who “smash” suddenly through some desperate attempt to get rich—pay a shilling in the pound—are whitewashed a month or two after in the Bankruptcy Court, and set free to commence the experiment over again. Trade has grown into a gambling game—the chief difference being that the debts are *not* debts of honour. Why should not the trading gambler know, that if he fails to pay the stakes he will be posted in perpetuity?

"MOVING HOUSE."

WE write upon the eve of quarter-day, and as it happens to be the Midsummer quarter that is impending, we are reminded by demonstrations at this season, always very numerous, and which meet us as we walk the streets, that a pretty large section of the London population are about changing their abodes, or are even now in the very act of so doing. First, there is the sudden apparition of "This house to let—enquire within," or somewhere else, stuck into parlour and drawing-room windows, or mounted on a board in the front garden. Then there is the spectacle of respectable fathers of families, or agitated young wives, flitting backwards and forwards like unquiet phantoms, and turning their heads constantly on this side and that, in search of a new domicile. Again, there are those long ominous-looking vans, upon whose fronts are inscribed the words "Goods removed," either standing open-mouthed at the green-grocers' doors, with their shafts reared perpendicularly like rampant skeleton arms, or their cavernous throats filled with the household goods of a migrating family, creaking slowly along the highway on the route to a new domestic retreat. These outward signs, which we cannot escape if we would, forcibly recall to our recollection the events of that last flitting, when, leaving the southern banks of the Thames, we took our flight northwards, to the suburban precincts of merry Islington.

First came the preparations for the event, which preparations consisted of no end of packing and bundling, sorting, arranging, and rejecting, all accompanied with so many

appeals to old memories and sympathies, so many mementoes of vanished pleasures, and, no less touching, of vanished pains too—so many dumb and dusty witnesses of the fateful and remorseless passage of that "time which is our life," that it required no little stock of moral courage to look them all in the face with an unmoved countenance. Think of unearthing thirteen gratuitous blue-papered hat-boxes, consigned one by one at forgotten dates to the gloom of an upstairs cupboard, but unscrupulously unkennelled at once by Betty to scare our astonished senses! Worse than that—think of her marshalling a battalion of physic-bottles a hundred strong, each with a label like a clerical band at its neck, and each one recalling the undelightful sensations—"ventral, subventral, internal and central," of which, in the course of that long illness, it had been the bitter occasion. Think of the awful dilemma into which we were cast, as a host of forgotten and unmentionable articles were dragged forth from their hidden recesses, and the question was asked, "Will master take this to the new house?" and the impossibility of a sagacious decision upon numberless calls so suddenly made. Think of the dismay, the spasmodic squall, the resulting ill-humour and consequent ill-management, of Betty herself, who, having rushed heedlessly to work with the bed-key to take down her own four-poster, had smashed in the roof of her purple-splashed bonnet-box, and jammed her best puce silk bonnet into a colossal facsimile of a Norfolk biffin! Think of dining for the last time upon the deal dresser in the kitchen, without chairs, only the brewer's unclaimed barrels to sit upon—with borrowed knives and forks to carve and eat with, and nothing but a battered pewter pot to drink out of! Think of the dust and the dirt, and the torn letters and papers, the rushing of porters and the hammering of packers, the cracking of crockery, the jingling of broken glass, and the splitting of furniture—and you will have some idea of the preparations which inaugurate a removal.

But the vans are all loaded, and, putting your family with Betty, who carries Pussy in a basket, into a hackney coach, you drive off to the new residence, and await the arrival of your indispensable appliances, without which a home for a civilised Englishman cannot exist. Fortunate may you consider yourself if your goods and chattels follow in reasonable time, without being backed into a shed until somebody else's turn has been first served, and horses are obtainable for your convenience. But Betty, whom you have restored to good humour by the promise of a new bonnet, is on the look-out, and, in the course of the evening, describes the waggons while there is yet light enough to superintend their unloading. The goods, as a matter of necessity, are pitched out as they come to hand, and all heaped together for the night in the parlours. Beds are pulled out from the mass and made up upon the floor: happily, the children, pleased with the confusion and the novelty, think it excellent fun, as good as gipsying, or picnicking in Epping Forest or Bushey Park, and lie down to sleep with the expectation of a pleasant morrow. But your better-half declares she is almost worn out, and you are well-nigh exhausted yourself. Betty gets you some tea, and while you are discussing it, lets Pussy out of the basket, and butters her paws in order that she may not run back in the night to the old dwelling. Then you retire to rest, surrounded with your goods all in a state of apparently inextricable confusion, or, as Betty terms it, "all higgledy-piggledy." As you lie among them on the boards, too weary to sleep, the gas-light which flickers in from the street-lamp over the window-shutters, converts them into shapes rugged and romantic; and when at last you arrive at dreamland, it is a land of wild, unearthly forms, and grim and indefinable terrors.

In the morning you awake in a new world. You have immediately to resolve yourself and your better-half into a hanging, arranging, and regulating committee. Now come a series of discoveries, each of which entails a demand upon

your patience or your purse, or both. It may be there is no water in the cistern, because the last tenant wouldn't pay the water-rates, and was cut off from the main, and you have to go a-begging for a breakfast, and then to hunt up the turncock. It may be that it has rained in the night, and the attics are swimming in water, not because the roof is out of repair, but because the plasterer has left a score of spare slates and a small mountain of mortar in the drain, and thereby occasioned an overflow, and of course you have to hunt *him* up. Then Betty brings the news that Pussy has killed a big rat in the night, and, holding the *corpus delicti* by the tail in proof of her own assertion and Pussy's prowess, declares her conviction that the place is overrun with them; but having other things to think of, you are willing to leave that affair to the cat, as belonging to her department, and sending for a carpenter's man, begin to put things in order. You find out before the day is over that one-half of the fancied rubbish which you yesterday consigned to the rag-and-bottle merchant for the merest trifle, consisted of indispensable necessities and etceteras for which you have now to disburse afresh, and that it would have been wiser to have brought them with you. It takes you a full week, and perhaps more, to get things, as sailors term it, "ship-shape," and to build up your new house to the customary comfortable status of the old one; and you find, by the time it is over, that your purse has collapsed considerably under the operation. It is still longer before you are naturalised to the necessity of turning your face northward, after leaving your office in the city, instead of southward, and you often catch yourself walking involuntarily toward one of the bridges, which for the last ten years, it may be, it has been your lot to cross twice a-day at least.

"Three removes," says the proverb, are "as bad as a fire;" and like most proverbs, it is fraught with considerable truth. There are, however, a class of persons in London, who, being not much encumbered with families, and in circumstances to

shift the turmoil and annoyance of removing upon the shoulders of others, make a point of moving regularly at short intervals. They have a fancy for new houses, built and decorated after the newest fashion, and make a practice of gratifying this propensity with as little consideration as they would any other which money will satisfy. It may be partly from this cause that all the new houses of any pretensions are let almost as soon as they are finished and fairly habitable, and not a few of them long before. The removing of goods, though a calling which is never, for obvious reasons, carried on alone, is yet one in which, in London, a large capital is invested. Thousands of covered vans, built for the express purpose, are hireable at any moment, at an established charge, payable according to the number of hours they are employed; and these, as quarter-day approaches—and, though in far less profusion, at or about the termination of the half-quarter—may be encountered in numbers traversing the streets of the metropolis towards all points of the compass. The man who "moves you," as the phrase is, is generally a tradesman well-to-do in the world, and who has plenty of work for his horses besides the haulage of household goods: his coadjutors are a set of handy lads, well skilled in the practice of packing and portering, and who rarely do a serious mischief, if left to the management of their own business in their own way.

For some years past London has been migrating from the centre towards and beyond the suburbs. The city proper originally set the example: the omnibus and short railways have combined to extend the movement. The more it prevails, the better for all ranks; the tendency outwards relieves the stifling pressure which prevails so fatally in the heart of the Great Babylon, and gives a better chance of health and comfort to those whom poverty and circumstance confine to the crowded arena of commerce.

CONFESSIONS OF A PICTURE-DEALER'S HACK.

I AM going to make a clean breast of it, for the repose of my conscience, if I may be supposed to have any, and as some sort of laggard justice to that very numerous class towards whom a stern necessity has compelled me to play the impostor. I was once a student of nature, and enthusiastic in my studies—nourishing dreams of reputation and celebrity, with all the pleasant and agreeable accompaniments attendant upon them. Long years of painful experience have at length brought home to my consciousness the slow and unwillingly-acknowledged conviction, that I have wasted the thread of life in the pursuit of a vocation never intended for me; that, though once profoundly imbued with the sentiment of art, I never really possessed the “faculty divine,” without which success in the profession is hopeless. I say I *once* possessed the sentiment of art—because I don’t pretend to it now; even that is gone, clean gone—frittered and fooled away by the conventional and technical din of the studio and the cant of connoisseurship. It is a wretched fact, that to me the whole world of art, so far as its æsthetic influence is concerned, is nothing but a blank, unless perhaps something worse. The once magic creations of Raphael, Correggio, Titian, and Rembrandt, are resolved, through the detestable process my mind has undergone, into mere masses of oil and varnish, canvas and colour. Where others behold with awe the expression of a god-like idea, the embodiments of intellect and passion, or the incarnations of physical or mental loveliness, I see nothing but paint—reds,

browns, and yellows, madders and ultramarines, with the scumblings, and draggings, and glazings, and scrapings, and pumice-stonings, and the thousand artifices employed in getting up an effect. It were well if this were all. I could be well content never to look on picture more, if the face of nature would return to me again under the aspect it wore in the days of my boyhood. But alas! it cannot be. To me the

“Meadow, grove, and stream,

The earth, and every common sight,”

are but suggestive of paint in its myriad mixtures and combinations. The gleam of sunshine upon a field is but a dash of Naples yellow; the dark gloom of evening closing o’er the distant mountains, speaking of infinite space and distance to the unsophisticated eye, is nothing to me but a graduated tint of indigo, red and white: the impenetrable depth of a yawning cavern, dimly discernible amid the sombre shades of a mountain gorge, though it may tell a tale of romance and mystery to others, is nothing upon earth to me but a dab of Vandyke brown. Nay, the boundless sky, the over-arching canopy that wraps us up in brightness or in gloom, is in my view, according to circumstances, but a tube of diluted cobalt, or a varied combination of greys and reds, and yellows and whites: while the glorious sun himself figures in my imagination, precisely as he does in the pictures of Claude Lorraine, as a one-shilling impression of a flame-coloured tint.

How this came about perhaps my history will show. I shall make it as brief as I honestly can: may it prove a warning to the youthful aspirant for artistic fame, and incite him to a candid and timely investigation into the reality and extent of his creative faculty! One thing I know—it will prove a revelation of some value to collectors and connoisseurs of all ages and grades, provided only that they have yet modesty enough remaining to doubt the infallibility of their judgment.

I was born in one of the suburbs of the metropolis, and my earliest recollections are associated with the palette and the studio. My father, whose sole child I was, was an artist of very considerable talent, who, with a real love of nature, combined a ready hand and a facility of practice which enabled him to produce a multitude of pictures, though he died young. My mother, who worshipped him with a devotion that knew no bounds, relieved him of every care unconnected with his pursuit. It was her business to dispose of his productions, which, being all of small size, rarely exceeding twenty inches in length, she carried to town, and sold to the dealers for as much as they would bring. In these perambulations, when I was big enough to take the long walks, I sometimes accompanied her, and when the sale was successful, generally got a cake or a toy for my share. Besides my mother, my only playmate was a small lay-figure, which it was the quiet delight of my childhood to cherish and fondle with an affection which I cannot now comprehend. My father's pictures never realised much during his life. They were chiefly landscapes of a very simple style of composition, and scores of them had no other figures than a woman and a child, of which my mother and I were the models; and I remember distinctly that when a pair of them realised five pounds, it was the occasion of a rejoicing and a hot supper, which I was allowed to sit up and partake of. My poor father died before I was eleven years of age; and then his performances rose into sudden repute, selling rapidly for ten times the sum he had ever received for them. By degrees they all disappeared from public view, being bought up by the best judges, who during his life never condescended to notice the artist. My mother followed my father to the grave before her year of mourning had expired; and I, for the time heartbroken, was transferred to the care of my father's only brother, also an artist, though of a very different stamp. He sent me for two years to school, where, in

the society of children of my own age, I soon forgot my griefs. Before I was fourteen my uncle bound me apprentice to himself, to make sure, as he said, of some sort of recompense for the trouble he would have in teaching me. He was a portrait-painter, at least so said the brass-plate on the door of the house in Charlotte Street; but very few and far between were the sitters who came to be limned. His principal occupation was that of cleaning and restoring old and damaged pictures, and in this he was employed mainly by the dealers, who allowed him but a sorry remuneration. He had, too, a small connection of his own, to whom he occasionally sold pictures, bought at the sales in a woful condition for a few shillings, and carefully got up by himself. With him I worked hard from morning to sunset for seven years, in the course of which period I copied an immense number of pieces, nearly all the copies being sold to country dealers, who came periodically to town and cleared them off. I learned thoroughly the difficult art and mystery of picture-cleaning; acquired of necessity some skill in portraiture; and prosecuted, whenever opportunity offered, the pursuit of landscape, in which I was resolutely determined upon gaining a reputation.

With this view, when the term of my indentures had run out, I bade adieu to my uncle, who made no attempt to alter my purpose, and commenced the world on my own account, devoting my whole time and energies to my favourite pursuit. I first painted a couple of pieces of a small size, and sent them to the —— Street Exhibition, paying the then customary fee, which a wiser policy has since abolished. I felt overjoyed to hear that my pictures were hung, and hastened to look at them as soon as the doors were opened to the public. My hopes were dashed away by the sight of my two little productions, hardly covering more than a square foot of canvas each, suspended as telescopic objects high aloft beneath the gloom of the ceiling; while whole fathoms of the

"sight line" were choked up with the "unmitigated abominations," as the reviewers justly styled them, of one of the members of the committee, whom nature had cut out for a scavenger. I had gone in debt for my frames, which were returned to me at the close of the exhibition smashed to fragments. I could never afterwards afford to repeat the experiment.

I now began to paint for the dealers, thinking, as I had but myself to maintain, that I might get on with frugality, and in time tread in the steps of my father. The dealers shook their heads at my performances; and one, with more candour than the rest, produced one of my father's pieces, bought of my mother for thirty shillings, which he pronounced "a little gem"—showed me how crisp was the touch, how pure and sparkling the colour; how vigorous, and yet how playful, was the handling; and how simple and graceful was the composition. I endeavoured to profit by the lesson; but necessity drove me to the market with my work unfinished, and for three years I maintained a hapless struggle with privations of all sorts, buoyed up only by the fervid ambition of excellence in my art. When the dealers would not buy my productions, I often left them in their hands to be sold on commission. When they did sell, I rarely discovered what they sold for; but from information accidentally obtained with regard to some few, I found that the average commission was about seventy-five per cent., leaving the other twenty-five for the artist.

I grew tired of starving in pursuit of improvement, and in the hopes of mending my fortune started a portrait club. The members were the frequenters of a Free-and-easy, who subscribed a shilling a week each, and drew lots for precedence; but they believed in beer, and had no faith in honesty. As each one received his portrait, he discontinued his subscription towards the rest, and I received next to nothing for painting the last half-dozen. The landlord, too, wished me at Jericho, as his customers took to bemusing

themselves elsewhere, to avoid my eloquent appeals for the arrears. I bade a final adieu to their ugly faces, with a feeling of profound contempt as well for the department of art they encouraged as for the patrons of it, and returned to my garret, to cogitate some new mode of renewing my exhausted funds. I made a couple of sketches which occupied me a week, and took them to a pawnbroker, who lent me fifteen shillings upon them. I thought, as I threw the duplicates into the Thames, that though this would hardly do—taking the cost of canvas and colours into account—I might manage it by a little contrivance; so I procured half-a-dozen canvases of the same size, traced one subject—comprising a windmill, an old boat, and a white horse—upon them all, and making one palette do for all, got up the whole six in ten days. These I pawned for an average of eight shillings a piece. It was long since my pockets had been tightened with such a weight of silver; but with the new feeling of independence arose one of shame and degradation, which, however, I soon stifled. I repeated the same subject again and again; and grew so expert at length with my one picture, that a few hours sufficed to finish it. I kept a register of my numerous “uncles,” taking care never to appear twice at the same place with the same picture. But this trick could not last. At the annual sale of unredeemed pledges the walls of the auction-room were covered with a whole regiment of repetitions, amidst the jeers and hootings of the assembled bidders. My plan was blown, and I dared not show my face to a pawnbroker. It was vain to send pictures to be pledged by another hand, the fellows knew my touch too well to be deceived. I tried again with original sketches, but it was of no use: everybody believed that I had a score of reduplications in store; and I was forced at length to abandon the pawnbrokers to their discrimination. I returned again to the dealers, but each and all had a copy of my windmill, old boat, and white horse hanging upon

hand; and, pronouncing my productions unsaleable, declined to purchase. In this dilemma I was driven to the "slaughter-houses," or nightly auctions which are opened weekly at the West End, and constitute the last wretched refuge and resource of destitute daubers. Here I figured for some time, wasting my days in unprofitable attempts to meet the demands of a miserable market. I grew shabby and dispirited, and sank into the depths of poverty. Often I could not meet the expense of canvas, and painted on paper or millboard, or even on an old shirt stretched upon a worm-eaten strainer, begged or bought for a few halfpence from the liners' journeymen. Sometimes, aroused to exertion by a rekindling love of art, I would walk up to Hampstead or out to Norwood, and bringing back a subject, paint it up with all my old enthusiasm; but it availed me nothing: the picture was generally sacrificed for a few shillings; and even though it were afterwards sold for a fair price, the profit had been shared in the knock-out, and I was none the better.

In this exigency I gladly complied with an offer made me by Mr. Grabb, a carver and gilder, with whom it had been my wont at times to exchange pictures for frames. In addition to his regular business, he dealt in pictures to a great extent, had a large country connection, and, living himself in Soho, kept an extra shop in the city, where he always made an extraordinary show of colour and gilding on dividend days, with the especial design of catching the "country gabies," as he called them, cash in hand. With him I boarded and lodged, and received a small weekly salary, in return for which I was to occupy myself ten hours a day in making new pictures or restoring old ones, according to the demand. He had picked me up just in time for his purpose. A day or two after I entered upon my duties, he encountered a country baronet at a sale which had lasted for nearly a week. The man of title had bought between 200 and 300 lots, with the view of decorating a mansion

which he was then building in Sussex; and having no place at hand to contain his numerous purchases, had accepted the ready offer of my patron to warehouse them for him for a season. The purchases arrived on the day of clearance, and with them the delighted owner, who had bought a whole gallery-full for about £500. They were all stacked in the silvering-room, and my employer was commissioned to select such of the number as he judged would do credit to the taste of the possessor, to restore them to a good condition, to regild the frames of such as required it, and to dispose of the rejected pieces for what they would fetch, carrying the proceeds as a set-off against his bill. Mr. Grabb knew perfectly well what to do with such a commission. The next day I was summoned to a consultation, and having locked the doors, the whole batch was gone over, and carefully scrutinised with the aid of a bowl of water and a sponge. All the large pictures (some were as big as the side of a room), many of which I felt bound to condemn as worthless, were set aside for repair and framing; while a select collection, amounting to about thirty of the smallest, best, and most saleable cabinet sizes, were thrown into a corner as unworthy of attention. For these, which were nearly worth all the rest of the collection put together, he ultimately made an allowance of £15 off his bill, amounting to several hundreds, the cost of gorgeous frames and gilding for trumpery of no value. It took me four months to prepare such of the pictures as wanted cleaning for their gilded jackets, and it would have taken as many years had proper care and leisure been allowed for the operation; but I was admonished to follow a very summary process—to get off the dirt and old varnish from the lights, and to leave the shadows to shift for themselves, trusting to a good coat of varnish to blend the whole. One immense sea-fight, which defied all our solvents to disturb its crust, Grabb undertook himself. Stripping it from the stretcher, he laid it flat on the silvering-

slab, and splashing water on its surface, seized a mass of pumice-stone twice as big as his fist, and scrubbed away with bare arms, like a housemaid at a kitchen-floor, until admonished by the tinge of the water that he had done enough. The canvas was then re-strained, and turned over to me to paint again what he had scoured away. As the whole rigging of a seventy-four was clean gone, I began the slow process of renewing it; but he would not hear of that, but bade me bury everything in a cloud of smoke as the shorter way of getting over the business. When the whole were ultimately carted home and hung up in his new residence, the baronet was delighted with his gallery, and with this picture in particular, which certainly differed more than any of the others from its original appearance.

The baronet's commission being now settled and done with, the rejected pictures were withdrawn from their hiding-place and confided with many precautions to my most careful treatment. I laboured *con amore* in their restoration, and Grabb reaped a little fortune by their disposal. He kept me well employed. Every picture which came in to be framed or repaired, if he judged the subject saleable, was transferred to me for copying, and sorry indeed should I be to swear that the original invariably found its way back to the owner.

Soon after my domiciliation at Grabb's my uncle left Charlotte Street, and with a large cargo of English pictures emigrated to New York, where he sold his venture to good advantage. In one of the southern cities he found patronage and a wife, and grew into consideration ere he died.

I remained seven years with Grabb, and during that period attained a wonderful facility in the production of copies, and so close an acquaintance with the method and handling of some of the living London artists, as occasionally perplexed even themselves. This talent my employer turned to good account by selling forgeries of mine as the original

sketches of painters of note and reputation; and at the decease of any one of them he supplied me with canvas and panels procured from the colourmen they had dealt with, and set me about the manufacture of sketches and unfinished pictures, which were readily bought up as relics of celebrated geniuses.

At the close of my seventh year business fell short. True, there was plenty for me to do, but owing to distress in the manufacturing districts, the sale of pictures, as is invariably the case at such seasons, very much declined. Still my principal managed to get rid of his stock, though not in the regular way of business: he packed off a portion of his best goods to country agents, and to old customers on approval, and crammed the shop in the city to overflowing, where also he took to sleeping at night, leaving me and the shop-boy sole guardians of the house in Soho. One morning about two o'clock, while soundly sleeping in my garret, I was aroused from my rest by a thundering noise at my room door, and the affrighted cries of the boy, calling upon me to arise and save myself, for the house was on fire. I dashed out of bed, contrived to huddle on a portion of my clothes, and opened the door. The room was instantly filled with smoke; the boy had already escaped through the trap-door in the roof, which, being left open, acted as a flue to the fire, the flames of which were rapidly ascending the stairs. I had no time for reflection, nor sufficient presence of mind to snatch, as I might have done, the few pounds I had hoarded from my drawer; but scrambling after him as I best might, found myself in a few minutes shivering on the roof of a neighbour's house, in my shirt and trousers, now my sole worldly possessions. A servant-girl let us in at the garret window, and I immediately despatched the boy for his master, whom, however, I did not see till the morning, when he coolly informed me that he was a ruined man, and that I must look out for some other employer. He paid me a small

arrear of wages due, and gave me a faded suit of his own to begin the world afresh. I may add that Grabb subsequently received two thousand pounds insurance money; that in two years after he was so unfortunate as to be burned out again, and received fifteen hundred; that he was overtaken by the same calamity twice afterwards in New York; and returning again to London, was again burned out: whereupon the office in which he had insured politely informed him that he might recover the money if he could in a court of justice—they should not else pay it. He never instituted any proceedings, but carried on business for ten years without insurance and without accident.

I could not afford to remain long idle; and being now pretty well known to a certain portion of the trade, I was not long of obtaining employment. My next engagement was with Sapper, who kept a shop for the sale of pictures, together with large warehouses, in the neighbourhood of Covent Garden. I thought myself pretty well versed in the art and mystery of picture-making, and conceived that after my long experience under Grabb I had little if anything left to learn. This worthy undeceived me effectually. In my former place I had been the only hand; here I found three companions, each far more experienced and more clever than myself. One, a gentleman-like old fellow, painted nothing but Morlands from one year's end to the other. He had been a contemporary of that eccentric genius, and had mastered his style so effectually that he would have deceived even me had I met with his forgeries elsewhere. He was provided with a complete portfolio of every piece of Morland's which had ever been engraved, besides a considerable number of his original chalk drawings; he had, moreover, pentagraphed outlines of the known size of the original paintings, which outlines were transferred to the canvas in a few minutes by means of tracing-paper, and painted in from the prints, which were all slightly tinted after the originals

for his guidance. A man of about five-and-forty, a Manchester artist, of thorough training and admirable skill in his department, did duty every morning from eight till twelve o'clock as the celebrated Greuze; after that hour he disappeared, to attend to his own practice as a portrait-painter. I recognised at once in his work the source of the numerous admirable transcripts of that master which I had been for years in the habit of occasionally encountering both in sale-rooms and private collections. The third was a Dutchman, whom Sapper had picked up on a picture-tour in Holland, and engaged from admiration of his marvellous imitations of Teniers, whose works, with other of a similar school, he was constantly employed in imitating with astonishing fidelity and success.

Among these companions I was directed to set up my easel and commence operations; and a small picture of Patrick Nasmyth was put into my hand to be copied in duplicate. I was directed to mix a certain substance with every tint that was laid on with any thickness to insure its drying speedily "as hard as a brick," lest the finger-nail of a wide-awake customer should detect the softness of new colour. The panels put into my hands, though snow-white with the prepared ground on the one side, were black with age on the other, and spotted over here and there with the cracked sealing-wax impressions of well-known connoisseurs, to intimate that the picture I was about to commence had already passed through the hands of several collectors of repute. When I had finished them, both being done within a week, they were, after a few days' drying, slightly glazed with a weak solution of liquorice to give them tone: one was varnished, framed, and readily sold from the window; the other laid by in a garret, to await, with a hundred more, its turn for exportation. My next job was a magnificent Cuyp which had, not many weeks before, been knocked down by auction for eight hundred guineas, and

which was confided to Sapper for the purpose of removing the old varnish and substituting new, and for framing. As nothing else was required to be done, the picture might have been returned to the proprietor within a week or ten days; but Sapper determined from the moment he saw it to possess a facsimile, and I was set about the manufacture of one forthwith. A panel was prepared of the precise age, from three oak planks selected from the stores of a dealer in old houses, and dyed to the required tint by a strong infusion of tobacco. By means of new bread kneaded in the hand, the two broad burgomaster's seals on the back were counterfeited beyond the possibility of detection; and I commenced upon the surface with all the industry and skill I was master of, stimulated to the task by the prospect of an extra guinea. The picture had been promised to the owner in a week, my employer knowing well enough that it would take me four or five weeks at least to make the copy. It was in vain that one message after another came to urge the return of the picture, and that the owner himself drove up in his carriage, and remonstrated in no measured terms with Sapper, and threatened him with the interference of the law. The knave had a reply ever ready upon his lips: "He was determined to do justice to so exquisite a work of art, and he would not, he could not, be induced to hurry it; his reputation would suffer should any mischief happen to the painting, which he would prevent, in this case at least, even at the risk of disobliging his patron." At length, after nearly six weeks' delay, I had completed the copy; and then Sapper himself, in less than an hour, licked off all the old varnish with a wisp of wadding steeped in "the doctor," gave it a new coat of mastic, clapped it into an elegant and appropriate frame, and despatched a note to the proprietor requesting his attendance and approval. He came, and was delighted with the aspect of his picture; while the dealer, with a thousand modest apologies for the

delay, assured him that the task had been one of great labour and anxiety, both to him and me, and that he could not, consistently with justice to the master, have accomplished it sooner. The wealthy connoisseur swallowed his lies with evident relish and satisfaction, reiterated his thanks again and again for the marvellous manner in which the picture had been got up, and paid at the same time a bouncing bill for a process which a crown would have amply recompensed. There remained now nothing to be done to the copy in order to render it a tolerable facsimile of the original, but to imitate the close reticulation of cracks—the ineffaceable work of time—which covered every square inch of the surface. This was accomplished in the following manner:—After the copy had stood to dry for a fortnight, by which time, thanks to certain nostrums ground up with the colours, the whole had grown as hard as a pantile, it was taken down, slightly toned with a warm brown to give it age, and when again dry, carefully coated with size; the composition of which, as it is already too well known among the knaves of the profession, and can be of no manner of utility to any honest man, I may be excused from explaining. This was no sooner tolerably dry, than it was followed by a liberal coating of varnish floated over the surface, and left to harden in a room free from dust. The inevitable result from such a process is, that the varnish is no sooner set than it begins to crack, owing to the expansion of the understratum of size; and this cracking may be regulated by an experienced hand, in varying the proportions of the ingredients used in compounding the size, and in other ways, so as to give rise to fissures of all widths, from the thickness of a hair, as exhibited on the panels of the Dutchmen, to that of a crown-piece, as they are beheld in the present condition of most of the works of Sir Joshua Reynolds. With the width of the cracks the size of the reticulations also varies, ranging from the diameter of a small shot to that of the palm of the

hand. When very fine, the cracks are not visible until made so by rubbing impurities into them, for which purpose the dust which settles upon a polished table, wiped up with an old silk handkerchief slightly oiled, is usually preferred. The difference between a picture thus cracked by artifice and one cracked by the operation of years or centuries cannot, other things being equal, be possibly discerned by the closest inspection. The only way to get at the imposture would be to remove the varnish, either by friction or solvents, when the fissures would be found in the true picture to extend through the paint, while from the manufactured copy they would disappear with the varnish—a rule however, which would not be without exceptions.

One morning our old Morland found himself standing still, not from any want of subjects or demand for them, but because the young fellow whose business it was to line canvases and prepare panels for us all to work upon, had been out on one of his periodical drunken bouts, and had nothing ready for him. Sapper, coming up and seeing him idle, requested him to go to a broker's in Red Lion Street and "crab" a picture for him, as he wanted to buy it. When the old fellow had gone off on his errand, I asked the Greuze what he was gone after. "Oh," said he, "the broker wants £10 for a bit of Gainsborough, and the governor wants it for fifty shillings—that's all." I soon found that "crabbing" is the art of putting a man wanting judgment in the article he deals in out of conceit with his goods. Two or three *accidental* inquiries, with demonstrations of amazement at the "*enormous*" price asked, are found materially to lower the demands of the seller. In this instance Sapper eventually succeeded in getting the picture he wanted at his own price, and after disposing of several copies in various quarters, ultimately sold it again for its full value.

He sold pictures on commission; and these he managed,

when it was worth his while, with a complex kind of adroitness which is worth recording. I shall chronicle one instance: a gentleman who had given £800 for a famous production of one of our first living artists, grew discontented with its too great size, and sent it to Sapper to be disposed of, professing himself willing to lose £100 by the sale, but not more. Sapper offered it for £1000, and at length obtained a bidding of £700, which, as he observed, would have left nothing for himself. He immediately wrote to the owner, informing him that he had an offer of £200, and a fine Claude, which he requested him to come and inspect, as he did not like to refuse the offer without the owner's sanction. Meanwhile, one of Hofland's beautiful transcripts of Claude, procured in exchange at the nominal price of sixty guineas, was mounted on the easel, and, covered with a curtain, awaited the inspection of the victim. He came, and deceived by the really fine execution of the picture, the counterfeited cracks of age, the palpably Italian style of lining, in which Sapper was skilled to a miracle, and the Roman frame and gilding, concluded the transaction, giving the rogue a small commission for his trouble, who, in addition to that, pocketed the difference between £500 and the value of the pretended Claude, which would have been well sold at £50.

Though Sapper's house was filled with works of art of every imaginable description, overflowing with pictures from the cellar to the garret, including every species of rubbish gathered from the holes and corners of half Europe, yet the contents of his dwelling afforded but an inadequate idea of the extent of his stock. He had "plants" in the hands of numerous petty agents, the owners of small shops in suburban highways, who sold for a trifling percentage. He had here a Madonna and there a Holy Family, in the keeping of a lone widow or decayed spinster, whispered about as pieces of great value which the holders were com-

pelled to part with from the pressure of domestic misfortune or embarrassment; he had traps and baits lying in wait for the inevitable though long-deferred *rencontre* of customers whom bitter experience had rendered wary, and who had long ceased buying in the regular market; and he had collections snugly warehoused in half the large towns of the empire, waiting but the wished-for crisis of commercial prosperity to be catalogued and sold as the unique collection of some lately defunct connoisseur, removed to ——— for convenience of sale.

Among the acres of what he called his gallery pictures was one with an area of some hundred square feet, upon which he had bestowed the names of Rubens and Snyders. It had hung for years upon hand, and was at length disposed of by the following ingenious *ruse*:—A gentleman who had appeared at different times desirous of treating for it—now negotiating an exchange, now chaffering for a cash price—hovering on the edge of a resolution, like Prior's malefactor on the gallows-cart—at length absented himself, and withdrawing on a visit to B——, appeared to have relinquished the idea of dealing. Sapper, knowing that a picture-sale was shortly coming off in the town to which his dallying customer had flown, and knowing, too, that he could do as he chose with the auctioneer, who was an old chum, followed close upon the heels of the tardy bidder, taking the enormous picture with him. As the cunning rogue had calculated, the instincts of the would-be-buyer led him to the sale-room, where his astonishment was unbounded at beholding the picture he had so long coveted at length condemned to the hammer. On the following day, when the sale came on, Sapper, who had not shown his face in the town, lay ensconced in a snug box behind the fence over which the lots were consecutively hoisted, and here, concealed from view, he ran up the picture against the eager bidder to the full sum he had offered for it in London,

and bought it in against him in the name of an Irish nobleman. So soon as the doors were shut, the picture was again off to London, and the next day appeared in its usual place on the wall of the staircase. In a fortnight after the gentleman walks into the shop, exclaiming: "Ha, Sapper, so you have parted with the picture—you might as well have closed with my offer." "I don't understand you," said the other—"I have parted with no picture that I know of which you had any inclination for."

"I mean the Rubens and Snyders," replied the gentleman; "it was sold at B—— about a fortnight ago, and fetched about what I offered for it. I must know, for I was there myself, and bid for it."

"I don't pretend to contradict you, sir," retorted Sapper; "all I know is, that the picture you speak of has never been out of my house, and, what is more, is not likely to go, unless I get my price for it. Now I think of it, there was a young fellow from B—— up here last summer, who gave me ten pounds for permission to copy it; and a capital copy he made: had I known he was so good a hand I should not have let him do it for the money. You will find the picture in its place if you like to step and look at it."

Up walks the bewildered gentleman, and can scarcely believe his eyes at beholding the old favourite in its old place. Sapper follows with a sponge and water, and cleaning down the face of the painting, expresses his astonishment that any one should mistake a copy, however cleverly done, for such a fine work as that; adding, that if the copy brought so good a sum under the hammer, what must be the actual value of the original? The inference was inevitable, and the speedy result was the consummation of the purchase, not without some show of unwillingness on the part of Sapper, who appeared impressed with the notion that he was submitting to a tremendous sacrifice.

I cannot, nor need I, continue these details. I have said

enough to warn the unwary, and to arouse the watchfulness of the wise. Is it wonderful that the moral atmosphere in which I have lived, and moved, and had my being, should have had the effect upon my mind which I have described at the commencement of this paper? When connoisseurs and critics stand gasping with breathless raptures in contemplation of slimy mixtures of megilp and burned bones; when they solemnly invoke the shades of the mighty dead, and ejaculate their maudlin rhapsodies in reverential whispers, as though hushed to silence by the spirit of departed genius, in the presence of a rascally forgery perpetrated for a wage of thirty shillings—what marvel if one whom hunger and necessity have driven to deceit should lose all capacity for the proper appreciation of art or nature either, and should at last be able to look at both only through the prostituted means and materials which during a whole lifetime have been the daily instruments of deceit?

What I would inculcate is not far to seek: he who buys a picture should never speculate beyond his judgment; and if he would encourage living art, should do so in the studio of the artist.

FLOWERS IN LONDON.

THE love of nature is not to be trodden out of the human heart by the conventional forms and usages of the world. Amid the most matter-of-fact and even repulsive aspect of business, with all its turmoils and anxieties, its annoyances and discomforts, the idea of her simple grace and loveliness will intrude and claim a place and find a welcome. The contemplation of beauty is to the millions, who perhaps are but very partially conscious of the fact, a necessity of their lives; and a very benevolent necessity it is, for more reasons than we have space to mention—and for the reason especially that it prompts every right-minded man to harmonise his own conduct with the ideal which nature exhibits, and silently admonishes him that his actions, to be beautiful, must be good, and honest, and true. It is impossible to say to what extent the exquisite flowers that summer sheds in profusion around our path are our friends and benefactors. They speak a language that all understand, and love to listen to—coming, like angels of mercy, to deliver a message of peace; and dying, as we gaze upon them, to teach us how feeble and fragile are the loveliest and the brightest of all created things.

The universal love for flowers in this great metropolis is a passion that admits of no question, but the proof of which greets us daily in our walks. Even in the smoky resorts of the city, the choicest productions of the conservatory and the garden are visible, during the season, in every street, and almost every house. The very back-slums and abodes

of the poor are green with dusty mignonette or lanky geraniums without a blossom, lifting their tops towards the light of the sky; and if we walk into the suburbs, we find the residences of the comfortable classes brilliant with hues that are never spread on a painter's palette, or on the arch of the rainbow. In this respect the aspect of modern London differs immensely from what it was a generation back. Then, the myrtle (now almost an exploded plant), a few old-fashioned geraniums, and hyacinths in coloured glasses, with here and there a ranunculus, constituted nearly the whole of the portable garden which adorned the windowsills and balconies of our sires—or rather of their better-halves—for at that time of day flowers were held to be beneath the notice of gentlemen. Now, so widely has an improved taste extended, that almost every new house of any pretensions to comfort has its conservatory appended to it, and a new class, or rather many new classes, of traders and dealers in flowers have risen up to meet the growing demand for them. Walking some time ago in a fashionable district at the West End of the town, we came suddenly in front of a spectacle transcending in beauty and brilliancy all that we had ever seen or imagined in floral luxuriance. It was a family residence about sixty feet in height, and not less than thirty in width, the entire street-front of which, from the roof to the pavement, was one enormous and magnificent bouquet. From the battlements to the kitchen-window, level with the road, the whole was a monster flower-stand, crammed in every part with the finest specimens which the horticultural art could produce of the productions of all climes, all growing in pots and arranged in shelves one above another, concealing the whole of the brickwork and nearly the whole of the windows of the mansion: their delicate odour filled the street.

The passion for flowers, of which the above remarkable demonstration is the greatest existing proof we happen to

know of, betrays itself in London in a two-fold manner—by the purchase of flowers full-blown and by their home-culture. The morning markets, and Covent Garden market especially, daily supply the flowers which, sold in shops or hawked through the city and suburbs, are disposed of for personal or domestic decoration to the two million inhabitants. Some idea may be formed of the quantities used for this latter purpose, from the fact that, at a single entertainment given by an aristocratic family to their friends, twenty-five or thirty pounds is no extraordinary charge for the flowers that fill the bouquet-vases scattered through the rooms or adorning the banqueting-table. We may remark, too, that London markets supply the whole kingdom with the choicest flowers, when wanted for festive occasions. We have seen bouquets for wedding parties adroitly packed in tins, and sent by express trains into the heart of Scotland, at the charge of a guinea each; their stems being embedded in moist wadding, they arrive perfectly fresh after their journey, and often travel hundreds of miles after the feast is over, borne off as presents by the guests. In the immediate neighbourhood of London are grown the finest flowers of all kinds that our climate can be made to produce; and so active is speculation in this branch of commerce, that the growers will give almost any price for a new specimen—and few indeed are the rarities in the Royal Botanical Garden, which have any claims to floral beauty, which may not be bought for a price in the nurseries surrounding the capital. It is owing to this commercial value of flowers that the gardens throughout the country, both public and private, present such a different appearance to what they did thirty years ago, and are so wonderfully enriched by new treasures. When the fuchsia, now a favourite with every cottager, first came to this country—hardly more than twenty-five years back—fortunes were made by its cultivation, five guineas each being demanded and received for thriving roots, which may now be bought

for sixpence. Though the rose will not flourish well very near the city, yet roses are grown by the acre at no great distance, and their leaves are sold to the chemists by the hundredweight for the extraction of the attar, the most exquisite of all odours, and the most expensive. Moss-roses are retailed in the streets in immense numbers, by women, who, in the precincts of the Inns of Court or of the Exchange, and in the more gentlemanly resorts of business, find a continual demand for them. The violet, naturally a spring flower, has been transformed by the spirit of commerce into a perennial one; and the violet-girl accosts you at all seasons of the year, even in the depth of winter, with her dark-blue posies buried in scraps of letter-paper. Wall-flowers, cabbage-roses, pinks, and carnations, &c., &c., mingled with sweet-smelling herbs, come to town in waggon-loads, and find a place in the street-markets along with the roots and vegetables of the humbler classes, and are as readily and as certainly purchased by them as the greens and turnips for the Sunday's dinner. A dealer, standing on the kerb-stone of a frequented thoroughfare, will sometimes, on a favourable Saturday, sell from three to four hundred bunches of mixed flowers at a penny a bunch.

It is no marvel that the attempt to cultivate flowers should grow out of this general partiality in their favour. In consequence of this attempt, London plays very much the part of a general cemetery for the floral race. Millions upon millions are brought here from year to year to die. So soon as winter shows signs of retreating, come the cheap spring roots—primroses, polyanthuses, London-pride, and all that cottage-garden tribe so dear to the lovers of the countryside. These are cried about the town in hand-carts, and are followed soon after by flowering roots—early geraniums and rising seedlings. The travelling gardener pursues his trade throughout the summer, and is always welcome, notwithstanding the awkward fact, that—from one cause or other,

partly no doubt from doctoring, to get his flowers earlier to market—his merchandise is astonishingly short-lived. Lookings to our own dealings with this worthy—for we cannot do without flowers—the residuum of ten years' commercial transactions with him resolves itself into ten plants, two dead and three dying of this year's purchase, and a hundred or so of empty pots buttressing the dust-box in the garden.

Having the disadvantage of smoke and soot to contend with, it seems strange that a dweller within the sound of Bow Bells should enter the lists against the floriculturist of the country, and compete with him for the prize at the flower-show, which occasionally comes off in the neighbourhood. Yet he does it, and, as we can testify, is often successful, as we have seen him carry off the prize more than once against all competitors. We had no idea, however, until properly instructed on the subject, of the labour and watchfulness entailed upon one who undertakes such a competition in a suburban garden of some forty feet by twenty. Our informant, who carried off a dahlia prize, did not allow himself, for the last three weeks preceding the show, to sleep more than an hour and a half at a time. Twice every three hours during the night did he descend to the garden in his night-gown, and, lantern in hand, examined every leaf and spray of the flower in training, in search of slugs or earwigs, a single nibble from either of which would have ruined his hopes. He told us, with breathless interest, that he only saved his credit at last by catching a piratical earwig in the very act of assaulting his flower as the quarters chimed half-past two that very morning. The poor fellow wrought sixteen hours a day at shoe-making, but he declared he should hardly have forgiven himself if he had allowed the earwigs to defeat him.

We look upon the growing love for flowers as an evidence that we are getting on in a morally right direction. In the "good old times," when bull-baiting was a popular sport,

and badger-drawing a gentlemanly pastime, there were no popular flower-shows; and the recreations of the artisan classes were more marked by the love of cruelty than the love of nature, which flower-shows are calculated to impart. The increase of public extramural cemeteries, where flowers are always planted in profusion, and droop their beautiful petals over the dead, may be one cause why we have learned to prize them more than we did. May we prize them more and more; and may our words and deeds be flowers, and smell sweet and blossom when we are dust.

THE LONDON CHAR-WOMAN.

"GIVE us a brown, sir—O do, sir—do, sir, give us a brown, sir—had no wittles since isterday arternoon, sir!"

Such was the appeal of a ragged urchin of some nine years of age, as he skipped before me with shoeless feet in the mud, which he had made an ineffectual attempt to scrape out of my path with the worn stump of a birch-broom. The boy looked pale and hungry, though sharp, eager, and vivacious as a ferret; and it seemed probable that he spoke the truth.

"No victuals!—how comes that? Have you no father?"

"Yes I have, sir, and mother, too; but father broke his leg off the scaffold, and mother can't get no work."

"And what does your mother work at?"

"Her chores."

"Her chores!"—That's a text, I am inclined to think, from which a pretty lengthy sermon might be preached by any man given to long-winded orations. The boy meant to say, that his mother sought, by acting as char-woman to any one that would employ her, to supply the place of her crippled husband. What are the special duties of a char-woman, I do not pretend to be able to define with perfect accuracy; but I do know, that just as the profession of a schoolmistress is the refuge for destitute females of a certain class, so is that of char-woman a like refuge for another class. It is a profession which involves the performance of duties of a remarkably practical kind, to which no degree of *éclat*, no prestige of notoriety is attached: nobody ever

heard of an honorary char-woman. Its emoluments have never, to my knowledge, been the subject of statistical inquiry, or its functions of regulation by authorities official or magisterial. It has been insinuated, that while other professionals have to study and struggle in order to *rise* into a position and sphere of practice, the candidates for the office of char-woman qualify themselves for the proper performance of its duties by a species of inverse progression, which, in the course of time, and by the lapse of opportunity, leads *down* to it—that, in fact, it cannot be approached by any upward movement at all. Does a woman fail in the vocation of cook, then, assuming that of housemaid, fail in that too—then, transforming herself into a maid-of-all-work, fail again?—she is qualified as a char-woman from that time forth. Does a sempstress, weary of the everlasting “stitch, stitch, stitch,” and perhaps half-blinded by the perpetual strain upon her eyes, abandon the needle and thread, and hopelessly resign herself to fate?—fate deposits her at once in the rank of char-woman. Is the wife of an artisan or a labouring-man overtaken by adversity?—is her husband laid up by sickness?—has he abandoned her to go a gold-digging at the antipodes?—is he dead? or, worse still, is he alive, and daily drunk?—in either of these cases, the poor woman, as a matter of course, enlists as a char-woman. Besides these, there may be, for aught I know, a hundred different tracks marked out on the chart of woman’s eventful life, which land the poor tempest-tossed voyager at this undesirable haven. At any rate, the profession is one which, though lacking in any very inviting attractions, is undergoing continual augmentation, and, consequently, suffers in its emoluments from continual competition.

Owing to the very various sources from which the ranks of this numerous sisterhood are recruited, it is difficult to define, with anything like exactness, the physiology of the individual. You may regard her, if you choose, as a devout

worshipper at the domestic altar: she is often upon her knees before it; but she prefers a very noisy, clamorous kind of adoration; and her piety is of the abstract species, not paid to any particular *penates*, but to the household gods of universal man or woman who may be standing in need of her ceremonial rites. Candour compels the declaration, that the char-woman prefers the service of man, young or old, unmarried or widowed, to that of her own sex. Not that she is to be accused of any design upon his personal liberty; but she counts more upon his amiable ignorance of household mysteries, and the permanence of household stores—especially of such small matters as fall unavoidably under her control in the course of the cleansing, soaping, rubbing, scrubbing, polishing, and brightening of the sanctuary of home—concerning all which particulars, she generously supposes him too much of a gentleman to demand a fractional account. Where there is a mistress, the credit and the privilege of these little responsibilities do not devolve on the char-woman.

The costume of this sisterhood is as various as their character and antecedents, and may be regarded, perhaps, in some degree as an indication of both. In general, however, it may be remarked, that their outer integuments have a tendency to coagulate in tumours and amorphous bundles about the loins, and at the same time to trail sweepingly at the heels. I have heard it affirmed, that the celebrated Dorothy Draggletail, of harmonious notoriety, was a char-woman; and a friend suggests that she might be taken as a type of the class. I am not so sure upon that matter; the class being so very numerous, and the good woman who at this moment is clattering about the kitchen below, being a type of a very different order—not only an example of neatness in her own person, but in the persons of two young fatherless children, whom she maintains by her arduous labour. She happens to be the only teetotal char-

woman that ever came beneath my notice, however ; and as I am a bachelor of fifty, and, in a small way, a man of observation to boot, I suspect this fact may be regarded as evidence that total abstinence is not extensively practised among them. But Mrs. Pottler, like a woman who has seen the world, makes a market of her temperance—and who shall blame her for that, seeing that so many foul wares are brought to market, and fetch a high price ? In demanding an extra sixpence a day, in lieu of beer and gin, she practically asserts the value of the virtues which all praise, whether they exercise them or not ; and her employers, in acceding to her demand, I am persuaded, lose nothing by the compact.

The rarity of total abstinence among these untiring vestals, may be due to the very lowliness of their lot, which drives them to seek consolation in such brief joys as they can snatch from the present, for the loss of those vanished hopes which have long ceased to gild their prospects of the future. I have had opportunity of noting, during some of those great domestic revolutions which take place occasionally in the best regulated households, that when two or more char-women get together, whether it be around the tea-pot or the black bottle, their conversation is invariably of a melancholy and retrospective kind ; and if the sitting be continued long, and the libation be alcoholic, the melancholy deepens, and the retrospection becomes dramatic and tragic. Like their ancient friend and brother, honest Dogberry, they have had their losses—far be it from us to say that they have deserved them. They are always unanimous in deploring the departure of the “better days” which they once knew, and of which they cherish a remembrance all the dearer to them that they know they are gone for ever—thus exercising, without knowing it, a species of philosophy which the serious and didactic poets have long been striving to inculcate. It is owing to these sentimental remembrances, it may

be, that the modest stimulants which excite and exalt others, depress them ; and that the most pardonable excess makes them often maudlin, but never merry. So I have come to the conclusion, that though the mass of the profession differ physiologically more, perhaps, than do the members of any other profession that could be named, they are united by one remarkable characteristic—namely, that of resignation ; a virtue, if it be a virtue, which, in these fast and stirring days, they almost exclusively monopolise.

Scandal is often busy with the subject of our sketch. Deficits in household stores, if they cannot be otherwise accounted for, are unscrupulously set down to their agency. They are accused of surreptitiously meddling where they have no concern—of wandering unconsciously into beer-cellars, and groping mesmerically in wine-bins—of exercising a comprehensive philanthropy among a numerous circle of relatives at the expense of their employers—of coming to work in the morning thin, spare, and cylindrical, and of departing at night in an unsightly bulbous, tuberculous condition—and of fifty other things, which I hold it invidious to set down. To all such charges, I turn, on principle, a deaf ear. The man or woman either who cannot submit to be cheated a little, is not fit to live in this world, and need not reckon upon my sympathy. 'Tis true, I should like to see that pair of slippers again which cost me ten-and-sixpence, and which disappeared unaccountably after I had worn them twice ; and if the good woman who preceded Mrs. Pottler in the Saturday sovereignty of the basement-floor of the respectable house in which I lodge, *did* remove them by mistake in one of those fits of abstraction to which I know she was unhappily subject, and will return them to me “per Parcels Delivery,” I shall be happy to pay the carriage, and will retain a grateful remembrance of the act of restitution.

WHAT'S O'CLOCK IN CHEAPSIDE?

THERE is no scarcity of clocks in Cheapside, with St. Paul's at one end, and Bow Church not far from the other—certainly not; but we mean to show that independent of these and all horological contrivances, that famous arena of traffic can boast of certain social phenomena indicative of the time of day. We shall glance at a few of them very briefly.

No matter whether it be a day of hail, rain, snow, sleet, or fog—of star-lighted winter or sun-lighted summer—here we are in Cheapside, which is submitting to its daily scrape; having been lathered with mud all day yesterday, it is undergoing a clean shave in order to a presentable appearance to-day. Scavengers are brushing and scraping up the filth and refuse of twenty-four hours, and loading their heavy carts with the gold of London streets—gold at least it will be to the farmer in the shape of manure to his exhausted land. In the midst of their labour comes the regular tramp of the police, in Indian file, to relieve guard, by which everybody who knows anything about it knows that it is six o'clock in the morning in Cheapside, even though St. Paul's should cease to wag his metallic tongue, and Bow bells be bewitched into dumb-bells.

But the day has grown older, and Cheapside has put on a new face; commerce has thrown aside her mask of wooden shutters, and the wealth of both worlds is peeping out at windows; shops are sweeping and garnishing; genteel young men and comely damsels exhibit themselves at full-length, framed in burnished brass and plate glass—they are

busy liming twigs for fluttering vanity. Here on the pavement comes a procession of standard-bearers, an army with timber banners, levied in the east to invade the west—a battalion of slop-shop militia, commissioned to fight the battle of cheap pantaloons under the very nose of fashion. Ragged recruits they are, very much in want of the garniture which they are doomed to puff: they defile slowly round St. Paul's Churchyard, and vanish to their work.—Now sets in a current of omnibuses towards the Bank, all crammed within, and covered without, with business faces. At every turn they stop and discharge a part of their cargo of clerks, managers, time-keepers, book-keepers, and cash-keepers, and then, with a convulsive bang of the door, roll on again. Others having set down their passengers, exemplify the truth of the old adage, "Empty vessels make the greatest sound," and come sauntering westward, emitting lusty cries of "Charing Cross!" "Sloane Street!" "Westminster!" "Angel!" "Highbury!" &c., &c., to which places very few people just now want to go. Of course the London reader knows well enough what's o'clock now, and does not require to be informed that it is nearer TEN than nine in the morning.

But the old *edax rerum* has bitten another mouthful out of the day, and we come again for a third look at Cheapside. And what a spectacle it is! the whole broad thoroughfare is one mass of life, as full of activity as Thomas Carlyle's Egyptian pot of tame vipers, who had nothing else to do all their lives long, but each one to struggle to get his head above his fellows—which after all is very much what this city pot of human beings are about, if the truth were told. One wonders whence came all this marvellous concourse of eager energies. Carts, waggons, carriages, gigs, dog-carts, phaetons, drays, with a score or two of omnibuses, choke up the roadway, while the foot pavement is hidden almost every inch from view by the swarming pedestrians. Here and there a heavy team stands patiently waiting at one of the narrow turnings

from the main channel, for an opportunity to dash forward into the living stream. The rattle and rumble of wheels, which has been increasing momentarily since the dawn, has swollen into a deafening crash, continuous and unbroken as the roar of a cataract. Every face you meet is alive with interest; hand, heart, and head are working while day lasts. From some of the side streets and from narrow entrances of warehouses you see working-men and porters with paper caps and aprons rolled round the waist, making the best of their way to the cook-shop or the coffee-house, by which you learn that the big bell of St. Paul's, whose note could not pierce to your ear through the roar of traffic, has just struck ONE.

Another interval.—The din of commerce continues without an instant's pause, but the symptoms of ebb-tide begin to be visible to the experienced eye. The 'busses which have been crawling at the picking-up pace for the last five or six hours as they passed towards the west, now drive smartly off, crammed, it is said with bulls and bears, whose feeding time is at hand. Here and there the smart "turn-out" of the merchant or capitalist—phaeton, brougham, or close chaise, drawn by a spanking grey, darts off rapidly from the scene of action—a token to everybody that business is over for the day on the Stock Exchange, and that it is FOUR o'clock. Two hours later, and the stroke of six is heralded by signs which, standing at the junction of Cheapside with St. Martin's-le-Grand, it is amusing to witness. Then the steps of the Post Office are besieged by a motley class of the population. Enormous bags of damp paper and printer's ink run on very little feet, and plunge themselves head-foremost into yawning receptacles; grave gentlemen forget their gravity, and hasten with long strides to deposit their epistolary contributions; lanky runners dart forth from dark places and narrow short-cuts, and while the hour is yet striking save by a second the inevitable post. Mail carts

drive up from all quarters, and postmen with corpulent bags from the district offices flock rapidly and silently to the grand centre of a nation's correspondence.

Again—and Cheapside is illumined with a thousand jets of gas; the throng of foot-passengers is reduced one half or more, and is visibly diminishing in numbers every minute. Those that yet remain are mostly of a different class from the eager crowds of the morning. The gorgeous display of the shop-windows under the vivid artificial glare, collects a nightly assemblage of admiring spectators and purchasers. Offices and counting-houses are closed, and the labourers of the desk and labourers of all ranks find relaxation and refreshment in the enjoyment of an out-door stroll. The noise of the wheels, though unceasing, is no longer deafening; yet to our thinking, is much more suggestive and impressive than at its greatest uproar, because the ear, no longer overwhelmed by the surrounding crash, is at liberty to catch the far-distant and portentous hum of sound which, from every quarter of the metropolis, surges heavily in the upper air. Now a sudden wall of darkness bars the breadth of the way; the print-shop has dropped its portcullis of patent shutters; and now you may see on either side long wooden ones rise out of the ground, and men come forth with iron bars not at all fit for toothpicks, so please, friend porter, to keep them out of our mouths—and now you know it is NINE o'clock in the evening.

When we take our last glance, the moon is high in the sky, and the shops are all shut up save one or two, from the narrow doors of which—for even they have closed their shutters—a stream of red light flashes across the road. The last omnibus rattles noisily along, and the shouts of the conductor are audible at a distance of fifty yards. Heavy wains, loaded with goods for luggage-trains, grind their slow way to the several stations. Groups of individuals still pass hastily along, and the sound of their footsteps, heard at no

other time, gives token of the comparative solitude. Lights now gleam aloft in bedroom windows, disappearing one by one, and lulled by the continual rumble of wheels, the inhabitants retire to rest as a thousand iron tongues proclaim the midnight hour of TWELVE.

If you ask a dweller in this locality how he knows when it is past two in the morning, he may tell you, as he has told us, that the silence of the City sometimes wakes him at that hour, and that then he does not sleep again until the melody of cart-wheels, which begins once more an hour or two after, soothes him to slumber.

The dweller in Cheapside of a hundred and thirty years ago, when the place looked very different from what it does now, might have known what o'clock it was at a certain time by the coming of a small, plain carriage, drawn by one horse, and driven by a steady serving-man, and which stopped for half-an-hour or thereabouts, at the north-west corner of the street. A person of observation would have remarked, that though that small vehicle came regularly every day, yet the driver never descended from his seat, and no one ever alighted from the carriage, which, after standing on the spot for the allotted time, wheeled round and returned by the way it came. If, urged by curiosity, he had looked through the little glass window, he would have seen an old, old man of nearly fourscore years and ten, enveloped in the folds of a warm cloak, and gazing with moistened eyes upon the dome of St. Paul's church, so grandly defined against the clear morning sky. That was worthy old Sir Christopher Wren, who, now too feeble for action, came daily to snatch another, and yet another last look at the greatest and most glorious fact of his manly life. Ah, my friend! there was a man who always knew what it was o'clock.

THE EXPECTANT.

WHEN a boy I was sent to school in a country village in one of the midland counties. Midvale lay on a gentle slope at the foot of a lofty hill, round which the turnpike-road wound scientifically to diminish the steepness of the declivity; and the London coach, as it smoked along the white road regularly at half-past four o'clock, with one wheel dragged, might be tracked for two good miles before it crossed the bridge over the brook below and disappeared from sight. We generally rushed out of the afternoon-school as the twanging horn of the guard woke up our quiet one street; and a fortunate fellow I always thought was Griffith Maclean, our only day-boarder, who on such occasions would often chase the flying mail, and seizing the hand of the guard, an old servant of his uncle's, mount on the roof, and ride as far as he chose, for the mere trouble of walking back again. Our school consisted of between twenty and thirty boys, under the care of a master who knew little and taught still less: for having three sermons to preach every Sunday, besides two on week-days, he had but little leisure to spare for the duties of the school; and the only usher he could afford to keep was a needy hard-working lad, whose poverty and time-worn habiliments deprived him of any moral control over the boys. This state of things, coupled with the nervous and irascible temper of the pedagogue, naturally produced a good deal of delinquency, which was duly scored off on the backs of the offenders every morning before breakfast. Thus, what we

wanted in tuition was made up in flogging; and if the master was rarely in the school, he made amends for his absence by a vigorous use of his prerogative while he was there. Griffith Maclean, who was never present on these occasions, coming only at nine o'clock, was yet our common benefactor. One by one he had taken all our jackets to a cobbling tailor in the village, and got them for a trifling cost so well lined with old remnants of a kind of felt or serge, for the manufacture of which the place was famous, that we could afford to stand up without wincing, and even to laugh through our wry faces under the matutinal ceremony of caning. Further, Griffith was the sole means of communication with the shopkeepers, and bought our cakes, fruit, and playthings, when we had money to spend, and would generally contrive to convey a hunch of bread and cheese from home to any starving victim who was condemned to fasting for his transgressions. In return for all this sympathy, we could do no less than relieve Griffith, as far as possible, from the trouble and "bother," as he called it, of study. We worked his sums regularly for days beforehand, translated his Latin, and read over his lessons with our fingers as he stood up to repeat them before the master.

Griffith's mother was the daughter of a gentleman residing in the neighbourhood of Midvale. Fifteen years ago she had eloped with a young Irish officer—an unprincipled fortune-hunter—who, finding himself mistaken in his venture, the offended father having refused any portion—had at first neglected and finally deserted his wife, who had returned home with Griffith, her only child, to seek a reconciliation with her parents. This had never been cordially granted. The old man had other children who had not disobeyed him, and to them, at his death, he bequeathed the bulk of his property, allotting to Griffith's mother only a life-interest in a small estate which brought her something less

than a hundred pounds a year. But the family were wealthy, and the fond mother hoped, indeed fully expected, that they would make a gentlemanly provision for her only child. In this expectation Griffith was nurtured and bred; and being reminded every day that he was born a gentleman, grew up with the notion that application and labour of any sort were unbecoming the character he would have to sustain. He was a boy of average natural abilities, and with industry might have cultivated them to advantage: but industry was a plebeian virtue, which his silly mother altogether discountenanced, and withstood the attempts, not very vigorous, of the schoolmaster to enforce. Thus he was never punished, seldom reproved: and the fact that he was the sole individual so privileged in a school where both reproof and punishment were so plentiful, could not fail of impressing him with a great idea of his own importance. Schoolboys are fond of speculating on their future prospects, and of dilating on the fancied pleasures of manhood and independence, and the delights of some particular trade or profession upon which they have set their hearts—the farm, the forge, the loom, the counter, the press, the desk—have as eager partisans among the knucklers at *taw* as among older children; and while crouching round the dim spark of fire on a wet winter day, we were wont to chalk out for ourselves a future course of life when released from the drudgery, as we thought it, of school. Some declared for building, carpentering, farming, milling, or cattle-breeding; some were panting for life in the great city; some longed for the sea and travel to foreign countries; and some for a quiet life at home, amid rural sports and the old family faces. Above all Griffith Maclean towered in unapproachable greatness. “I shall be a gentleman,” said he, “if I don’t have a commission in the army—which I am not sure I should like, because it’s a bore to be ordered off where you don’t want to go—I shall have an official situation under

government, with next to nothing to do but to see life and to enjoy myself." Poor Griffith!

Time wore on. One fine morning I was packed, along with a couple of boxes, on the top of the London coach; and before forty-eight hours had elapsed, found myself bound apprentice to a hard-working master and a laborious profession in the heart of London. Seven years I served and wrought in acquiring the art and mystery, as my indentures termed it, of my trade. Seven times in the course of this period it was my pleasant privilege to visit Midvale, where some of my relations dwelt, and at each visit I renewed the intimacy with my old schoolfellow Griffith. He was qualifying himself for the life of a gentleman by leading one of idleness; and I envied him not a little his proficiency in the use of the angle and the gun, and the opportunity he occasionally enjoyed of following the hounds upon a borrowed horse. At my last visit, at the end of my term of apprenticeship, I felt rather hurt at the cold reception his mother gave me, and at the very haughty, off-hand bearing of Griffith himself; and I resolved to be as independent as he, by giving him an opportunity of dropping the acquaintance if he chose. I understood, however, that both he and his mother were still feeding upon expectation, and that they hoped everything from General ——, to whom application had been made on Griffith's behalf, as the son of an officer, and that they confidently expected a cadetship that would open up the road to promotion and fortune. The wished-for appointment did not arrive. Poor Griffith's father had died without leaving that reputation behind him which might have paved the way for his son's advancement, and the application was not complied with. This was a mortifying blow to the mother, whose pride it painfully crushed. Griffith, now of age, proposed that they should remove to London, where, living in the very source and centre of official appointments, they might bring their

influence to bear upon any suitable berth that might be vacant. They accordingly left Midvale and came to town, where they lived in complete retirement upon a very limited income. I met Griffith accidentally, after he had been in London about a year. He shook me heartily by the hand, was in high spirits, and informed me that he had at length secured the promise of an appointment to a situation in S—— House, in case T——, the sitting member, should be again returned for the county. His mother had three tenants, each with a vote, at her command; and he was going down to Midvale, as the election was shortly coming off, and would bag a hundred votes at least, he felt sure, before polling-day. I could not help thinking, as he rattled away, that this was just the one thing he was fit for. With much of the air, gait, and manners of a gentleman, he combined a perfection in the details of fiddle-faddle and small-talk rarely to be met with; and from having no independent opinion of his own upon any subject whatever, was so much the better qualified to secure the voices of those who had. He went down to Midvale, canvassed the whole district with astonishing success, and had the honour of dining with his patron, the triumphant candidate, at the conclusion of the poll. On his return to town, in the overflowings of his joy, he wrote a note to me expressive of his improved prospects, and glorying in the certainty of at length obtaining an official appointment. I was very glad to hear the good news, but still more surprised at the terms in which it was conveyed: the little that Griffith had learned at school he had almost contrived to lose altogether in the eight or nine years that had elapsed since he had left it. He seemed to ignore the very existence of such contrivances as syntax and orthography; and I really had grave doubts as to whether he was competent to undertake even an official situation in S—— House.

These doubts were not immediately resolved. Members

of parliament, secure in their seats, are not precisely so anxious to perform as they sometimes are ready to promise when their seats seem sliding from under them. It was very nearly two years before Griffith received any fruit from his electioneering labours, during which time he had been leading a life of lounging, do-nothing, dreamy, semi-consciousness, occasionally varied by a suddenly conceived and indignant remonstrance, hurled in foolscap at the head of the defalcating member for the county. During all this time fortune used him but scurvily: his mother's tenants at Midvale clamoured for a reduction of rent; one decamped without payment of arrears; repairs were necessary, and had to be done and paid for. These drawbacks reduced the small income upon which they lived, and sensibly affected the outward man of the gentlemanly Griffith: he began to look seedy, and occasionally borrowed a few shillings of me when we casually met, which he forgot to pay. I must do him the credit to say that he never avoided me on account of these trifling debts, but with an innate frankness, characteristic of his boyhood, continued his friendship and his confidences. At length the happy day arrived. He received his appointment, bearing the remuneration of £200 a year, which he devoutly believed was to lead to something infinitely greater, and called on me on his way to the office where he was to be installed and indoctrinated into his function.

The grand object of her life—the settlement of her son—thus accomplished, the mother returned to Midvale, where she shortly after died, in the full conviction that Griffith was on the road to preferment and fortune. The little estate, upon the proceeds of which she had frugally maintained herself and son, passed at her death into the hands of one of her brothers, none of whom took any further notice of Griffith, who had mortally offended them by his instrumentality in returning the old member for the county, whom it was

their endeavour to unseat. There is a mystery connected with Griffith's tenure of office which I could never succeed in fathoming. He held it but for six months, when, probably not being competent to keep it, he sold it to an advertising applicant, who offered a *douceur* of £300 for such a berth. How the transfer was arranged I cannot tell, not knowing the recondite formula in use upon these occasions. Suffice it to say that Griffith had his £300, paid his little debts, renewed his wardrobe and his expectations, and began to cast about for a new patron. He was now a gentleman about town, and exceedingly well he both looked and acted the character; he had prudence enough to do it upon an economical scale, and, though living upon his capital, doled it out with a sparing hand. As long as his money lasted he did very well; but before the end of the third year the bloom of his gentility had worn off, and it was plain that he was painfully economising the remnant of his funds.

About this time I happened to remove to a different quarter of the metropolis, and lost sight of him for more than a year. One morning, expecting a letter of some importance, I waited for the postman before walking to business. What was my astonishment on responding personally to his convulsive "b'bang," to recognise under the gold-banded hat and red-collared coat of that peripatetic official the gentlemanly figure and features of my old school-fellow Griffith Maclean!

"What, Griff!" I exclaimed, "is it possible—can this be you?"

"Well, said he, "I am inclined to think it is. You see, old fellow, a man must do something or starve. This is all I could get out of that shabby fellow T——, and I should not have got this had I not well worried him. He knows I have no longer a vote for the county. However, I shan't wear this livery long: there are good berths enough in the post-office. If they don't pretty soon give me something

fit for a gentleman to do, I shall take myself off as soon as anything better offers. But, by George! there is not much time allowed for talking: I must be off—farewell!”

Soon after this meeting the fourpenny deliveries commenced; and these were before long followed by the establishment of the universal Penny-post. This was too much for Griffith. He swore he was walked off his legs; that people did nothing upon earth but write letters; that he was jaded to death by lugging them about; that he had no intention of walking into his coffin for the charge of one penny; and, finally, that he would have no more of it. Accordingly he made application for promotion on the strength of his recommendation, was refused as a matter of course, and vacated his post for the pleasure of a week's rest, which he declared was more than it was honestly worth.

By this time destiny had made me a housekeeper in “merry Islington;” and poor Griff, now reduced to his shifts, waited on me one morning with a document to which he wanted my signature, the object of which was to get him into the police force. Though doubting his perseverance in anything, I could not but comply with his desire, especially as many of my neighbours had done the same. The paper testified only as to character; and as Griff was sobriety itself, and as it would have required considerable ingenuity to fasten any vice upon him, I might have been hardly justified in refusing. I represented to him as I wrote my name, that should he be successful he would really have an opportunity of rising by perseverance in good conduct to an upper grade. “Of course,” said he, “that is my object: it would never do for a gentleman to sit down contented as a policeman. I intend to rise from the ranks, and I trust you will live to see me one day at the head of the force.”

He succeeded in his application; and not long after signing his paper I saw him indued with the long coat, oil-cape, and glazed hat of the brotherhood, marching off in Indian

file for night-duty to his beat in the H—— Road. Whether the night air disagreed with his stomach, or whether his previous duty as a postman had made him doubly drowsy, I cannot say, but he was found by the inspector on going his rounds in a position too near the horizontal for the regulations of the force, and suspended, after repeated transgression, for sleeping upon a bench under a covered doorway while a robbery was going on in the neighbourhood. He soon found that the profession was not at all adapted to his habits, and had not power enough over them to subdue them to his vocation. He lingered on for a few weeks under the suspicious eye of authority, and at length took the advice of the inspector, and withdrew from the force.

He did not make his appearance before me as I expected, and I lost sight of him for a long while. What new shifts and contrivances he had recourse to—what various phases of poverty and deprivation he became acquainted with during the two years that he was absent from my sight, are secrets which no man can fathom. I was standing at the foot of Blackfriar's Bridge one morning, waiting for a clear passage to cross the road, and began mechanically reading a printed board, offering to all the sons of Adam—whom, for the especial profit of the slopsellers, Heaven sends naked into the world—garments of the choicest broadcloth for next to nothing, and had just mastered the whole of the large-printed lie, when my eye fell full upon the bearer of the board, whose haggard but still gentlemanly face revealed to me the lineaments of my old friend Griff. He laughed in spite of his rags as our eyes met, and seized my proffered hand.

"And what," said I, not daring to be silent, "do they pay you for this?"

"Six shillings a week," said Griff, "and that's better than nothing."

"Six shillings and your board, of course?"

"Yes, this board," (tapping the placarded timber); "and

a confounded heavy board it is. Sometimes when the wind takes it, though, I'm thinking it will fly away with me into the river, heavy as it is."

"And do you stand here all day?"

"No, not when it rains: the wet spoils the print, and we have orders to run under cover. After one o'clock I walk about with it wherever I like, and stretch my legs a bit. There's no great hardship in it if the pay was better."

I left my old playmate better resigned to his lowly lot than I thought to have found him. It was clear that he had at length found a function for which he was at least qualified; that he knew the fact; and that the knowledge imparted some small spice of satisfaction to his mind. I am happy to have to state that this was the deepest depth to which he has fallen. He has never been a *sandwich*—I am sure indeed he would never have borne it. With his heavy board mounted on a stout staff, he could imagine himself, as no doubt he often did, a standard-bearer on the battle-field, determined to defend his colours with his last breath; and his tall, gentlemanly, and somewhat officer-like figure, might well suggest the comparison to a casual spectator. But to encase his genteel proportions in a surtout of papered planks, or hang over his shoulders a huge wooden extinguisher labelled with coloured stripes—it would never have done: it would have blotted out the gentleman, and therefore have worn away the heart of one whose shapely gentility was all that was left to him.

One might have thought, after all the vicissitudes he had passed through, that the soul of Griffith Maclean was dead to the voice of ambition. Not so, however. On the first establishment of the street orderlies, that chord in his nature spontaneously vibrated once again. If he could only get an appointment it would be a rise in the social scale—leading by degrees—who can tell?—to the resumption of his original status, or even something beyond. I hear a gentle

knock, a modest, low-toned single dab, at the street-door as I am sitting down to supper on my return home after the fatigues of business. Betty is in no hurry to go to the door, as she is poaching a couple of eggs, and prides herself upon performing that delicate operation in irreproachable style. "Squilsh!" they go one after another into the saucepan—I hear it as plainly as though I were in the kitchen. Now the plates clatter; the tray is loading; and now the eggs are walking up stairs, steaming under Betty's face, when "dab" again—a thought, only a thought louder than before—at the street-door. The spirit of patience is outside; and now Betty runs with an apology for keeping him waiting. "Here's a man wants to speak to master; says he'll wait if you are engaged, sir; he aint in no hurry." "Show him in;" and in walks Griff, again armed with a document—a petition for employment as a street-orderly, with testimonials of good character, honesty, and all that. Of course I again append my signature, without any allusion to the police force. I wish him all success, and have a long talk over past fun and follies, and present hopes and future prospects, and the philosophy of poverty and the deceitfulness of wealth. We part at midnight, and Griff next day gets the desiderated appointment.

It is raining hard while I write, and by the same token I know that at this precise moment Griff in his glazed hat, and short blouse, and ponderous mud-shoes, is clearing a channel for the diluted muck of C—— Street, City, and directing the black, oozy current by the shortest cut to the open grating connected with the common sewer. I am as sure as though I were superintending the operation that he handles his peculiar instrument—a sort of hybrid between a hoe and a rake—with the grace and air of a gentleman—a grace and an air proclaiming to the world that though *in* the profession, whatever it may be called, which he has assumed, he is not *of* it, and vindicating the workmanship of

nature, who, whatever circumstances may have compelled him to become, cast him in the mould of a gentleman. It is said that in London every man finds his level. Whether Griffith Maclean, after all his vicissitudes, has found his, I do not pretend to say. Happily for him, he thinks that fortune has done her worst, and that he is bound to rise on her revolving wheel as high at least as he has fallen low. May the hope stick by him, and give birth to energies productive of its realisation !

LETTING LODGINGS.

A WIDOW'S TALE.

THERE are a number of stock subjects, which writers of fiction, concoctors of articles for journals and magazines, and delineators of society as it is, or as they imagine it to be, have in a manner seized for their peculiar property, and erected into a sort of literary capital, upon which they consider themselves at liberty to draw upon emergencies. Among these not the least remarkable, or to the gentlemen of the quill the least useful, is the Lodging-house Keeper—the lone woman whom misfortune has condemned to open her doors to all the world, and to postpone her own ideas of convenience or comfort to those of whomsoever fate may quarter upon her hospitality. It is a noble quarry, doubtless; and the grey goose shaft when it is winged against the “Landlady,” must not be deemed ill-directed. There is something very chivalrous and laudable in denouncing her as a thief and a drunkard, under a little ingenious periphrasis—and it is so much more pleasant and profitable to make her the laughing-stock of the public, and to hold her up to the scorn and detestation of good and sober people, than it is punctually to pay her weekly bills, that authors who write for the amusement of their readers, are perfectly justified in the course they have unanimously adopted. It may be thought a piece of gross impertinence, in one of this highly criminal class, whom every writer of the age, from the loftiest genius to the lowest would-be litterateur, has used for the butt of his wit, if he chanced to have any, or of

his ill-nature, when he had nothing better to display—it may be held unpardonable that such an one should venture to demur to the general verdict, and prefer a claim to be heard on the other side of the question. But I shall venture it notwithstanding—not indeed taking example from the writers aforesaid, or retorting in the same complimentary strain which characterises their productions. I *am* a Lodging-house Keeper, and the necessities of my position have compelled me to the practice of civility: those who set themselves up for teachers of public morals, through the press, appear to be under no such compulsion, and can do as they list. My arguments will consist of my own experience, or some selected portion of it—and if they serve no other purpose will, I am sure, tend to show that the “Landlady,” so far from being a sort of animal of prey, ready to seize upon whom she may devour, rather resembles the poor quadruped, tied to a stake, against whom, in the good old times, any houseless vagabond cur might try his mettle.

I was the only child of respectable parents, who, after a life of business, retired upon their savings, to a modest cottage in the outskirts of town. With the death of my father, which took place in my twenty-first year, the major part of our revenue ceased, but he left me a small portion, payable upon his policy of insurance. A year after his death, I married a gentleman in the employment of a well-known mercantile firm, and with my mother, who had a small annuity of her own, and in the society of my husband, an excellent and accomplished man, passed eight years of my life in the enjoyment of as much happiness as any woman has reason to expect. At the end of this period my mother died. The same disease that carried her off confined my husband to his room for five months, and so undermined a constitution, which was never strong, as to inspire me with the greatest fears on his account. They proved to be but too well founded. In little more than a year after I had

buried my mother, my husband was stretched upon a bed of sickness, from which he never rose again. While he lay ill, my youngest child sickened and died, and I was obliged to send away the two eldest, in order to devote myself to the care of my sick partner. He was respected by his employers, and they generously continued his salary, which, though not large, was sufficient for our wants, up to the day of his death. He languished for upwards of twenty months, during which the greater part of my little fortune was expended unavailingly in feeing physicians, none of whom would come to any decision as to the precise nature of his disease. After his departure, I found myself completely alone in the world with my two boys—I had no other relations, that I knew of, living—in possession of about two hundred pounds in cash, and a house full of excellent furniture.

I was anxious to get my little boys educated, and to put them in a way, as soon as old enough, to earn a living for themselves—and I deliberated long on the best means of investing my little capital in a way that should ultimately ensure this object. It was not from choice that I became a Lodging-house Keeper; but because nothing else appeared applicable in the circumstances in which I was then placed. I hired a new house, in a pleasant and healthy part of the London suburbs, and situated in the route of the omnibuses to and from the City. The annual rent, together with the rates and taxes, amounted to sixty pounds; but, anything respectable and fit for the purpose could not be got for less, and I hoped, by superior accommodation and attention, to succeed in creating a connexion, and to be enabled ultimately to pay my way. When all my goods were arranged in a state of order and cleanliness, I put up a legible announcement in the parlour window, and anxiously waited for occupants—never leaving home, save after dark, for fear of missing an offer—and employing myself in teaching my boys to read, to distract my mind from the fears and

responsibilities which began to weigh upon it. Nearly a fortnight passed without an applicant, and then came a commercial gentleman, on the Sunday afternoon, which, he said, was the only time he had to spare for the purpose, to inquire my terms. He was pleased with everything, but objected to the price, and offered me a rent for two rooms, with attendance, which would have barely covered their cost to me if empty. He was huffed at my refusal—said he could get them elsewhere—that people who had rooms to let *must* let them for what they could get—he would look further. When he was gone away I began to reflect on his offer, and to suspect whether I had not done wrong. I saw the truth of what he said, and that I *must* let my house at whatever people would give, or do worse. He came back in the evening, and in a very brusque way, said :—

“What do you pay for this house?”

“Sixty pounds, including everything.”

“Too much—but say sixty—there are ten rooms—bating the kitchens, as common to the whole house, there are eight left for hire—eights in sixty—that’s seven pound ten a room, empty—come, I don’t mind doubling it for furniture and attendance, if you give me my choice of the rooms—say twelve shillings a week.”

Though internally resenting this mode of calculation, I was too anxious to make a beginning to venture to offend him. As a matter of course, he chose the front parlour and the best bed-room—and, leaving a deposit, agreed to send his luggage on the morrow. He came, and remained with me two years, at the end of which time he was seduced away by a promising advertisement, in one of the daily papers, offering the same accommodation, with “partial board” into the bargain, at the same price. He was a north-countryman, attached to the London department of a Manchester house, at a salary of £400 a year, every farthing of which it was his boast that he banked regularly as he

received it, paying the whole of his personal expenses from the proceeds of his perquisites, which need not have been very considerable for that purpose. Though he stood fair before the world, his moral character was indescribably loathsome and abhorrent, and I felt relieved when he went away.

A few days after he had arrived, a stout, ecclesiastical-looking personage, of about fifty, having a languishing lady on his arm, and followed by a Moorish-looking man, in rather doubtful garb, knocked boldly at the door, and demanded to see the drawing-rooms. The girl showed them up. The lady then threw herself upon the sofa and declared she would not search any further, as the house was tolerable, and she was exhausted with the labour they had gone through. The gentleman, who handed me a card, inscribed the "Rev. Mr. Something," agreed to the terms I proposed for the drawing-room floor and an additional bed-room for "Queero," so they called the blackamoor, whom, the gentleman accommodatingly observed, I might put where I chose, as he could sleep anywhere, and was not given to complain of his quarters. They took possession of the rooms at once, the lady remaining on the sofa, while the gentleman and Queero set off in a cab to fetch their luggage from the hotel where they had been staying for a few days, having recently arrived in England. On their return, Queero, having stowed away their trunks and packages, was ordered into the kitchen, an arrangement for which I had not bargained, but against which, finding the man could speak no English, and that he was not, from his attractions, likely to entangle the affections of my maid of all work, I did not think proper to object. Here he was proud to make himself useful, and after cleaning his master's boots and clothes, would draw water, scour knives or pots, or do anything—grinning and chattering the while in the most laughable and incomprehensible way, vastly to the amusement of my two little boys, whom after a few days it was impossible to keep away from him. He ate

his meals in the kitchen, after his master and mistress had sent down the dishes; and had an appetite that was never satisfied so long as anything remained to be consumed.

I do not pretend to be void of the curiosity which is said to be characteristic of the sex, and I will confess to puzzling myself a good deal to no purpose on the score of Queero. It was so strange a position which the man, who was a mere savage, occupied, that I could not make it out. The reverend gentleman, his master, never spoke to him but with an assumption of the greatest dignity, while his mistress loathed the very sight of him, and would not have passed him on the stairs, or approached him closely, for any earthly consideration; though she tolerated his presence in the drawing-room, upon occasions, like one submitting to unavoidable tortures. These occasions were invariably when visitors arrived, when Queero always formed one of the party, and jabbered long and loudly in his native dialect, in reply to questions from his reverend patron in the same tongue. When the guests were gone he descended again to the kitchen—but two or three times in the week he dressed himself in a gentlemanly suit and rode out with his master early in the evening, not returning till late at night.

The mystery came out at last. My commercial lodger happening one evening to follow the crowd into a great public meeting, was startled by the spectacle of Queero on the platform in the character of an African Prince, addressing the assembly with an enthusiasm which, combined with most rapid gesticulations, threw him into a violent perspiration, and the audience into a rapture of delight. The reverend Something stood by his side, and interpreted his address to the assembly. My informant was very jocose on the subject—wondered where the missionary had bagged the prince—and set himself earnestly to calculate the profits of the speculation, which he estimated at an enormous sum, and marvelled where it all went to. I wish to make no

remarks on this serious matter, as I am incapable of judging of such things; but if the man was a prince in his own country, as the parson, in my hearing (for I was curious enough to go and witness Queero's performance) said he was, I think it is rather hard that he should have been compelled to turn shoe-black in ours. This remarkable triad remained with me three months; and though the lady could do nothing for herself but talk and ring the bell, which latter she would do twenty times a day to summon the servant to poke the fire, I was sorry when they went away, as they paid me well and punctually.

Before they had left, I had let my remaining bed-room, with the use of my own sitting-room, to a teacher of languages, who came in and went out at all hours of the day and night too, having stipulated for a latch-key. For months before I got used to it, I lay awake whenever he was out, till I heard him let himself in and go to bed; but this feeling passed away in time, and I learned to sleep whenever leisure could be found for so unprofitable employment of time. A few weeks after the missionary had left, the drawing-rooms were taken by a new-married couple—the husband a clerk in a mercantile house. Their rounds of visiting and receiving visits led to a succession of late hours and vigils on my part which laid me up at length with fatigue. When, after a fortnight's illness, I rose from my bed, I found that my teacher of languages—he was a German—had departed without paying his bill, leaving me his creditor to the extent of nearly seven pounds. I had never seen any of his money, as he had proposed paying quarterly when his pupils paid him. Shortly after this, the young couple, anticipating parental duties, hired a small cottage and removed to it. They were succeeded in less than a month by two friends, clerks in a banking-house, who passed their evenings generally in smoking and fiddling together, varied with card-parties in winter time. These

two young gentlemen understood economy, if one may judge of their practice within doors, to perfection. They never breakfasted on Sunday, because they dined with me at one o'clock, at the cost of eighteen pence a head. At Michaelmas, one of them had a goose sent him, and made me a present of it, mentioning, at the time, that he should take the liberty of inviting his partner and the gentleman in the front parlour to dinner on Sunday when it would be dressed. The accompaniments to the goose, together with the pastry, cost me nine shillings: the three gentlemen cleared the whole, with the exception of the little which I ate myself, and thus my dinner cost me six times the amount they were accustomed to pay for theirs, while the liberal donor plumed himself on his generosity. I dared not hazard a hint of the different notions I entertained, for fear of offending and losing my lodgers.

In the room of the teacher of languages came the secretary to a benevolent society, a man of a very religious turn. He agreed to board with me (taking his dinner on week-days in the City), at the lowest charge which with safety I could name. His acquaintance among religious people in the neighbourhood was pretty large, and he was often absent at meals; but lest I should gain by this, he kept an accurate register of every meal he missed, and balanced them off by inviting a party of ten or a dozen to tea or supper, when he had sufficient arrears outstanding to enable him to exhibit such hospitality without a demand on his purse. Being, in his way, a conscientious man, he felt some qualms that his guests should sweeten their grog with my sugar; but recollecting that when he was absent I sat without a fire, he told me that I should consider the coals thus saved a fair set-off against the lumps of sugar consumed by his friends, who he had not the sense to see were really entertained at my expense. He married, after three months' courtship, a lady of property; and, I have no doubt, takes excellent care of it.

At parting, this careful Christian recommended a traveller to a firm in the City to take his place—at the same time cautioning me to make the necessary inquiries, as he made it a point to be responsible for nobody. This traveller, who was but a sorry sort of fellow, stayed three months, often lying in bed the whole of the day, having been discharged by the firm, and waiting for a new engagement. He never paid me a farthing, and when at last he got an appointment in Manchester, walked off without even saying that he was going, leaving nothing behind him but an empty trunk, value three-and-sixpence.

At the end of my first year I began to review my speculation, and drew out as well as I could a debtor and creditor account of my affairs for the past twelvemonth. The landlord of my house had assured me that the rent and taxes together would be under £60, and I found them accordingly to be £59 18s. 6d. My whole receipts from lodgers had been £129 12s. 0d., out of which I had paid £10 for wages to servant, £12 12s. 0d. for wood and coal, leaving £47 1s. 6d. to pay for the maintenance of four persons, the partial board of the lodgers, and incidental expenses. The reader will not be surprised to hear that I had drawn considerably upon my little stock of money, and that I looked forward to the final close of the speculation in no very hopeful spirit.

The second year brought experience with it, and the dearly-bought knowledge of a multitude of shifts and contrivances to save a penny by the avoidance of expenditure. I knew by this time that the proper education of my boys was not to be thought of, and sent them to a cheap day-school, where, for five shillings a quarter each, they were roughly taught the elements of commercial knowledge. I have never been able to do more for them in that way; and up to the last twelve months, that is for more than seven years, I have made all their clothing with my own hands.

I need not go on with the catalogue of the different cha-

racters who have done me the honour of making my house their home. I have had, during the period of my servitude, men of all professions under my roof. Far be it from me to deny that I have met with kindness and generosity where I had no reason to expect, much less right to demand it. But my experience upon the whole is not very creditable to that section of human nature which lives in lodgings. I derive that impression not so much from any outraged feelings of my own—the world I move in having long since taught me that such things as feelings are not recognised in one of my condition—as from the information of my ledger, which shows an average of bad debts amounting to something over fourteen per cent. upon my entire receipts; and, from the state of my savings'-bank book, which shows that less than ten pounds remains to be drawn out, the last relic of the two hundred which comforted me and gave me courage at the commencement of my career of "landlady." Candour compels me to say that a most disproportionate share of defaulters in my case are literary men, or, perhaps, I should call them "booksellers' hacks," who live or starve, as it may happen, by the labour of their brains.

The end of my landladyship is drawing nigh. Without a fund in store, it is impossible that I can continue to furnish bed and board, for less than they cost, to the houseless public. I have spent the best days of my life, and the whole of my little substance, in providing for their accommodation—and now, after nine years of such toil and anxiety as no Carolinian negro ever endured, *the widow's house is devoured*. My two boys are not educated, but they are grown big enough to labour, and, for a small premium each, will be taken out of my hands and taught to work hard at an honest trade. The premiums I must pay by the sale of my furniture, which is well nigh worn out in the service of those who, having none of their own, have abused it on the most disinterested principle. It is good for little else now

than the hammer of the auctioneer, who will consign it a prey to the broker. When it is gone, and transformed into an outfit for my dear boys, I shall consult the columns of the *Times* for a situation that will suit me. I feel already exhilarated by the bare thought of emancipation from the lot and the load which has weighed me down so long, and which, while compelling me to act as the ever grateful recipient of obligations without number, has broken my spirit and beggared my resources. As housekeeper—as maid of all work—as cook in a respectable family, I may retain my self-respect, and indulge the consciousness that the philosophers who in our day instruct mankind in the truths of life, regard me as something better than that canting, lying, thieving, drunken specimen of filthy and degraded humanity which, according to their unanimous verdict, lets lodgings.

CROCODILE COURT.

CROCODILE COURT is a second-rate court, debouching at one end in a third-rate street, which, on Saturday nights is a fourth-rate market, and at the other in a lane. The lane leads to nowhere particular, unless it be to the gin-shop at the end, one side of which sends its flashing illumination at night-time far down the darksome labyrinth, where squalor and misery crouch from public view, while the other turns a magnificent and hilarious face upon a splendid street, as if utterly unconscious that there are such things as squalor and misery in the world. The court itself may be about a furlong in length, and averages some nine or ten feet in width, and its area, until it comes to the entrance of the lane, where you suddenly turn a corner, is supposed to be paved over the entire surface, with the exceptions, of course, of the little gratings which give light to the cellars below. We say "supposed," because a good number of the flags have mysteriously disappeared, leaving little square patches of moist earth, which agreeably chequer the ground, chess-board fashion, and are moreover exceedingly convenient in affording material for the development of the fictile genius of a limited band of urchins, playfully denominated the young crocodiles, the aborigines of the locality. The readiness with which, after a shower of rain, these little Pre-Raphaelites will get up a batch of mud-pies—transform the whole into a Malakoff—make a redoubt out of a broken dish, and bombard the "Rooshins" with pellets of clay, is striking to behold; and the spectacle of their patriotism might warm the heart of the

war minister, if the sight of their hapless filth and friendliness did not send a chill through the official cartilage.

The aspect of the court is not fascinating to a casual visitor. Like many other valuable subjects of study, it only surrenders its treasures to the man of patient observation, who will take the pains to penetrate beneath its unpromising surface. On entering it from the street, you have to pass through a covered way, which is flanked on one side by a gin-shop and on the other by a pawnbroker's window, and a pawnbroker's side-door which admits the hypothecative philosopher into a box, which is emphatically not a witness-box, where, with the aid of another philosopher skilled in the logic of a peculiar school, he may solve the problem his poverty propounds. We cannot pause to investigate what connexion there may be between the "bottle-department" on our right and the three golden balls on our left, especially as we have to elbow our way through a dozen or so of the inhabitants of the court, to whom the shelter of the covered entrance, fragrant as it is with the alcoholic odours of the gin-shop, seems a favourite rendezvous, where they meet to gossip and look out upon the world at large.

The architecture of Crocodile Court, when you get into it, strikes you as decidedly of the mixed order. It is plain that a number of builders combined a variety of talents in its construction—that each built as high as he could, and stopped when he had no money to carry him higher. The brick walls would be brown if they were not black; the windows would be of glass if they were not half of them of brown paper varied with rags of no colour at all; and the woodwork would yet wear a coat of white paint, had not the rain without and the worm within—the wet-rot and the dry-rot—crumbled it and sluiced it and stripped it of every vestige of its original hue. Yet here and there, amidst the general mass of decay and disrepair, you may discern the individual evidences of neatness and attempts at comfort and even

decency, not to say respectability of appearance. Here a tenant of a first-floor has painted his sash, and, in spite of surrounding example, luxuriates in whole squares of glass; and a dweller in a front parlour actually cleans her windows, and parades a bit of muslin blind as a fence against popular curiosity. Such indications of gentility are, however, but few, and it is possible they are looked upon with a jealous eye by the aggregate crocodiles, and only tolerated in consideration of ancient privilege and long standing on the part of the owners. Let us look around now, and make acquaintance with some of the component parts of this characteristic microcosm, and see what is to be got out of them.

“The first and foremost man of all the world”—the world of Crocodile Court—and the most formidable crocodile of the whole brood, is undoubtedly, Mr. Brassy, the marine-storeman. Brassy is a man who has seen nearly three-score summers, during the whole of which time he and his unhappy parent (who in '41 went to Australia, and there died) have kept the rubbishy shop in which he is content to sit from morning to night, waiting the arrival of customers who come to buy and to sell. Brassy's shop is a museum of everything that is worth little or nothing—of old iron, old copper, old brass, old tools, old panels of oak and mahogany, old cranks and cogwheels and fragments of incomprehensible machines, to which you may add the rusty keys of forty thousand perished locks, and coils of rope and shreds of broadcloth strung together in huge mops upon wires. Nobody would imagine, from the contemplation of Brassy's stock, or from his face, which is just as hard and impenetrable and rusty, or from his garb, for which Monmouth Street would hardly make room—that he could possibly do anything better than live from dirty hand to dirtier mouth, without being able to afford the luxury of soap. And yet the fact is, that Brassy is a man of substance, the owner of half the houses in the court which are worth having and in

decent repair. It is whispered by those who dare not speak out, that he has an extensive connexion among that class of society who excel in secret appropriation, among whom he bears the soubriquet of captain of the fencibles—and that the police always have their eye upon him. If so, we can only say that the police do not enjoy a very pleasant prospect, for Brassy is an ill-looking fellow, and, as if conscious of the fact, loves to lurk unseen in the darkest recess of his den. There is no Mrs. Brassy, which perhaps is not to be regretted, and there are no young Brassys, a thing also not to be regretted; but there is a ferocious wall-eyed bull-terrier, who sometimes keeps shop—and we should say keeps it effectually—while his master is absent or engaged with blow-pipe and crucible below stairs.

Next door to the marine-store is the rag and bone shop—the moist and mouldy, and a trifle marrowy, abode of Bridget McFinn, a sister of the sister isle, who addresses all whom it may concern with the polite appeal, “Plees to rekleck! at this shop you gets 2*d.*, for seven poun of bones, and 3*d.* a poun for best linning rags;” to which she appends a delicate allusion to dripping and kitchen-stuff, which we shall not quote *literatim*. Bridget’s shop-window is stuffed up, to the utter exclusion of such daylight as the narrow court would afford, with a conglomerate of clouts and rags, and the concave bottoms of phials and bottles, among which are distinguishable, here and there, odd remnants of decayed finery, such as scraps of ragged lace and trimming, crushed and crumbled ends of ribbon, a cracked cameo torn from its setting, or an old hair bracelet wanting the snap. Her patrons are the abigails and cooks and scullions of a pretty extensive district, among whom she is a bit of a favourite, being an accomplished gossip and not given to haggle for trifles. In addition to her shopkeeping, Bridget drives another trade as a landlady—the upper part of her house being the refuge of her wandering countrymen, whom she will

receive in any numbers and for any consideration they can afford to pay, or, for the matter of that, for no consideration at all, rather than turn them, as she has been heard to phrase it, "to the windy side o' the door bekase there was no money to the fore." Whether Mrs. McFinn unites her two professions in one speculation—whether the rags and bones and dripping of the London kitchens go to solace the stomachs and backs of the Irish immigrants, is a question which we are in no condition to solve, not thinking ourselves bound to push inquiry in that direction. But she is a thrifty dame, and has thriven to the extent of seventeen stone at least.

If you were to peep over the bit of white muslin curtain mentioned above, it is more than probable that you would get a glimpse of Betsy Spiller, sitting at a table covered with scarlet, violet, or almond-coloured silk, just fresh from the loom, the gorgeous hues of which are quite out of keeping with everything around. Miss Spiller is a character in her way: she is a determined and active little body, bound up in a dress so tight that you might almost imagine she kept herself packed ready for carriage by the Parcels Delivery, and so defiant of present fashions that you would have to go back thirty or forty years to find anything like it in the never-ending mutations of female costume. There is a mystery about her which the curiosity of the court has given up the attempt to fathom: all they know of her is, that she has seen better days—a fact of which they are certain because she "talks dictionary," and resents in a dignified way any grossness or familiar impertinence. Miss Spiller, as the neat card in her window informs you, gets her living by straining silk fronts for cabinet and cottage piano-fortes. In this ingenious branch of industry, which is not usually performed entirely by females, she is known to excel, and in consequence she is rarely idle. If she be not gathering up the silk in fanciful folds or starry rays with her needle, you are pretty sure to hear the tap-tap of her little hammer driving the

tacks into the wooden frame; and if she is doing neither, it is because she has locked up her room and is off to the piano-forte makers to carry home her work and fetch more. Her neat hand is so well known in the trade, that a dealer will tell her work at a glance. Poor Betsy lives all alone. She has no personal charms to boast: they have vanished behind the veil of fifty years, and she knows that perfectly well. What is that life-history which has vanished with them? whose were the familiar faces that smiled upon her infancy and childhood? what were the buoyant hopes and loves of her "youth's age," and in what grave do they lie buried? and from whence came the shafts of calamity which cast her from her proud position, and landed her, lone and friendless, in Crocodile Court? Betsy Spiller will work her fingers to the bone—will ply needle and thread and hammer and tacks to the last—but she would not respond to these inquiries.

A little farther on, past the potato and coal shed, well known to the Irish labourer, who for twopence can get three pounds of "murphies," and for a penny more buys seven pounds of coals to cook them with—past the broker's, whose goods have been broken fifty times and as often mended—past the "MANGLING DONE HERE" of Mrs. Grinder, whose vast machine, "its bowels filled with stones," is constantly groaning and thumping and creaking under her vigorous hands—and we come upon the establishment of dapper little Dennison, who keeps the "halfpenny shaving shop." A halfpenny is the standard price for a shave in Crocodile Court, and no one wearing a beard would think of paying more; and, what is worse for Denny, there is not a single beard among his customers that submits to the operation more than once a week—on Saturday night, that is, or on early Sunday morning. The population of the court includes, it is probable, above two hundred beards, and with very few exceptions, Denny has the handling of the lot; and, moreover,

there are the dwellers in the lane, who patronise him to a certain extent, so that between five o'clock on the Saturday and noon on the Sunday (for in Crocodile Court no day of rest dawns), upon a moderate estimate he lathers and reaps three hundred chins. He is an active little man, and so he had need be to get through his grand field-day in creditable style. Of course, he does them in bulk, lathering four or five in succession, and leaving the first lathered to soften in the saponaceous cream while he proceeds with the rest. He is rich in a peculiar kind of experience—talks learnedly of the Irish epidermis, and of the deadly effect upon razors of the grit that gets into bricklayers' chins. He chooses his blades, he will tell you, for their substance, preferring at least a third of an inch in the back—"you can't shave a dustman with a thin blade—for why? the edge will be sure to turn up wiry."

Denny's shop, at any time between six and twelve on the Saturday night, presents a characteristic spectacle. Denny himself is a voluble talker, and, being in addition a practical politician and a radical of the extreme school, and making it a point of duty to be up in all the news of the day, his hebdomadal synods are never dumbfounded for want of a subject of discussion. There you may see grave beards, lathered and unlathered, wagging on grave matters with an orderly decorum that might be imitated with advantage in "another place;" and if Denny should stop the peroration of an orator by suddenly seizing him by the nose, 'tis all in the way of business, and no one dreams of offence. We can assure our readers that the war question is well understood at the halfpenny shaving shop, where it is discussed with becoming temper, and with most unanimous concurrence in the policy of paying its cost with an income-tax. What the halfpenny shaver does with himself all the rest of the week does not appear. He can't keep birds, as many barbers do, for the birds have taken a prejudice against living in Crocodile Court, and if you bring them there they die. There is

but little hair-cutting in his domain, and not much to be got by the dressing of ladies' fronts where the ladies are in the habit of carrying fruit, fish, and vegetables on their heads—and he is not skilful in the manufacture of wigs. We have a notion that he spends the bulk of his time in spelling over every newspaper he can lay hold of, and in honing and strapping his stock of razors for the weekly harvest of beards.

Right opposite to little Dennison's is Brimmer's lodging-house, where "good accommodation for travellers," if Mr. Brimmer is to be believed, is to be had for threepence a night—and no trust. The character of the accommodation is not so good, we fear, as to challenge criticism. The travellers who take up their abode there, are of a very various kind—chiefly travellers by day through London streets, and of that multitudinous class who rise in the morning without knowing, or much caring, where they shall lay their heads at night. Brimmer lives, and drinks from a black bottle, in the front parlour, and sits there at night with the door open to levy the oboli from all who pass in. He professes clean sheets once a month, and an annual entomological battue; but, in a candid mood, he will advise an unseasoned visitor that his rest will be best secured by burning a candle all night.

Close to Brimmer's there sits a spectral cobbler, in a little open shed, pounding away at the heel of a patched blucher, to which he is fitting an iron shield. In front of him, on a narrow board, are a selection of shoes for both sexes, glimmering with black-lead, and gaping with cracks. The whole look as though they had been rescued from the dust-box and vamped up for sale, and such is probably their history. It is plain that the cobbler is half ashamed of them, and it is but charity to suppose that he exhibits them rather as emblems of his craft than as saleable merchandise.

Next to the cobbler is a cobbling bookbinder, whom we

chance to catch in the very act of sawing a score of notches in the back of a great folio bible, and letting in shreds of twine with glue to hold the leaves together, to save himself an hour's labour in honestly sewing the book. We could reprove the knave for his irreverent chicanery, and feel half inclined to do it; but his bloated face and rubicund nose turn up fiercely at the remonstrance we throw him, and we quicken our pace to escape from a torrent of vehement abuse that comes thundering from his mouth.

Towards the end of the court we hear the whirring of a lathe, and come upon a turner and his boy up to their chins in shavings, and engaged in the operation of transforming a bundle of old mopsticks, silk-rollers, and what not, into so many gross of pill-boxes, to which the boy is fitting the lids, working the treddle the while, as fast as they are whirled off.

Then we are suddenly charmed with a delicate group of wax flowers, cunningly modelled by a poor cripple, who exhibits them beneath a bell-glass in a little window that looks towards the lane. His productions are sold by his mother to the shop-keepers for what they will fetch, and sometimes to the ladies in whose dwellings she periodically officiates as char-woman.

Besides the professionals above mentioned, the court has its tinker, who departs on his rounds regularly in the morning and comes back in the gloaming, when he is too often seen staggering homewards under a burden heavier than his pots and soldering-iron and extinguished fire; and is apt, once in the court, to pitch himself down at anybody's door to sleep off his potations. Then there is the blind fiddler and his amazonian wife, well fitted to fight her sightless husband's battles. This pair are absent sometimes in summer for weeks and months together, patrolling the country far and wide; and the return from these excursions is usually celebrated in the court by a gratuitous concert.

Then there is lone Widow Green, the glove-cleaner and bonnet bleacher, who is half bleached herself by the fumes of sulphur, and half sick with the smell of turpentine, and who dwells in a topmost garret, and only emerges like a pale phantom at night, to communicate with her patrons or to do her indispensable marketing.

But enough of the professionals: it is possible that we have not enumerated one half of them; yet, taken all together, they would not make a tithe of the whole population, who swarm in Crocodile Court as thick as bees in a hive. In every room there is a family, save in those where there are two or more: when the weather is fine, the windows aloft are choked with feminine busts and fat folded arms, and hundreds of glib tongues keep up a flying conversation, not always over complimentary, from side to side and from ground-floor to garret. And in addition to all these there is that migratory host to whom the hospitality of Brimmer and Mrs. McFinn, and one or two other less pretentious caravanseries, offer a fortuitous shelter on their wanderings. The most effectual way of obtaining an adequate idea of the whole population would be, perhaps, to visit the court on a washing-day: then the natural gloom of the place is deepened by the display aloft of unnumbered banners formed of every imaginable species of feminine and infantine attire, and of tattered domestic napery a whole forest, among which are beheld straggling in air no inconsiderable number of those bifurcated appendages *quæ maribus tribuuntur*. Then it is that Crocodile Court is under a cloud—that a warm and somnolent reek issues from a thousand broken panes and open windows—that the covered gallery of observation is more than usually crowded and the gin-shop at the corner more than usually busy. The court itself, and the door-ways of each house especially, are thronged with the lords of the creation, driven forth by the steaming suds, and there they stand or lounge in their shirt-sleeves,

smoking their short pipes, and bandying talk with one another, while the children, barefooted, unkempt, and dirty-faced, roar and squeal, and squabble and riot, and play and grovel in the dust at their feet. "Is it possible," you ask yourself, "that all this throng has its home within these dingy walls?"

But who is this meagre starveling of a boy, lean, lanky, and leaden-eyed, whose yellow skin is stranger to a shirt, whose swollen ankles emerge from the wrecks of a pair of cut-down man's boots—whose jacket and trousers are one mass of tatters, and whose matted black hair trails like the mythological snakes of the Gorgon on his fleshless neck?

"Hallow, Shanks!" bawls a voice in greeting.

The juvenile anatomy turns half round, and, without taking his hands from his pockets, glares with his large grey eye upon the speaker, an Irish labourer.

"Got anything to eat, Shanks?"

"No," says the poor boy, qualifying the answer with an ejaculation we shall not repeat—"give us something."

"I'm hard up meself," says the man. "Ax mother McFinn."

"She give me a dinner isterday," says Shanks, "for cleanin' out the cellar."

"Give Brassy a chance, then."

"No I shan't; Brassy sets the dog on me."

"The thief o' the wurruld! But you had a raal dinner yesterday, Shanks."

"Ah, I did," replies Shanks—"and I can wait, I 'spose, till I git a job."

This colloquy takes place in front of the little parlour window of Betsy Spiller. Anon, the bit of muslin blind is seen to flutter and shake, and then the sash flies up with a sudden jerk, and Betsy's thin white lady's hand is thrust forth with a penny between the finger and thumb, and her thready voice is heard calling to Shanks:—

"Go and buy bread, poor boy," she says; and as Shanks snatches the coin, and pulls an acknowledgment at his thatch of hair, the window falls again, and Betsey is no more seen.

"Shanks," says the Irishman, "you're in for a buster this time, anyhow; long life to the lady; sure the gentle blood's the thing."

Shanks disappears in the direction of the baker's who lives round the corner; and while he is gone we may wind up our sketch with a brief recital of his biography.

Poor Shanks is a waif of Crocodile Court. In the court he was born some twelve years ago. The cholera of 1849, which made awful work among the crocodiles, carried off both his parents, and left him to the mercy of strangers. The poor woman who shared the one room of the dead father and mother, took charge of the boy, and for two years maintained him from the proceeds of a fruit-stall. She was ignorant or criminal enough to barter fruit for stolen goods, was tried for felony, and transported. The boy was then taken to the workhouse by the parish authorities, and entered under the name of Shanks, a soubriquet conferred on him by the court, in allusion to the length of his legs. Shanks justified the cognomen by running away, and returning to his old haunt, where he has lived, or rather starved, ever since. How he keeps life in him is not easily explained. All we know is, that he is always ready to do anything for anybody, for any reward, however small. He will lug the drunken tinker to his lair—he will turn Mrs. Grinder's mangle and wheel out her barrow—he will scrub stairs and swill cellars—he will lead the blind fiddler on his rounds when the wife is too ill, or too something else, to do it—and sometimes he will don a clean apron which Betsy Spiller keeps for the purpose, and carry home her handiwork for her to the warehouse or shop. He has no enemy in the court, unless it be Brassy—and the fact of this man's dislike

to him, we have a suspicion, tells more in the boy's favour than against him. May circumstances be propitious to poor Shanks!

"But where," says the curious and compassionate reader—"where is Crocodile Court? I cannot find it in the map, and it is not down in the Directory."

No, my worthy and comfortable friend, it is not down in the map, and the authority of the Directory will not guide you to it. We will give you a plainer direction than either of these—a direction often proffered but rarely accepted—and which in all likelihood you will not accept from us. Here it is, however, at a venture. *Follow your nose.* Now you know you never *do* follow your nose when it affords you any disagreeable premonitions, but you turn off in a contrary direction. So long as you persist in doing that, you will never see Crocodile Court, and must be content to take your information of such places at second hand—from the city missionary, who fearlessly proceeds wherever his duty leads him—from the sanitary commissioner, who does the same—and from such humble scribblers as we are, who do not disdain to imitate their example. In answer to the question, Where is Crocodile Court? we will ask, Where is it not? that is, in what quarter of London, inhabited by the labouring and struggling masses, is it not to be found? To be serious, it is a reproach to our metropolis, that so many Crocodile Courts should exist in the vicinity of respectable streets, without the inhabitants of the latter aiming to bring to bear upon them the ameliorating agencies of sanitary improvement and moral and religious instruction.

COMMERCIAL ART.

FROM some cause or other, which we are unwilling to account for by the alleged and admitted inferiority of the English people as judges and patrons of the fine arts, it happens, that when in our walks through London streets, we are greeted with the spectacle of art officiating as the hand-maid of commerce, a demand is less frequently made upon our admiration, than upon some other and very opposite sentiment. It is not so among neighbouring nations. Partly from the fact, that a knowledge of the principles of art is more general upon the continent than it is with us, and that, therefore, owing to a larger demand, the productions of art are much cheaper, we find there the artist seriously allying himself with the trader, and, free from that assumption of consequence which shuts him out from such employment in England, doing his best to promote the interests of trade. Looking only to the outward and visible evidences of this sensible and brotherly union, we find in the continental cities frequent specimens of tradesmen's signs, sometimes painted on the plastered wall, sometimes in compartments on the shutters, fully equalling in design and execution many of the pictures which from year to year are exhibited on the walls of the Royal Academy. A young London artist would feel himself disgraced by such an exercise of his talent; a young Parisian would eagerly accept the commission, and execute it with the utmost care, prizing the opportunity for a public appeal for what he stands most in need of—the public approbation. The difference of the professional feeling in this

respect between the artists of England and those of France, is manifest in the superiority of the French commercial signs and emblems, through all their grades, from the imposing compositions of some of the large establishments, down to the single bottle and glass of the *eau-de-vie* shops—all are executed with a degree of fidelity and finish unknown in the corresponding performances at home. It was not always so. Commercial art once flourished in London to an extent unknown, perhaps, in any other city in the world. Little more than a hundred years ago, every tradesman of any note in the city had his sign painted and emblazoned in a good style, regardless of expense, and by the best painter who could be induced to execute the task. Hogarth himself is known to have painted signs; and, later, Morland did not disdain to liquidate his tavern score by the same means. The signs in Hogarth's day, as is evident from the views of various parts of the metropolis to be found in his prints, projected into the road, some of them clearing the foot-pavements altogether, and threatening the roofs of the passing carriages. It was this growing obstruction that led to their abolition, a decree being passed that they should not project beyond a certain limit. This law, together with the new practice of numbering the houses of every street, was almost the death-blow of the sign-painter's art in England: the demand from publicans and tavern-keepers, who nearly alone continued to exhibit them, was not sufficient to remunerate the profession, and it gradually declined, and passed into the hands of the house-painters—to not a few of whom it has served as a stepping-stone, by developing a talent which might otherwise have remained latent, and the exercise of which has raised them to the rank of artists.

Within the last dozen years or so, symptoms have become manifest in various quarters, not so much of a return to the old system of sign-boards, as of a renewed appreciation of art, in another and modified form, as an auxiliary to business.

The age has grown wondrously pictorial during the reign of her present Majesty—and the shop-windows, which are the invariable indices of progress, in whatever direction, have become, to some small extent, galleries for the exhibition of a new kind of art, serving the same purpose as a sign, but conceived in a more comprehensive spirit, and intended, without doubt, to proclaim the liberal tastes of the dealer, as well as modestly to suggest the merits of his wares. The most numerous of the works of this kind are those exhibited in the windows of the humbler sorts of coffee-shops and eating-houses. They are not of very various design, and we have a suspicion that, numerous as they are, they are all, or nearly all, the works of one hand. The subject generally consists of a loaf, sometimes two loaves, of bread; a wedge of cheese on a plate of the willow pattern; a lump of “streaky bacon;” a cup, supposed to be full of coffee; a pat of butter on a cheese-plate; and a knife and fork. These are plainly tee-total emblems, and they are largely adopted by the temperance houses. Occasionally, however, a tankard of porter, with a foaming top like a cauliflower, or a glass of rich brown ale, is added, and perhaps a red herring, eloquent of a relish. Sometimes there are a couple of mice delineated in the act of nibbling the cheese, while a tabby cat, with formidable spiky whiskers, is inspecting the operation from a dark corner. Next to the coffee-shops, it would appear that the second and third-rate grocers are the greatest patrons of this new commercial school of art. They are seen to launch out with greater liberality, and patronise a higher style; conversation-pictures, as they are called, being most to their taste: these are generally representations of tea-parties, sometimes of staid British matrons, assembled round the singing kettle or the simmering urn, and exhaling, in bold Roman type, as they sip “the fragrant lymph,” extravagant encomiums in its praise, and grateful commendations to Mr. Spicer, for supplying them with it at the moderate

charge of only 4s. a pound. Sometimes it is a party of foreigners, perhaps of Chinese, engaged in picking, from a palpable gooseberry-bush in a garden, or drying or packing the tea in chests, directed to Mr. Spicer himself, Little Liquorpond Lane, London. A work of extraordinary pretensions, and which seems to be a great favourite, portrays a party of Bedouins in the Desert, bivouacking round a damask table-cloth, upon which is displayed a Staffordshire tea-service; with the aid of a Birmingham kettle and Sheffield knives, they are enabled to enjoy their repast in comfort. The artist has forgotten to give their nose-bags to the camels, which are allowed to mar the festivity of the scene, by looking coldly on with forlorn and fasting faces. The fishmongers deserve to rank next: though not so generally given to the public patronage of art, yet, when they do have recourse to it, it is in a respectable and serious way. The pedestrian in London will come now and then upon a really well-painted picture upon the wall or panel which flanks the fishmonger's inclined plane. It may be a group of fish in the grand style—salmon, cod, turbot, and ling, among which enormous crabs and lobsters seem dripping with the salt ooze. It may be a coast-scene, with the bluff fishermen up to their middles in the brine, dragging their nets upon the beach, which is covered with their spoils. It may be a stiff breeze at sea, in which the mackerel-boats, under a single sail, are bounding upon the billowy surge: but whatever it is, it is sure to be pretty well done, if done at the order of a fishmonger—it being a fact that art is cultivated and appreciated among the chapmen of Billingsgate, some of whom are the proprietors of collections of the modern masters, of which a nobleman might be proud. The fishing-tackle-makers, again, in addition to the varnished skins of fresh-water fish, preserved in glass-cases, have latterly taken up with works of art as illustrations of their craft and its pleasures. Groups comprising every fresh-water fish that swims,

always admirably painted so far as the fish themselves are concerned, and not unfrequently with good landscape backgrounds, are now to be seen in almost every respectable fishing-tackle-maker's window. Besides groups of fish, they exhibit pictures of angling-stations within a few hours' ride, at the furthest, from London, of which establishments they are the agents for the sale of subscription-tickets.

Recourse is also had to the arts by a very miscellaneous class of traders, from motives and with views much higher than the obvious ones of advertising their business. Thus a coal-agent will treat the public to a gratuitous panoramic exhibition, detailing the whole history and processes of the coal-trade, from the first descent in the mine in Yorkshire, to the delivery of the fuel in sacks to the cellar of the consumer in London—all capitably painted in a style that would do credit to Burford himself, and really conveying a course of instruction, receivable by the eye in a few minutes, which the reading of half a day would not so effectually have supplied. A shoemaker, with literary tendencies, paints up the shoes, and the precursors of, or substitutes for, shoes of all nations and all times, from the *calceamentum* of the ancient Romans, to the *sabot* of the modern Gauls—including all the strange and odd freaks and modifications of fashion which from every available resource he has been able to collect. A hatter will pursue a parallel course with hats and headgear. A shopkeeper with a biblical and patriarchal turn, surmounts his window with a representation of Noah's Ark, treated in the miraculous style—the said Ark being, according to the irrefragable evidence of perspective, of not more than twelve tons burden at the utmost, and having already disgorged from its open doors—from which a couple of elephants are emerging—a troop of indescribable quadrupeds, walking two and two, in a procession stretching miles away over the distant hills, in addition to an immense cloud of ornithology, principally the conventional crow, that nearly blots out the sky from the picture.

Now and then, a tradesman shows historical predilections. Some remarkable event of ancient or modern days—some battle, siege, earthquake, or terrible volcanic eruption is delineated in his shop-window as a background to his goods ; and the goods and the heroes or sufferers are so ingeniously mingled together, that whosoever contemplates the picture, must of necessity take both into his consideration, so that it may be that the storming of Seringapatam, the earthquake of Lisbon, the overwhelming of Pompeii, or the forcing of the North-west Passage, is indissolubly connected, in the spectator's mind, with the destruction of vermin by Jabez Dosem's Patent Cockroach Exterminator, or the newly invented heel-tips of Simon Bendleather.

Painting is thus, again, stooping to make progress along with the arts of buying and selling ; nor is the sister art of sculpture altogether discountenanced by the sons of trade. Here and there, the bust of some great man is found presiding over the stock of some petty shop. We have seen Sir Isaac Newton among piles of potatoes labelled "three pounds twopence," and Shakspeare and Milton imbedded among the thread, wax, heel-ball, and sparables of the retail leather-seller.

Commercial art takes a still more familiar form in the hands of the modeller, who, besides the manufacture of dummies which pass for real stock, has assigned to him the fabrication of colossal models for exhibition as signs, in which the small wit of the trader receives as large an embodiment as he chooses to pay for. Thus the "little boot" hoisted over the door of an ambitious disciple of St. Crispin, is about large enough for the Colossus of Rhodes ; and the "little dust-pan" which shuts out the light from the first-floor rooms of an aspiring tin-man, is broad enough to accommodate an average family tea-party, equipage and all : the "little cigar" is big enough for the topsail-yard of a frigate ; and the "little stick of sealing-wax" might do upon an emergency for the mast of her long-boat.

We are bound in candour to remark, that the most notable characteristic in what we have denominated Commercial Art, is its want of originality. All its professors seem to depend more upon one another than upon themselves, and continually reproduce each other's designs in preference to inventing new ones. The same thing is as manifest, and much more mischievously so, in art as applied to manufactures. It is true that, as respects designs merely ornamental, intended for repetition in paper-hangings and textile fabrics, &c., we have been for many years past making respectable progress, and may be said to possess a rising school of designers of our own; but of designs entirely pictorial, also, intended to be multiplied *ad infinitum*, and which are actually so multiplied, there is not one in a hundred to be met with which is not stolen, in whole or in part, from the works of established artists living or dead. These thefts are mostly committed without the licence or the knowledge of the proprietors of the copyright. The Potters are the most wholesale plunderers in this way, as their countless transcripts from the works of Landseer, Cooper, Ansdell, Bateman, &c., attest—numbers of which may be seen in any business street in London at any hour of the day. The manufacturers of papier-maché ornaments are just as unscrupulous in the use of what is not their own: thousands of pictures are painted monthly on these wares from the prints of Stanfield, Turner, Creswick, &c.—an original design by the artists employed being the rare exception. It would be easy for the proprietors of the copyrights in question to put an interdict upon these proceedings, and confine the manufacturers to their own resources; and it appears to us that they would further the interests of their own profession at once, and be eventually the means of infusing a leaven of art among the manufacturers themselves, were they to do so.

From the brief glance at the phases of art which are most

familiar to the view of the populace, we are forced to the conclusion, that, in spite of the rage for illustration, and the influence of that pictorial flood which has inundated our literature, less progress has been made in informing the popular taste than some of us are complacently disposed to admit. We are among the number of those who desiderate a universal appreciation of the higher qualities of art, and who regard the dissemination of true principles in relation to it among the people as an enterprise perfectly hopeful, because remunerative as well as practicable. What the press has done and is doing for literature, by rendering it cheap, abundant, and good, the press will also do for art, but neither so rapidly nor effectually, unless, and until its efforts are supplemented by practical teaching. To educate the eye, is always a slow process; but it is one that produces an important and valuable result, being, of all branches of education, that which best commends itself to the pupil. Unfortunately for the dwellers in English cities, most of the objects they gaze upon have a tendency to inure them to ugliness and ungracefulness; and this we take to be one principal reason why the perception of what is just and true in art is so rare among the masses of the population.

CHAP-PICTURES.

THE love of pictures, of representations of familiar or unfamiliar objects by outlines or colours, or both, if it be not a universal passion, is something very like it. The savage indulges it, in his way, as much as the man of education and refinement; in default of other means, he scores and tattoos designs upon his own skin or that of his fellows, and bedaubes his flesh with gaudy colours, making of himself the picture he loves to contemplate. All nations have had their pictorial representations; of not a few these have formed the national monuments and records; and of more, it may be, than we are aware of, they have been the originators of the alphabet, and thus the pioneers of literature. Perhaps the man was never born who, with the ordinary powers of vision, had not some taste, or, to say the least of it, some liking for art under some form or other, and who was not capable of deriving some instruction, as well as satisfaction, from gratifying that taste. We intend, with the reader's permission, to glance for a few moments at some of the popular methods, so far as they are traceable from present existing remains, which have been for a number of generations past in operation in our own country for supplying the humbler orders with the means of such gratification.

There was a time when comparatively few of our industrial classes could read, or cared to read; but there never was a time when they would not have looked with pleasure upon a picture. What were the household pictures, or

whether there were any at all to be found in the humbler dwellings of our land, even so late as the reign of Queen Elizabeth, we cannot undertake to say, but are inclined to think there was nothing of the kind; and that rude images and quaint casts or carvings constituted the only sort of domestic art familiar to the people. Though engraving on wood and copper has been practised for almost four hundred years, it would appear that, with the exception of such small specimens as were used for the illustration of a few books and ballads, but little of the engraver's work made its way to the mass of the populace. At anyrate we can meet with little or nothing now of a kind adapted for the walls of a cottage or humble residence, which dates further back than the close of the seventeenth century. We have a notion that the first commercial experiment in engraving pictures to meet a popular demand was made about that time. The works of the best continental engravers, and of the old etchers, were too expensive for general circulation; and, what is more, they were too learned for the general taste. To create a demand for pictures, it was necessary to descend to the comprehension of the multitude, and at the same time to give them enough for their money. The first popular engravings, judging from their style of execution, must have been exceedingly cheap. Probably they were not engraved upon copper, but upon some softer metal or admixture of metals; they were intended to be hung on the wall, portfolios being known only to artists and collectors; they were for the most part coloured, and were framed in a narrow black moulding. Among the oldest subjects now to be met with—and these must be looked for in the butler's parlour, or housekeeper's or servants' room of some old mansion in the country—are views of the palace and gardens of Versailles and of Fontainebleau, in which the old-fashioned trim gardens, as they existed once but exist no longer, are shown in a birds'-eye species of perspective not very correct.

The walks are mathematically squared or circled, the trees are cut into formal spires or pyramids, and the fountains spout in arches geometrically true. The figures are long-legged gentlemen with pigtails and powdered hair, collarless coats, waistcoats which repose on the hips, ruffles, and tremendously lanky swords; with these are ladies in exalted head-dresses, with wasp-like waists, and enormous swelling hoops below, and supporting themselves on heels of perilous height; in addition to the gentlemen, the ladies are attended by poodles with head and shoulders shaggy as a lion, and hind-quarters bare as a frog. Contemporaneous with these were garden-scenes something in the Watteau style, in which nature was allowed a little latitude, and Damon and Phyllis, in wig and hoop, danced together on the greensward, or posed themselves in picturesque attitudes beneath a shady tree by the running stream, or sent one another aloft in a swing, while the rest of the party picnicked together in the foreground.

Pictures of this sort—and most persons must have met with them in the course of their experience—did their work in paving the way for something better. Before Hogarth's time, conversation-pieces, and rude engravings of good pictures, had got into the market. They were mostly, however, too dear for the agricultural districts, where the people chose to buy, at a cheaper rate, a new class of subjects brought to them by the pedlers and hawkers, and which were nearly all illustrations of Old or New Testament history, or scenes from the martyrology. The trade in engravings of a popular description had assumed a degree of importance by the time that Hogarth came upon the scene; the advantage he derived from it, and the benefit he conferred upon art in this country in so doing, are well known. His unrivalled productions did not, however, save in exceptional cases, penetrate beyond the cities and larger towns; and it is a rare occurrence, even at the

present moment, to meet with one of his original plates in the country districts. They were not, in fact, cheap enough for the hawkers' and pedlers' market, and, in consequence, they remained unknown in the cottages and villages of the country.

But the country trade was not allowed to languish. It must have been somewhere about the time of Hogarth's death that some ingenious fellow, with an excellent eye to business, hit upon the mode of manufacturing those paintings on glass which for more than threescore years have deluged the country, and which even now are sold in considerable quantities, though the traffic in them has declined, according to the testimony of a rather extensive manufacturer, to less than one-twentieth of what it was within his recollection. These paintings, which the reader will immediately call to remembrance, are nearly all of two uniform sizes—14 inches by 11, or 14 inches by 22. They are what they profess to be—oil paintings on glass; and having an undeniable title to this description, they took amazingly with the common people, and sold in immense numbers. We may form some notion of the traffic from the fact that it is hardly possible even now to walk through a village or market-town without seeing them exposed for sale, or to enter the cottage of a poor man, or the farmer's kitchen, without finding a pair of them, and it will be oftener half-a-dozen, hanging on the walls. The smaller size predominates, the larger ones being comparatively rare—a circumstance which may be accounted for by their liability to fracture, the cheapest and thinnest glass being invariably used. Viewed at a little distance, they have a striking resemblance to old oil-paintings; they have all dark rich backgrounds—are mostly on sacred subjects—show strong contrasts of light and shade, and but a small variety of tints, for a reason which will be obvious presently. A slight blow cracks the thin glass, and then they are ruined until the pedler comes

round with a duplicate of the same subject, and for a couple of shillings or so makes all right again. We must not omit to notice one peculiarity in these glass-paintings. Though their number is legion, and their designs almost endless in variety, yet these are all, or nearly all, the property of the manufacturers; it is rare indeed that one meets with an instance of piracy from the works of living artists, or even of copies from standard and classical works—the only exceptions being in the case of single heads, such as Madonnas and Ecce Homos. It is but fair to state, however, that this recommendatory fact is not attributable to the honourable independence of the manufacturer—we shall not call him artist—so much as to the necessities of his trade, which drive him to the use of the simplest design and the fewest possible tints, in order to make the more profit. Most of these pictures are made in London, and the manufacturer generally has recourse to some struggling artist for his design, who, for a couple of guineas or so, will supply him with what he wants, and he can get the engraving done for even less.

The manner in which these paintings are produced is a mystery to all but the initiated; it is a riddle even to the practical artist; and it is possible that the reader who has tried to penetrate the secret, after puzzling his brain to no purpose, has given it up in despair. We shall take the liberty to make some revelations on the subject, which will clear up the enigma; and in order to do it effectually, we shall introduce our friends to the atelier of Mr. David Daubham, who at present holds a large share of the country trade in his hands.

Mr. Daubham's place of business is in Leather Lane, where, however, he is under no necessity of making any demonstration, and does not make any. His atelier is a roomy brick-chamber in the back yard, lighted from one whole side. Upon entering, we find Mr. Daubham engaged

in a warm discussion with a glass-dealer, upon a question of sixpence in the gross of "eleven-fourteens." Pending the settlement of the debate we look round, amid an odour of oil and strong varnish almost too much for our olfactories. A couple of girls and four or five lads are busy in the prosecution of their work. Before we have watched the several processes for five minutes, the whole art and mystery is as patent to us as it can be to Mr. Daubham himself. The glass being first cleaned, an operation in which extra carefulness does not appear to be necessary, the surface which is to receive the picture is rubbed completely over with a preparation of turpentine varnish. Upon this, as it dries rapidly, an impression from the engraved plate is laid, and rubbed firmly upon the glass with the palm. It is then left to dry till a batch of a hundred or so is done. The paper upon which the impression is taken is the flimsiest material that can be used, and is rubbed off by a momentary application of the sponge, leaving every line and touch of the print adhering to the varnish. But the varnish has not only fastened the ink of the print to the glass, it has also primed the glass for the reception of the colours. In this state, the squares of glass are stuck up on a kind of scaffolding which may be called the easel, with their faces to the light. The easel will hold a score of them at a time. Then each of the lads seizes a pot of colour and a brush, and sets to work at their rear. One covers all the faces and hands with flesh colour; another dabs on the greens; a third does browns—and so on, till all the tints are dabbed on and the glass is covered. The whole twenty do not take twenty minutes in the colouring, unless the tints are more numerous than they usually are. It seems unaccountable that any pleasing effect should be produced by such a process; but in fact, as the engraving supplies all the shading, the effect is not bad, considering all things; and there is no reason why really excellent pictures should not be produced by a similar

process, if it were thought worth while to improve it by cautious experiment—though it would be impossible to paint even a decent sky in such a way. Hasty and careless as the work appears, it will be easily conceived that a certain amount of dexterity is necessary in laying on the colours within the prescribed outline ; and it must be done quickly, lest the varnish be disturbed, in which case the colours would not adhere.

The pictures thus finished have only to be framed in order to be ready for the market. Mr. Daubham contracts for his frames with a firm in the neighbourhood, and finds that he has as much as he can do himself in putting the pictures into them—a job he does not choose to trust to his “hands,” who would break too many. The frames are of two kinds—wood, and shining lackered metal pressed into a sort of flowery pattern by a die. The far greater proportion of his goods are, however, sold to the trade unframed. The market-price was 9s. a dozen previous to the war, but has fallen a trifle since, though not so much as the demand. The wooden frames cost not quite the same—and seeing that these precious works of art are hawked at the present moment at from 6s. to 7s. the pair, it is clear that profit has not been lost sight of. The number of manufactories similar to Mr. Daubham’s, he tells us, is eight or ten, exclusive of the small shops of amateur dabblers in the trade who get up pictures of exceptional sizes at a low rate by working from exhausted plates purchased as old metal. Looking to the vast numbers which are and may be produced, amounting to several gross a week from a single workshop, we are puzzled to know what becomes of them, considering that the country demand has so greatly declined. “But,” says Mr. Daubham, “you don’t take into account the exportation. They goes abroad, sir. A hundred gross, at least, of my pictures goes to Catholic countries every year. Most of my plates is Catholic subjects—Madonnas and Martyrs, and the

blessed saints St. Francis, St. Januarius, St. Nicholas, St. Theresa, and so on. Then I've got twelve different Holy Virgins, and lots of subjects that is Catholic or Protestant, and will do for the home or export market either. I pack 'em without frames in racks made on purpose, and they travel safe enough. The poor people abroad likes to have their patron saint; and then they vows a picture to the Virgin perhaps, and so they get stuck up in churches. I've heard tell that you can see 'em in most of the churches in Italy, as well as in Spain and Portugal. I used to send twenty to thirty gross to Oporto every year, but the vine-disease has very much injured that trade, and I don't send half as many now. However, I've had a new plate engraved, and got out a new picture, called '*La Vièrge O Grap*;' that means 'the Holy Mother with the Grapes,' and I'm going to send a hundred gross of them out to Portugal to cure the vines—of course I warrant 'em to do the business. 'He! he!'" We commend Mr. Daubham's candid summary to the notice of book-making travellers and tourists, some of whom, if we are not very much mistaken, have dwelt with curious yet blundering minuteness upon these identical pictures, without conjecturing that in so doing they were describing the products of English industry. But we must leave the obliging Mr. Daubham to the prosecution of his trade, and take a look at another and more pretentious branch of equivocal art.

We have said that the home-trade in the productions of Mr. Daubham and his congeners, has of late greatly declined. This is not because the love of art has declined, but because it has become more ambitious—we can hardly say more discriminating. The glass-painting has at length been pretty generally discovered not to be the genuine thing; and oil-paintings on canvas are now extensively superseding the oil-paintings on glass. In the new trade, the Jews mingle very largely, and take the lead. They get up new frames

from old worn-out moulds, gild them with Dutch metal, clap a landscape of a good thumping size into them, and sell a pair of them for five-and-twenty shillings. They have a gorgeous appearance, and impart an air of luxury and grandeur to a poor man's cottage or a farmer's parlour, which pleases him none the less that it is barbarously out of keeping with all the rest of his domestic havings. The middle classes accept the same bait; and even in London, several thousands of such cheap wares are annually retailed. Nothing is more common in the streets of the suburbs than the spectacle of a wandering Jew, with a couple of pair of these tawdry pictures slung round his shoulders, back to back, and stopping to display them at positions favourable for effecting a sale. Both in London and in the country towns and villages, they are sold by the furniture-brokers in large numbers, and, like the paintings on glass, they too are exported—not to Catholic countries, where they would be a drug, but to the colonies, and especially to the emancipated negroes of the West Indies, who have a prodigious appetite for violent colours and gilding. The Jew-school of art is a peculiar one, and none can excel in it who have any conscientious scruples on the score of finish. About half-a-crown the square yard is the usual tariff paid to the artist—the employer finding the canvas. It is by no means indispensable that the canvas be covered by the painter, as, for the majority of subjects, the work is half done to his hands when he receives it. The artists' colourman has to look to this. For moonlights, which are great favourites, he primes the cloth with a blueish lead-colour tint, which answers for the sky—for sunsets, he primes with a vivid orange-colour—for rocky scenes, with a dark umber—for snow-pieces, with pure white; and so on, to spare the painter unnecessary labour and expense of paint. It is found that an adept in this wholesale style of art, notwithstanding the immense area he has to get over before he has

earned a guinea, will make a comfortable thing of it, and win more money than many a studious artist whose works have gained the applause of the critics. These pictures are not painted one at a time—that would never pay. One pallet is made to suffice for half-a-dozen or so of the same pattern, the whole of which will be generally finished in the day's work. We have known the trade so brisk in speculating times, that two batches per diem were exacted by a well-known Jew exporter from an expert practitioner, whose earnings, while the pressure lasted, could scarcely have been less than ten guineas a week.

We have remarked in the preceding paper,* that to educate the eye is a slow process. Nothing, in fact, seems to make less satisfactory progress among the common people, than the power of distinguishing what is true and good in art, from what is false and vicious. In spite of Art-unions, of cheap illustrated books, and myriads of pictorial periodicals and newspapers, the very feeblest designs in which have more truth and value than whole cargoes of the chap-pictures above described, we see the people running after this palpable rubbish because it has the appearance of a bargain. The worst of it is, that the classes we generally term the uneducated, are by no means alone in this kind of preference: the vile daubs above described are found not only in the dwellings of the poor and uncultivated, but, with broader frames and more luxurious gilding, in the houses of persons with some pretensions to fashion and taste. People who would not be seen abroad in an ill-cut coat, or a bonnet a month behind the mode, are yet content to gibbet their gross ignorance of the simplest principles of art on their own walls, for the information of all comers. We do not like to recommend the establishment of a censorship to take cognizance of pictures, or anything which would interfere with an Englishman's privilege of spending his money as he likes;

* See "Commercial Art," p. 231.

but we may express our conviction, that the public would profit astonishingly by a despotism which should abolish at once the unprincipled manufacture of that which is not "goods," and the sale of which is a swindle, and compel the busy hands employed in it to work at some useful occupation.

It is to be feared that, notwithstanding all the remedies in the shape of Schools of Design, popular works on art, the flood of engravings and the deluge of illustrations weekly issuing from the press, we are really making but little progress in helping the great body of the community to the faculty of discriminating between a good and a bad imitation of nature or natural objects. A celebrated German critic, who wrote some years back on the state of the arts in this country, attributed what otherwise would have appeared to him the unaccountable insensibility of our populace to the æsthetic qualities of art, to some general defect either in the organs of vision or of the brain. We shall not accept any such theory. In our cities and towns, we have improved wonderfully since this dictum was promulgated; and if there has not been the same improvement among those living away from the centres of civilisation, it may be that it is because the same opportunities of comparison between what is really excellent and what is not so have not been afforded them. The establishment of provincial galleries and museums of art, and the throwing open of the numerous collections in private mansions, would place the villager in some respect upon a level with the citizen. To a limited extent, this is already being done. Education, by the press and by the schoolmaster, must imbue our rising youth with a right appreciation of these advantages, so that all shall be eager to make the right use of them. When that is the state of things with us, the right feeling will spring spontaneously out of the right soil; and what is an instinct with the southern nations of Europe—the ready perception of the

beautiful—will be an instinct also with us. We shall hope, in the face of the verdict above quoted, that the day will come, and that some of us will live to see it, when the queer schools of art described in this paper will be numbered with the fossilised facts of a vanished era, and their relics be regarded only as the monuments of a barbarous age.

THE PRESS OF THE SEVEN DIALS.

THE region of the Seven Dials, to which we must introduce our friends, is unique in the topography of London. In a central area on what was once Cock and Pye Fields, in the parish of St. Giles, seven narrow streets have their termini. A column formerly stood there, surmounted with sun-dials turning a face towards each street, and hence the name of the place. It was built in the reign of Charles I., and was for some time a place of fashionable repute; but it fell into ill odour more than a century ago: the column with the dials was then removed; and when the Irish, who had long held possession of a part of St. Giles's, extended their Rookery to its immediate neighbourhood, Seven Dials lapsed into the possession of everybody and anybody who chose to tolerate their proximity. From the time of Gay, who describes it in his *Trivia*, down to the present hour, it does not appear to have much changed in character, though it has become immensely more populous with the increasing population of the capital, and its worst features have intensified in repulsiveness. At the present moment, order is maintained by an extra force of policemen, and the first symptoms of riot are summarily suppressed. The whole region of the seven streets, with the innumerable courts and channels of intercommunication, wears the aspect of a market crammed with merchandise not worth possessing. Monmouth Street, the rag-fair of the metropolis, stretches towards and overflows into it; and the odour of the filthy tatters, the mouldy leather and greasy disjecta, and the

Cockney slang and explosive eloquence of the Jew-dealers, go to make up its smells and sounds. Every third shop is a marine-store or a depôt for rags and grease—each and all of them rivalling the rest in placarded announcements of what they will give for old lead, old brass, old copper, old pewter, old iron, old glass, or old bones. Here a profusion of cracked, smashed, and rickety furniture bursts out upon the pathway, and shuts out half the light from the next door, where two women are grinding away at a crippled mangle, and brawling and squabbling the while, heedless of the roar of a squalling urchin writhing on the floor with a broken head. Here a group of undeniable London thieves, lounging at the entrance of a court, are seen romping lazily with their dusty inamoratas, or more seriously employed in gambling for coppers at pitch-and-toss. Here the brazen-fronted gin-shop grins at its fellow over the way; and the votaries of both are swarming at the bar, where, as you peep in, the operations appear to be all conducted in dumb show, so deafening are the clack and the din. Here the trash-shop, with its myriad of ballads, long songs, song-books, and pictured tragedies, attracts a group of idlers, three-fourths of them of the light-fingered juvenile gentry whose professional avocations commence with the gloaming. And here is the half-penny shaving-shop, that luxuriates, besides, in penny-cigars, modicums of pigtail, and screws of tobacco.

In this delectable locality, all unfavourable as it is to the Muses, are the head-quarters not only of the Seven Dials Press, whose productions surpass in number and popularity those of any other press in the kingdom, but, for the most part, also of the aspiring geniuses who furnish it with novelties at the demand of the moment, and distil their brains for the delectation of the mob. The Press, we are bound to say, is in good keeping with its surroundings the rag-shops, the fencing-kens, the crippled mangles, and the gin-shops—seeing that its literature is decidedly tattered,

that three-fourths of its productions are stolen property, that both its verse and prose are crippled and mangled beyond cure, and that its philosophy is principally of the tipsy and staggering sort.

Foremost on the list of its productions stand the songs and ballads. Of these, the Seven Dials printer, who is his own publisher, professes to have, and perhaps really has, above five thousand different samples constantly on hand. On turning over a massive bundle, we find them to embrace lyrical selections from the works of Shakspeare, Herrick, Suckling, Rochester, Burns, Byron, Moore, Dibdin, Russell, Eliza Cook, and a number of other names well known in literature. Such selections, however, form but an exceedingly small proportion of the general stock, and have but a limited sale. They are mostly above the comprehension or the sympathies of the class which buys half-penny ballads; and even when they are not open to this objection, they are too tame and general for the relish of the multitude. The people must have piquancy and novelty; and it would seem to signify very little what is the subject of a song, provided it have these elements in its composition, and be sung or singable to a popular tune. In general, it is no recommendation to the unlettered singer that the grammar of his strain is good and the versification correct—these are excellences which he is not always qualified to appreciate: what he can appreciate are strong language and dramatic incident, the more striking and startling the better. The popular ballad, Seven Dials born, treats of all popular subjects—it is political, warlike, amatory—its incidents are now horrible murders and assassinations, now the funniest practical jokes, now ghostly apparitions, and now a stand-up fight: it plunges into questions of morals and religion, of teetotalism, of sabbatarianism, of patriotism and legislation, and is diffuse and humanely indignant on the matter of wife-beating. Songs of this class, of which every

week produces its quota of novelties, are written by men in the pay of the publishers, and not unfrequently by the publishers themselves. Very often the author of a new ballad is the man who first chants it about the streets; but oftener still he is a man whose chanting and pattering days are over, who has lost his voice and worn out his legs in the trade, and is reduced to his last shifts for a living. The established honorarium for a new song is a shilling, though eighteen-pence is sometimes given for something "particular spicy." This miserable payment is defended by the publisher on the ground that, whatever he pays for a song, he cannot make it his own. "If I print a new song," says he, "on Wednesday, my neighbour is selling it on Thursday. How can I afford to pay for property which is at another man's use as much as it is at mine?"

The new song, when first published, appears on a quarter-sheet of crown-paper, and always in company with another older ditty, which is given into the bargain. In this shape it is sold by the street-chanters, who find out its value by an experiment of a few days on the London public. Hundreds of them in the course of a season are all but still-born, notwithstanding the noise they make in coming into the world, and fall into oblivion either from their own demerit, or from the rise of new subjects of greater interest. If a song stands the public ordeal, and finds favour with purchasers, it is immediately pirated; and the next shape in which it figures is as an item in those streaming fathoms of verse technically known as "long songs," in which as many as a hundred favourite ditties are sold for a penny, by the patterer posted on the kerb, who never troubles himself to sing them, but spends his breath the livelong day in recapitulating their titles. From such long strips the most successful songs are transferred, finally, to the song-books published in the Dials as serials, under no end of titles, and adorned with a supposititious portrait of some popular singer, or perhaps of the

Queen or Prince Albert. Regarding these serials, we may remark that they have one curious characteristic, and that is that the song most in vogue is inserted in every number.

The song-trade is always most flourishing in periods of public excitement, and there is nothing more conducive to its prosperity than a stirring and popular war. The palmy era for the muse of the Seven Dials was the time when Nelson was triumphant at sea—the years that followed, when the Duke overran the Peninsula—and especially the year of the crowning conquest at Waterloo. After the peace, song-chanting declined, and thousands of wandering minstrels had to seek another occupation. True, the people had their songs and ballads; but three-fourths of the demand vanished with the war; and the songs upon home-subjects went but tamely off after the excitement of battle and heroic deeds. With the loss of public countenance, the chanter lost his confidence, and the rugged spirit and wit of the song-writer declined. Both were fast falling into contempt—the vagabond minstrel sank into a half-starved tatterdemallion, and became at once an object of commiseration and of comical travestie on the stage, and those supplementary institutions of low comedy, the shades, the coal-holes, and cider-cellars of the metropolis. This saved him from extinction, or from a fate as bad. It would not do to sing upon the stage or the platform of the cider-cellar the rubbish concocted by the Dials publisher, or the superannuated chanter he held in pay. So the dramatic authors of the day had to apply themselves to the task; and if popularity be a proof of success, they certainly succeeded to an extraordinary extent. They imitated the diction, the coarseness, the unsophisticated out-speaking of the Diallians, but they informed their productions with such a vein of wit and humour and ridiculous comicality, as set all the world laughing and applauding. What is not so much to their credit is the fact, that they also blended the most ghastly terrors with flippant jocular-ity,

and knew how to arrest the hilarious laugh with the shuddering chill of horror. These imitations of the Diallyan songs are now very numerous, and of themselves form one of the oddest curiosities of literature. We have said that they rescued the chanter from comparative extinction; and they did so because the Seven Dials press, true to its principles, stole them all as fast as they came out, printed them in countless numbers on its crown-quarter sheets, sowed them broadcast in its long streamers, and stitched them up in its serials. The chanter finds them infinitely more popular than the works of his own poets, and the mob is never weary of laughing at them. We need only mention *Willikins and his Dinah*, *Billy Barlow*, *The Rat-catcher's Daughter*, and that dramatic, pathetic, and mysterious ballad which is so great a favourite on board the fleet, *Molly the Betrayed*, or *the Fog-bound Vessel*, the incidents of which are a murder, an appalling apparition, and a spell-bound ship, sung to the chorus of "Doddle, doddle, doddle, chip, chum, chow, chooral li la."

Besides the chanters, who sing the songs through the streets of every city, town, village, and hamlet in the kingdom—the long-song seller, who shouts their titles on the kerb-stone—and the countless small shopkeepers, who in trash-shops, toy-shops, sweet-stuff-shops, tobacco-shops, and general-shops, keep them as part of their stock, for the supply of the street-boys and the servant-girls—there is another important functionary engaged in their distribution, and who is well known to the inhabitants of large towns: this is the Pinner-up, who takes his stand against a dead wall or a long range of iron-railing, and, first festooning it liberally with twine, pins up one or two thousand ballads for public perusal and selection. Time was when this was a thriving trade; and we are old enough to remember the day when a good half-mile of wall fluttered with the minstrelsy of war and love, under the guardianship of a scattered file of

pinners-up, along the south side of Oxford Street alone. Twenty years ago, the dead-walls gave place to shop-fronts, and the pinners-up departed to their long homes. As they died out, no one succeeded to their honours and emoluments; and in place of the four or five score of them who flourished in London at the commencement of this century, it is probable that the most rigid search would hardly reveal a dozen in the present day. In the provincial towns, the diminution is not so marked; and there, from causes not difficult to explain, the pinner-up has been better able to hold his ground. This functionary, wherever he is found, is generally a superannuated artisan or discarded servant; and as he is necessarily exposed to all weathers, his costume usually consists of everything he can contrive to hang about him.

If the first care of the Seven Dials publisher is to cater for the chanter, the second is certainly to subserve the interests of the patterer. This genius, who has not at all a musical voice, yet boasts inexhaustible lungs, and can bawl in a crowd or patter at an area gate with perfect ease from one week's end to another. If he sings, it is with a companion, in a humdrum way; and the cream of his song is found in the spoken dialogue with which the two interlard the stanzas. For these the Seven Dials press deals forth numerous romances of real life, cut from the columns of the newspaper, and appropriately garnished with gratuitous details calculated to make a sensation. Then it prints myriads of riddles and charades, contrived as vehicles of satire against statesmen and the government, which the patterer propounds with a stolid face to the gaping crowd, and sets them in a roar by the comical solution after they have given it up. But it is under the scaffold and the gibbet the patterer reaps his largest gains. Time out of mind, the sale of last-dying speeches and "sorrowful lamentations" has followed upon the capital punishment of the British criminal; and so strong

is the morbid craving of the multitude for details connected with the gallows, that the sale of these gloomy sheets far exceeds that of any other production of the press throughout the world. If the legislature should put an end to capital punishment, they will at the same time destroy a species of traffic which yields an occasional harvest to thousands of vagabonds scattered through every part of the kingdom from John o'Groats to the Land's End. The annals of literature can boast no publication whose circulation equals that of the gallows-sheet. There never is a murder avenged by the law that does not call for its hundreds of thousands of impressions from the Seven Dials Press. When the murder is a "good 'un"—that is, when it is marked by extra barbarity in the perpetration, or extra insensibility in the perpetrator—the impression approaches a million, or even exceeds that. The gallows-sheet of the wretched Rush, containing his "sorrowful lamentation," actually approximated to two millions and a half in number. Enough were sold to supply nearly one in ten of the entire population of the realm with a copy—a circumstance not very flattering to our ideas of the school-master's progress.

The matter of these sheets is generally collected from the newspapers, the only addition being the "sorrowful lamentation"—a copy of verses made to order for a shilling. Jemmy Catnach, for a long time the great Mæcenæ and Elzevir of the Dials, when his bards happened to be tipsy, which was too often the case, was driven to write them himself. When hanging was a weekly ceremony, and the victims much more numerous than they have been latterly, the same copy of verses was made to do duty for a dozen different criminals—there was, in fact, no help for it, because the execution followed so quickly on the sentence. But when the law was passed which allowed a longer day, there was no excuse for second-hand verses, and each unfortunate had a ditty to himself. As executions have become less frequent,

the impressions of the gallows-sheet have increased in number—which would seem to show that the demand for this exceptional article is subject to the usual law.

But the gallows is not always a fruit-bearing tree, and a “good murder” does not happen every day. Nevertheless, the patterer must live; and, lest the increase of public virtue should condemn him to starvation, the Seven Dials press steps forward to his aid, and considerably supplies him with—“cocks.” Perhaps the reader does not know what a “cock” is. A cock, then, is a pleasing fiction—a romance of a startling and exciting character—a tale of scandal concerning some celebrated personage or aristocratic family—an olio of sorrowful loves, heart-rending horrors, and desperate revenges—anything, in short, that is violently interesting and touching, and has not an atom of foundation in fact. In the vulgar tongue, it is simply a lie; but the Diallyans are polite, and disguise the exceptionable term under the cognomen of the bird of dawn. With a good cock-crow, the patterer can do tolerably well; and with an assortment of them, to suit the several districts on his beat, he can do still better. Are you startled from your meditations, while making your toilet some morning, by a stentorian voice roaring along the terrace the “halar ming news, just arrived by he-lectric telegraph, of the hassassination of the Hemperor Napoleon by a hinferral machine—of the happrehension of the has-sassin with his heyes blowed out of his ed—of the consternation of the city of Pairis;” and fifty other things besides? Don’t be agitated: it is only Scuffler. By the time you have done dressing, he will have mulcted your Betty and half the servant-maids of the terrace of a halfpenny apiece—will have realised enough by the “cock-a-doodle-doo” to buy him a substantial breakfast, which he will enjoy at his leisure, and afterwards sally forth to crow another cock for dinner. In the evening, just after sundown, when the stars begin to blink through the fog, his tremendous voice will be

heard reverberating along the quiet streets of the West End, with a "full, true, and circumstantial account of the elopement of John Simkins, the ansome footman of Belgravyer, vith the markis's youngest daughter, and the narrer escape of the appy pair from the markis's eldest son, Colonel G——, vot started arter 'em vith sword and pistols—and shewin' how the colonel vas done at the Rugby station by the false intelligence prepared for him by the ansome John, and started on to Scotland by express; while the appy couple perseeded to Liverpool, and then sailed for Ameriker, vere they finally landed on the shores of love and liberty—the young 'ooman havin' a splendid fortin in her own right." This is found to be a capital crow for the servants-hall and kitchen, and needs but a little vigour on the part of Scuffler to secure him a supper and a bed at any time. The crows for the working classes must be of a little stronger flavour, and, to tell well, should be illustrated by a huge picture in flaming colours, and mounted on a pole, in which blood, fire, or phantom is the conspicuous feature. Now it is an earthquake, now a conflagration, now a horrible thunder-storm and shipwreck. In London, this species of illustrated cock is everlastingly on the alert—and crows, and crows, and crows, early and late, and all day long, in quarters judiciously selected—except when the falling rain declares war against the painted cartoon. The cock, like the ballad and the sorrowful lamentation, sells for a half-penny, but, in spite of all its crowing, not so readily; partly because it is objectionable to the police, who will not allow it to remain long on its perch, and partly for want of faith on the side of the mob, whom, in these days of cheap newspapers, it is not so easy to delude in the article of news.

We come now to notice the more solid staple of the Seven Dials press—what may be termed its classics, the production of which yields it steady employment during those reactionary periods and pauses of quiet which intervene be-

tween the recurring seasons of excitement. These classics comprise a numerous list of works which the generality of the reading public have long lost sight of; because among persons of intelligence they have been long supplanted by others which either are, or are supposed to be, infinitely better. We confess to a lurking partiality for some of them which the memories of childhood have rendered dear; while at the same time the great mass might be advantageously surrendered to oblivion. Among them will be found all those wonderful little books which formed almost the exclusive library of childhood in the days when we were children—Jack Spratt, Cock Robin, Mother Goose, Simple Simon, Goody Two-shoes, Mother Hubbard, *et hoc genus omne*—together with Books of Fate, Universal Dreamers, Universal Fortune-tellers, Jack Sheppard, Dick Turpin, Moll Flanders, and others of that type. They are all published at the lowest price—in large quarto for a penny, a smaller edition for a half-penny, and still smaller editions for a farthing; and they about equal in bulk the song-books at the same cost. To these must be added a selection of the old-fashioned school-books whose copyrights have run out, as the works of Vyse, Mavor, Walker, Carpenter; an immense issue of Christmas-pieces flamingly coloured, of Twelfth-night characters, of Christmas carols, and Scripture sheets or coloured pictures of sacred subjects; and last, not least, of valentines by the ton annually, varying in price from a half-penny to five shillings each. If to these we add almanacs, marine-store and rag-shop placards, which are always on sale, window-bills, poetry-cards, panoramic cuts and theatrical characters, we shall not be far from completing the catalogue of works issuing from the Diallian Press.

We must be allowed here one word on the subject of Seven Dials art. Songs, ballads, books, lamentations, cock-crows—all are illustrated; and of a large proportion of the productions named above, the illustrations form the chief

part, while some of them are entirely pictorial. Sir Joshua Reynolds once said that he was indebted for the *chiaro-oscuro* of his well-known picture of Lord Ligonier to a wood-cut at the head of a ballad which he found on a dead-wall, and bought for a half-penny. It may have been that the engraving in question strayed into the Seven Dials after it had been worn out in the regular service : at any rate, the engravings on the sheet-ballads of the present day are a full century behind the march of improvement in that direction, and, in addition to being worn and ground to death by myriads of impressions, have generally the merit of being quite independent of the subject they are supposed to illustrate. Where they are new, they are plainly the attempts of tyros in the art, and are probably purchased at the prime cost of the wood on which they are engraved. There are a few exceptions, however. Now and then we meet with a spirited scene by Seymour, rivalling Cruikshank in his wildest humour ; and there lies before us at this moment a portrait of the Rat-catcher's donkey, apparently dashed off with pen and ink in a furious hurry, and containing lines of which the most accomplished artist might be proud. The larger cuts which adorn the dying speeches and lamentations, the calamities and the crows, may be described in one word—they are all simply abominable. Those which figure as frontispieces to books and on the Christmas-pieces are not much better ; but when covered with flashy water-colours, they are gorgeous to the uneducated eye, and, being retailed at a low price, sell by thousands. Then there are the cheap valentines, which are monstrous caricatures, only comical when they are not disgusting, and which, fierce in red, blue, and green, are to be met with at the proper season in all the slums and trash-shops of the kingdom. The staff of artists must be pretty numerous, and the consumption of water-colours must be enormous in the Dials, taking all these productions into account, and reckoning also the huge cartoons

exhibited by the cock-crower, and calamities, such as explosions, wrecks, earthquakes, floods, conflagrations, &c., without number, which are executed for shipwrecked and mutilated sailors, for car-borne cripples, for blasted miners, and machine-crushed factory-workers—all of which are painted in the Seven Dials or its immediate purlieus.

We have but small space left for some few particulars and details of the literary trade of the Dials. From what has been shown above, it would appear inexplicable, on the face of it, that in these days, when good and serviceable literature is so cheap and abundant, there should be found a paying market for what not only *is* unquestionable rubbish, but looks what it is, and scorns to assume the appearance of anything better. In point of real value, there is no comparison to be instituted between the pennyworth that issues from the Seven Dials and that sent forth at the same price by respectable publishers. The paper used by the Seven Dials press averages some four or five pounds' weight to the ream, instead of sixteen or seventeen pounds, which it should weigh to be of any permanent service, and in quality is so vile that no decent shopkeeper would condescend to use it to wrap up copper change. The print is indescribably villainous—rarely legible for three lines together, and teeming with blunders and omissions where it is legible; and the matter is such as we have described above. What, then, is the secret of the large and continuous sale, and how does this refuse compete, and compete successfully, with matter infinitely better—double, treble, fivefold in quantity, and printed on good paper, with perfect correctness, and in an elegant form? “Oh,” says the philosopher, “the reason is plain enough—it is the corrupt taste of the masses, who *will* feed on garbage, and prefer it to wholesome mental food.” With all deference to the philosopher, and allowing his dogmas their due weight, we are of opinion that this oracular utterance leads but a little way towards the solu-

tion of the question. As practical inquirers, we look at facts, and we find this single one to be worth more than a bushel of theories:—*The distributing-agent of the Seven Dials literature pockets as profit four-fifths of his receipts.* The chanter, the patterer, the pinner-up, the cock-crower, the small shopkeeper—all buy their sheet-ballads, lamentations, crows, &c., at 2*d.* to 2½*d.* the long dozen. The trade thus yields the agent from 200 to 300 per cent. on his outlay; and this enormous profit he often doubles by charging a penny instead of a half-penny for his gallows-sheet, when this, as in the case of a “good-murder,” is in great request. Moreover, in the case of the ballads, a provision is made for this doubling process—two being printed on the quarter-sheet, which is oftener than not split up by the chanter at country wakes and fairs. Now, it is a truth pretty well established by experience, that rubbish and quackery of all kinds may be forced upon the public by persistent vehemence and vociferation. Were the literature we speak of subjected to the usual distributive agency, it would be all but still-born—would be rejected by booksellers, or, where received, would rot upon their shelves, and would speedily, from ceasing to be remunerative, become extinct. But, trumpeted as it is by hundreds of bawling vagabonds and audacious wags in the ears of the ignorant populace, it creates its own market wherever it goes; and the Seven Dials press flourishes, thanks to its paternal care of its agents. Perhaps we ought in candour to add, that this judicious exercise of liberality is not confined to the Dials, and that it has been the foundation of greater fortunes than have ever been made within the precincts of that classical spot. We might refer to a well-known Family Bible, which was pushed by voluble touters into the cottage of the poor man and the simpleton, in sixpenny numbers, to the number of 40,000 copies—which cost the subscriber £6 6*s.* by the time it was completed, of which

sum the proprietor received 40s., leaving more than double that amount to the distributors! And we might point to fifty works besides, circulated by the same machinery at the present moment, which cost the purchasers from two to three times their value in the market.

Another peculiarity in the Dials trade, and which must be a chief cause of its success, is, that all its transactions are for ready cash. Credit, and the fact is suggestive, is a word unknown in the Dials. From the ragged chanter to the bookselling country-agent, all must down with the cash *before* they receive the goods. Thus the Dials publisher has no bad debts; and, looking to the complexion of his wares, must make a brilliant profit in spite of the abnormal allowance to agents.

Of the amount of the Seven Dials trade in literature, but little is positively known, and statistics on this subject are hard to be got at. It has been estimated that about £12,000 is thrown away annually by the people upon the sheets, half-sheets, and quarter-sheets emanating from this district; but what proportion this bears to the produce of its myriads of cheap books is a question to which we can obtain no reliable response. The average gains of the chanter and his confrères are from 7s. to 9s. a week, in ordinary seasons; but in seasons distinguished by the exploits of a Rush or a Manning, they will run up to five, or even ten times that amount while the excitement lasts. The pinner-up takes about £60 a year, disbursing for his stock perhaps £18. The shopkeeper is content with far less profit, as in places remote from the Dials he acts as middleman between the chanter and the publisher.

The known prosperity of the Dials press naturally provoked rivalry in other quarters; and Holywell Street, the Borough, Clerkenwell, even "the Row" itself, have started in the race, with a similar species of literature at the same price. But the means they adopted to insure success have only

insured their defeat—they printed too well—on paper too good, and could not in consequence leave so liberal a margin to the agent. So the chanter, who must look to his profits, leaves them in the lurch, and turns his face to the Dials when he is out of stock.

From the above sketch, it will be gathered that, with all our success in the diffusion of cheap literature, the Seven Dials press has never yet felt to any extent the effects of rivalry in its own peculiar field. Nor is it easy to see how, by anybody incommoded by a conscience, effectual rivalry can be established. One only consolation seems derivable from an investigation of the subject—and it is, that some advance is perceivable in the morality of the Dials productions—though the improvement is only negative. They are neither so rancorously seditious, nor so grossly indecent as we can recollect them to have been in times past.

HISTORY OF STRAWBERRY STREET.

STRAWBERRY STREET presents nothing very remarkable to the view, and in its present condition would be considered the reverse of captivating by the lovers of the picturesque. But the street has a history, with which it has been our fortune to become intimately acquainted—a history so like that of many a human lot, with its ups and downs in the world, and so interwoven with the destinies of men, that we have made up our minds to record it. Strawberry Street stands, and has stood for nearly thirty years, in a district once known as Strawberry Fields, and still spoken of under that appellation by a small section of our older citizens, who can recollect when the grass grew on its site, and the cows of a small dairy-farm famous for its custards, cheese-cakes, and curds and whey, chewed the cud in peace, unconscious of Smithfield.

When Strawberry Street first rose into being, which it did very gradually—taking between two and three years to complete its double row of two-storied dwellings—it was, to all intents and purposes, a suburb of London, and like other suburbs, shrank from being swallowed up in Babylon's bosom, and clung with considerable tenacity to rural associations and characteristics. It retained for some years a strip of grass between the footpath and roadway, and boasted a tree or two, almost amounting to a row, on the eastern side. In lieu of pavement, the footpath was laid down with gravel, and the roadway was neatly macadamised; and, as all the front-parlours were fenced off from curious eyes by iron

railings four feet at least from the windows, the street wore an undeniably neat and respectable appearance.

There being nowhere any indication of a shop, the street naturally bore the reputation of being what is called a genteel street. And genteel it undoubtedly was—for a time. It became very early the abode of professional ladies and gentlemen, whose neat brass-plates informed you that they taught drawing and painting, and japanning, and French, Italian, and German, and the pianoforte and singing, and the practice of all kinds of musical instruments. Then there were clerks, managers, and responsible persons employed in the city, who came home to their families in Strawberry Street, as regular as the clock, about seven in the evening; and, besides these, a number of persons of independent property, of the staid and sober sort—mostly annuitants we fancy, who had ensconced themselves in this comfortable quarter to spite the assurance-offices by living to the age of Old Parr if they could.

The most remarkable man among the early settlers was Mr. Pottinger, whom we knew well, and whom, to look at, you would have accounted the model of a gentleman of threescore. He wore his hair powdered, and on Sundays went to church in tights and Hessians; and you might look in vain, Sundays or week-days, for a spot on his broadcloth or a flaw in his linen. He was a man famous for his conversation, and was the oracle of the parlour at the Fox and Salutation round the corner, where he regularly took his night-cap in the evening. He was great in politics; and in '29, when we had the privilege of a first-floor in Strawberry Street, predicted the triumph of the opposition and the certainty of Reform, which both came to pass in due time; but he was greater still in aristocratic genealogy, and if he had learned the peerage by heart, could not have been better informed than he was; and, more than that, he knew the length of every nobleman's purse, and would dilate on

the pecuniary difficulties of lords and landholders in a way that astonished his hearers. In his most communicative moments, Pottinger never said a word about himself; and there was a mystery about him which the whole street had tried its skill in fathoming, but to no purpose.

Pottinger, who seemed never to have any business on his hands, was a favourite with most of his neighbours, and with the children especially, to whom he was gentle and patronising, and liberal in the small toys and dainties children love. Miss Montgomery, who lived at No. 10, was the only person in Strawberry Street who did not concur in the general reverence for Mr. Pottinger. She was a maiden lady on the further side of fifty, who kept, in addition to a maid-of-all-work, a page, and a poodle, and no other society, save at periodical intervals, few and far between, when a carriage would drive up to her door, and a posse of young ladies, with their mamma, wearing the Montgomery face, only twice as large, would alight and thunder at the knocker, and be let in by the page, all spick and span for the occasion, and half an hour afterwards would be let out again, and drive off amid demonstrations equally noisy. Mr. Pottinger departed this life, as his tombstone informs us, at the age of sixty-three; and all Strawberry Street was thrown into a state of perfect amazement by the grandeur of his funeral, which was performed by a west-end undertaker on the most imposing and expensive scale. Besides the hearse and mourning-coaches, there were three private carriages, empty to be sure, but yet bearing heraldic insignia on their panels, sent to follow the good man to his grave. Pottinger dead was even more mysterious than he had been when living; but when all was over the mystery was cleared up. Miss Montgomery, who was too much of a gentlewoman to give a handle to gossip during the life of Mr. Pottinger, now felt herself at liberty to justify the pertinacity with which she had in a manner ignored his existence; and she

suffered it to ooze out through Jemima, her maid-servant, that Isaac Pottinger had passed much of his life as gentleman's gentleman to Sir Bullfig Browning, at whose town-house she had often seen him in days gone by, when she visited at the baronet's. Of course, it was out of the question that *she* could acknowledge *his* civilities in Strawberry Street.

The year after Pottinger's death, Miss Montgomery left the street; the carriage came one day, bringing the periodical visitors clad in deep mourning, and when it went away, bore Miss Montgomery off. Her page, poodle, and hand-maid followed a few days later with her goods, and No. 10 was to let. With her departed the exclusively genteel era of Strawberry Street. Her house was taken by the two Misses Filkins, who turned it into a young ladies' seminary, and clapped a brass-plate nearly a yard wide on the little front-gate. The "young ladies" who flocked hither for instruction comprised all that could be got together by the most diligent canvassing, and included—we hope the classification is not *very* unnatural—a dozen at least of small petticoated masculines. This gave a new aspect to the street, which now lost its accustomed quietness; and regularly, at the hours of nine and twelve, of two and four, reverberated with the prattle and squalling of infant voices, or their joyous outburst when released from school. The Misses Filkins may have been very useful in their vocation, but they were not what is termed "select" in their choice of pupils, and they pursued an active kind of treatment, the result of which was frequently too audible out of doors. They were a pair of loud-voiced spinsters, given to white dimity dresses of astonishing amplitude, to taking in green-groceries at the school-room window, and to borrowing a neighbour's washing-tub on Saturday afternoons. We do not assert that they were not genteel, but their gentility differed exceedingly from Miss Montgomery's.

The palmy days of Strawberry Street were now passing away, and its pretensions were evidently on the decline. The professional ladies and gentlemen moved by degrees further north, and their places were supplied by a new class—by tradesmen's clerks, by foremen and overseers of workshops, men of a hundred a year and no leisure, who came home at all hours of the night, and let themselves out in the dark mornings of winter long before sunrising, and who let lodgings to help to pay the rent. Here and there the muslin-blind disappeared from the front-parlour window, and revealed such things as a Wellington boot beautifully "treed" and polished; a last covered with a little Switzerland of bunions; a set of milkwhite ivory piano-keys; a case of brilliant razors; or a few small panels exquisitely painted in imitation of oak, mahogany, or sandal-wood: all so many indications that the dwellers within lived by the labour of their hands, and would be happy to take your orders. These were but the signs of a further change that was coming. Already a tall brick chimney, only a few score yards from the southern end of the street, had risen so high in the air as to overlook its whole area, and was daily mounting higher; and already men in splashed aprons and shirt-sleeves would be occasionally met strolling in bands through Strawberry Street on their way home from work. And now long ranks of cottages, not twenty feet apart, sprung up like mushrooms in the waste ground on the eastern side. These were inhabited almost as soon as built, by a class who did not trouble their heads about gentility at all, but who speedily found out the Fox and Salutation, whose landlord turned the large parlour into a taproom for their accommodation, to the hearty indignation and disgust of his old customers.

Suddenly, one winter's morning, the tall chimney, from which the scaffolding had disappeared a few days before, began sending forth a volume of black smoke, which dark-

ened the whole neighbourhood, and set all the world, and Strawberry Street in particular, complaining of the nuisance, and talking of lawsuits and indictments against the proprietor. This disagreeable surprise was followed by another hardly less welcome to the remnant of exclusives who were still dwellers in the street. For some days, alterations had been going on in the house that once was Mr. Pottinger's, under cover of a tall hoarding, which being at length taken down, displayed the broad front of what is called a "general-shop," surmounted by the name, painted under the cornice in letters a foot long, of Mrs. Murgatroyd. This lady, whose touching habit it was to describe herself as "a lone woman," was a strapping creature of five feet nine, and of corresponding circumference, but active and pushing withal, and experienced in the ways of the world. Her shop, which contained every thing that a man who wore a leathern apron, or the wife and family of such a man, could possibly want, immediately became the resort of the whole of the "hand to mouth" class of the neighbourhood, and the focus of more gossip than had ever emanated from that part of the world before. Mrs. Murgatroyd gave credit, on a principle of her own, to those who, from temporary loss of employment, or misfortune, stood in need of it; and thus secured in prosperous times the gratitude and patronage of those whom she assisted in adversity. It may be that she had her losses; but we have a notion that they were few, and compensated on her peculiar principle, and, on the whole, she throve. At her outset in business she was dragged into a terrible dispute with the Misses Filkins, who at first dealt with her, and then basely slandered her souchong. The quarrel was deadly and fierce—nothing less than war to the knife—and in the end the Filkinses lost the day, and what was worse, lost their pupils, and had to take flight and settle somewhere else.

Mrs. Murgatroyd's example was by and by followed by

other enterprising spirits who are sure to spring up wherever there is a chance of doing business. A greengrocer was the next to make his appearance, and he combined a coal-shed with his potatoes and cabbages, dispensing at once the viands and the materials for cooking them. Then came a carpenter and joiner; then a vender of sweet-stuffs, who, defiant of Mrs. Murgatroyd, dared to sell peg-tops, marbles, paper-kites, and hoops for the boys; then a cooper, and then a slopseller. In short, in less than a couple of years from the erection of the tall chimney, the whole street on both sides of the way, with the exception of a very few houses, was transformed into a third-rate business street, and had lost all trace of its original neatness. As every man had constructed his shop on his own plan, and the last-comers had vied with each other in encroaching as far as possible on the footpath, the ranks of shops showed a beautiful irregularity in their fronts, and imparted to the straight street a tortuous aspect which it retains to the present hour. The tall chimney above referred to belongs to a saw-mill, which has prospered from the hour when it first took up its position in the neighbourhood, and which has not only increased its own establishment to three times its original extent, but has gathered round it a host of industrial professors, all more or less dependent upon the services of a saw-mill for the prosecution of their labour. These hosts have invaded Strawberry Street, and have taken possession of its every floor, to the final dispersion of the votaries of gentility, who have abandoned it in despair.

If you go into Strawberry Street now and look for No. 10, where once, beneath an arch of red damask curtains, Miss Montgomery's famous campanula drew admiring glances from the passers-by, you will find that rigid maiden's parlour, once an impenetrable sanctum to everything masculine, save the pale-faced page and his breast of golden buttons, transformed into a barber's shop. The pole, with its bunchy top,

sticks diagonally at the side of the doorway, like a monster rocket ready to be fired over the opposite houses; and within, where once not so much as a thought of a beard was suffered to intrude, beards are now seen to wag with equivocal jokes, and are dealt with by the gross whenever Saturday-night comes round. No. 9, to the right of barber Saddles, has long since been turned into a beer-shop, and is celebrated far and wide for the flavour of its treble X, at "3½*d.* a pot in your own jugs," and which may be drunk on the premises at 4*d.* It mounts, as a sign, the Circular Saw, and is already a powerful rival to the Fox and Salutation; and when the landlord has obtained his spirit-licence, for which he has applied three times already, and makes sure of getting it when the magistrates meet again, Strawberry Street will be blessed with a gin-shop—that modern climax of civilisation. A little lower down, on the other side of the way, stands Punter's coffee-shop, known as the early breakfast-house. Punter's is open at five o'clock in the morning all the year through, and hot coffee and thick slices are to be had at any time between that hour and twelve at midnight. Punter never gets above four hours' sleep in his bed; but he makes up for that deficiency, in good part, by a two hours' stretch on the bench in the afternoon, and such other occasional winks as he can catch, with the connivance of Mrs. Punter, during the day. The purlieus of Strawberry Street are now alive with work-shops and work-yards, from which, whenever there is an interval from labour, there is an influx of labourers and apprentices into Punter's. The attractions of the place are not very great, consisting, besides the coffee and slices, of a couple of weekly papers, an occasional second-hand copy of the *Times* cut up into single leaves for distribution, a few cheap illustrated serials, and unlimited dominoes. When the evenings are wet and muddy, Punter's place is crammed, not so much from the force of its attractions, as from the necessity his customers

are under of going somewhere, and the fact that they have nowhere else to go save to the public-house or to bed.

Thirty years, which are nothing in the life of some streets, have changed Strawberry Street from the abode of quiet and ease-loving competence to that of the toiling and struggling mass, and within the period of an average lifetime hurried it through all those changes which generally require centuries for their operation. In its present condition—its grass and trees all gone, for the former has been trodden out, and the latter cut down for firewood by the inhabitants—with its footways choked with shavings, stale cabbage-leaves, empty pewter-pots, coal-sacks, barrels of sodden cranberries, and tubs of red herrings—with its roadway half blocked up with trucks, barrows, and hand-carts, and worn into ruts by waggon-wheels—with its upper windows bristling with drying-poles adorned with the dangling shapes of female costume—with its wide open doors left eternally gaping for the convenience of unnumbered lodgers, and revealing the stained and tattered walls of the interiors, and flights of dusty stairs; in its present condition, we say, we fail to recognise a single feature of the Strawberry Street of old; and it is a fact that on searching for it lately, after the lapse of many years, we walked twice through its whole length without recognising our quondam suburban retreat. If, however, the subject of our remarks has lost in the article of respectability—a word, by the way, which is much misapplied—it has gained immensely in usefulness and populousness. For every head it sheltered in its genteel infancy, when it glittered in all the glory of paint and polish, it now accommodates ten at the least; and if in its youthful days it could boast of spending a deal of money, it may now solace itself with the reflection that it earns a still greater amount. Its dense population are all doers and workers, with hardly a single exception; and it stands noted in the registrar's report that they add to the aggregate of the

births of London in a ratio considerably greater than the general proportion; while, on the other hand, although funerals are performed by the Messrs. Earthworm in the next street, "on a scale unprecedentedly low," the inhabitants still refuse to die in anything like encouraging numbers to reward the speculation of those enterprising tradesmen. The fact would appear to be that Strawberry Street is a healthy locality, in spite of its indifferent drainage, which is perhaps balanced by its standing on a gentle declivity; and in spite of its want of paving, for it has never been paved, unless a single line of flag-stones down the centre of the footways is to be called paving. Perhaps the mud of the rainy season is somewhat mitigated by the flocks of pet ducks which pick a living out of it somehow, along with a battalion of scrubby cockney fowls, much abbreviated in the articles of wing and tail, whose clucking and crowing, mingled with the barking of a band of ragged terriers, the clink and thump of tools, and the bawling, shouting, and laughter of innumerable weather-proof children, make up the music of the place. Perhaps the street is healthy because labour is healthy; and hard work for ten hours a day is the lot of most of its inhabitants, who, for the most part, do not look for any other.

We said at the outset that the history of Strawberry Street was like that of many a human subject. Have we not shown it to be so? Does not many a pretentious spark, who comes to London purposing to gratify all manner of ambitions, get shifted by fortune down, and down, and down the ladder of loftiness, step by step, until he feels a firm footing at last, it may be very near the lowest round, and finds his vocation where nature designed it for him, in doing what he is best fitted for? Yea, verily, for we have witnessed this descent a hundred times, and generations unborn shall witness it after us. Another point of resemblance: ask for Strawberry Street now, and you shall be told you mean

Strawby Street. Familiarity has knocked off a syllable from the designation. If Miss Montgomery had remained at No. 10 till this time, it is our opinion she had been lopped down to Gumry. So it is that, if you inquire for Mr. Robert Fitzwilliams, who came to town in '34, intending to be one day developed into a city alderman, you may chance to find him doing duty as "Bob Wills," on a policeman's beat, and shining only in a glazed hat.

GREAT PUBLIC QUESTIONS.

As a bachelor of fifty, given to solitary speculations upon men and things from the altitude of my two-pair back, and with leisure enough upon my hands to allow me to look at all things considerately and dispassionately, I possess more advantages for observation and reflection than every philosopher can boast of. I am not compelled to come to a conclusion upon every popular topic that turns up, before I have looked at both sides of it. When I find the morning paper, after Betty has aired it and hung it over the back of my chair, hammering away with the vigour of a Cyclops in favour of one particular course of proceeding, or set of men, and browbeating or bullying the other side, I am not under the necessity of letting myself be crammed with wind from the editor's force-pump, and exciting my nervous system in a disagreeable way. I can afford to let the matter rest awhile, and wait till that unprincipled faction has had its say in its turn, in the evening paper, or in to-morrow's; and then, if I choose, I can compare notes, and weigh one side against the other, and draw a conclusion, if it be worth while, which it generally is not.

It is wonderful what advantages I derive by the practice of this compensating system, and what a knowing old person I have the reputation of being, solely from adherence to so simple a plan. The beauty of it lies in the fact, that it enables you to clear off matters as you go, and reduces the amount of important material for judgment to the minimum point. A most surprising number of great public questions

have I either settled outright, or shelved for future settlement in the course of my time. I would name some of them, but that the catalogue might appear invidious, and give offence to many worthy people; and I am unwilling to be the cause of scandal to anybody to whom that designation is applicable. But—there are public questions of a kind which do not admit of thus being disposed of, for the simple reason that they are addressed point-blank to the reader personally—that there are no two sides about them, and that they call for a definite answer in a manner unmistakeably plain and candid. These questions have weighed for a considerable time upon my mind, and I have observed latterly that they are growing more numerous, more pointed, more personal. Their notes of interrogation have stared me in the face at the breakfast-table, in my after-dinner chair, at the tea-table, any time for this twelvemonth; and yet I have never set eyes on a syllable in response. Can it be that they are all addressed to me individually, and that the propounders are waiting for my answers all this while? If it should be so, how discourteous and unsympathising must I appear in their eyes by this time! Let me hasten to redeem my fault, and let my natural modesty stand in excuse for the slur which my neglect hitherto may have cast upon my character. I will answer your questions, O my persistently inquiring friends! as it becomes me to answer them, and to the best of my humble ability.

The first—because, according to the best of my recollection, it has the claim of longest standing—asks me rather curtly, “*Do you want luxuriant hair and whiskers?*” I might object to this inquiry as a little too personal; but, waiving that, let me say that there was a time when I might have replied more feelingly to the interesting question—when I wanted no luxuriance either of hair or whiskers, but only the sanction of fashion to wear them. In the days of my pilous luxuriance, whiskers were remorselessly mown

down as fast as they appeared ; and now that all the world is cultivating them, my crop is not worth cultivation. The best I can do is to compromise the matter by a kind of half-shave, and pass muster as well as I may. As to my hair, Time has thinned it somewhat ; but they tell me that, phrenologically, I look none the worse for that. So, with many thanks, my good friend, I will decline the luxuriant hair and whiskers.

Somebody has been asking pertinaciously for a long time past, "*Do you bruise your oats yet ?*" There is something suggestive and consolatory about the *yet*. At present, I am bound to say, I do *not* bruise my oats ; and this is a painful confession, inasmuch as I have no oats to bruise. If I had been more sparing in the quantity which, with such pleasure, I sowed broadcast wherever I went thirty years ago, I might have had some left to bruise at this present moment. As it is, I have no horses to eat oats—*pauper et pedester sum*—I ride on Shank's naggie, or in my "Favorite" 'bus, when business calls me abroad. As *yet*, that is. I shall live in hopes, on the suggestion of my inquiring friend ; and if he can put me in the way of becoming the proprietor of oats, and the etceteras implied when "your oats" are spoken of, I will undertake to bruise them with all my heart, and on his peculiar principle.

Somebody else asks seriously, "*Do you double up your perambulators ?*" No, sir ; but last Sunday morning, as I was walking quietly to church, I was doubled up *by* a perambulator in a most shameful and scandalous manner. Whether the fat matron who propelled the abominable machine was an etymologist, and imagined that her *perambulator* was to walk clean through me, I don't know ; but she drove the front-wheel right between my legs, and I woke suddenly out of a reverie to find myself sprawling over a couple of gigantic babies. It was a providence that the twins were fat, fleshy, and soft, and that I escaped with

a slight abrasion of the forehead. There used to be a law against driving wheel-carriages upon the trottoirs; I should like to know when it was repealed, or, if it never was repealed, why it is not put in force? Not a day of my life passes now but I am perambulated into the kennel or into an open shop, to avoid being upset. In other respects, I have nothing to do with perambulators, being a bachelor, and having no use for them. Nevertheless, I should have no objection to see them doubled up, once for all, in a way that would not at all gratify the inquirer, I fear.

A curious person asks, "*Where do you purchase fish?*" Never going to market myself, I am obliged to ring the bell for my landlady, Mrs. Jones, and propound this query to her. She tells me that fish of all sorts, from sprats to salmon, and from dried herring to salt cod, "travels about the streets of London on men's heads, and calls at everybody's door"—that "a pair of soles is tenpence; big uns a shilling, or maybe one and two"—that "mackerel is vareyus;" and that "salt cod goes up always about Easter-time along with the Catholics." "Eels," she says, "is always alive accordin' to the crier; but they never shows no signs of life till you've skinned 'em." Her acquaintance with the fish supply of London extends no further than this; and for any additional information he may want, I must refer the inquirer to the fountain of knowledge at Billingsgate.

An inquisitive philanthropist asks, "*Why wear a coat that does not fit?*" With a protest that I am not bound to reply to such a question unless I choose, I beg to submit that there may be many reasons for so doing. A coat that does not fit may be a fitter coat for many purposes than one that does. For lounging, gardening, dozing by the fire, your non-fitting coat is most suitable: Then, who is to decide what constitutes a fit? Is it a coat that cleaves to a man like an outer skin, in the fashion of George IV.'s time, or

one that, "like a lady's loose gown," hangs about you, as one sees them now? Perhaps a coat may be either of these, and yet fit, or not fit, according as it is well or ill constructed. But, be the coat upon a man's back what it may, it seems to me a breach of manners to ask him why he wears it. What right have you, my friend, to hint so plainly at the *res angustæ domi*, which often compels many a worthy man to wear any coat he can get to shield him from the weather? Why wear a coat that does not fit! "Why does the miller wear a white hat?"

A querist of the same imperious character blurts out the abrupt question, "*Who's your hatter?*" What's that to you, I should like to know? I shan't tell you. The man is an honest tradesman, and makes a decent hat, that I am not ashamed to put my head in, and sells it at a fair price. You have no right to be meddling with his business; and I hold your inquiry to be a piece of impertinence; and I shall not satisfy your curiosity. My hatter pays his way; I shall be glad to hear that you do the same.

A captious personage, whom I suspect to have interested motives, wants to know, "*Why ladies and gentlemen will wear wigs, fronts, or head-dresses which the most cursory glance detects,*" when they might wear others that defy detection? The question, I must say, betrays a radical want of sincerity on the part of the questioner. He has evidently no notion that a lady or gentleman wears a wig with any other intention than that of deceiving their "friends and the public." The proper use of a wig, he requires to be told, is to keep the head warm, and to supply in an honest way the natural covering of which time or affliction has deprived the head—not to deceive the world. The man, or woman either, who shaves off a set of grey or caroty locks in favour of a black Brutus or auburn curls, for which neither has any need, beyond the gratification of personal vanity—such a man or woman lives all day over head and ears in falsehood,

and only dares the truth in the dark, and under a blanket. Take my word for it, Mr. Holtzkopf, there are people who wear their wigs with a conscience, and are perfectly well satisfied that their wigs shall be recognised *as* wigs by all and sundry who may think it worth their while to determine the point. You may think them blockheads for the display of such needless sincerity—it would become you better to reverence them for the possession of virtues more valuable than all the wigs in the world, and to which your question, I am sorry to say, shows you to be an utter stranger.

A question which has been put with considerable pertinacity of late asks, "*Have you tasted our thirty-shilling sherry?*" I cannot reply with certainty, but I suspect I have. One day last week, on landing at the Great Northern station, after a couple of days' trip in the country, I met Captain Gollop on the platform, and he lugged me off to take tiffin—the captain has served in India—with him at his lodgings in the New Road. A cold capon and a plate of Norfolk sausages made their appearance in quick time; and the captain drew from the sideboard a black bottle, from which he extracted the cork in his usual dexterous manner, and then decanted the contents, and poured me out a glass. I drank it without misgiving, and though I felt disposed to make a wry face immediately, succeeded, by a hard struggle, in maintaining some degree of composure. Not so the captain. The moment he had tasted the stuff, he grinned as though his great toe were in a vice, and exploded a terrible oath. The offending liquid was immediately ordered out of the room, and its place supplied by a more genial vintage. I am inclined to think the abominable stuff was "our thirty-shilling sherry," but cannot be quite certain, and the captain is too sore on the subject to permit my venturing an inquiry.

The next question is the most important one in the whole category, and I can but express my surprise at the deliberate

coolness with which the inquirer propounds it in the public prints. He asks me point-blank, and without the slightest tinge of the circumlocution office, "*Do you think of getting married?*" Really, this is coming to close quarters indeed. What if I do? Am I obliged to make him my confidant? And if I don't, am I compelled to confess as much? Please to note, that he does not ask me if I *intend* to get married. If he had shaped his question to that effect, I might and would have answered at once, that I have no intentions whatever of that sort; that, having led the life of a bachelor for fifty years, I consider it now too late in the day to submit myself to matrimonial responsibilities; and that all views of that kind I had ever entertained have vanished long ago in the dim distance. But he is not satisfied with knowing what my purposes may be in that respect, but must needs rend the veil from my secret thoughts. Suppose it should be the case, that sometimes, in the dim twilight, when the window-curtains are drawn, and those "faces in the fire" look out upon my solitude all fresh and glowing, and full of the memories of days for ever gone—suppose it should happen then that my thoughts revert to what might have been, had Julia listened to my suit five-and-twenty years ago, and that padded and long-legged ensign had not struck in and carried her off. What then? Has Mr. Blinker any right to participate in these reminiscences? I question it; at anyrate, I am not disposed to make him the partner of my sad speculations, and I won't do it. What if I sometimes ponder less pensively about the Widow Winkin, with her four hundred a year in the three per-cents., which would have made the decline of life so comfortable, and her interminable tongue and alcoholic temper, which would have made it so miserable? Is Mr. Blinker to weigh my conduct in that matter in his balances of prudence, and sum me up, and write me down an ass or a Solon, according to his judgment? I shan't consent to that, if I know it. What

my thoughts are in this particular, I shall keep to myself, and therefore decline most energetically to answer this question at all.

To atone for my reticence in regard to the above tender subject, I will answer the next question without the least reservation, verbal or mental. The inquiry is plain, perspicuous, and unsophisticated, and deserves a response in the same spirit. It demands hospitably, "*Do you like a dry, hot, mealy potato?*" Candidly, I do; it is the very description of potato I prefer to all others—dry, hot, mealy! the epithets are all savoury and appetising—baked in an oven, and served up in their jackets, with butter, pepper, and salt, what can be nicer than they are for supper—when you have nothing better? When you have something better, of course they occupy a second rank; but place it in what rank you may, a potato that is dry, hot, and mealy asserts its own respectability, and cannot be despised. Yes; the dry, hot mealy potato for ever!

The last question which I feel called upon to answer at the present time inquires, "*Do you keep livery-servants?*" This demand smacks somewhat of the tax-gatherer, and might be supposed to emanate from him, were it not that the questioner makes no mention of "dogs," which I have remarked, are uniformly classed with livery-servants in the tax-gatherer's schedule. As a lodger, who pays rent for furnished apartments with attendance, I might summarily dismiss this question, so far as I am individually concerned, with a negative; but looking to the respectability of the establishment in which I reside, and of Mrs. Jones, who is at its head, I am bound to record that a livery is not altogether an unknown luxury at No. 24. The boy "Bung," the ever-active Mercury of the house, does wear a livery upon occasions. True, he is generally seen in a state of dishabille, his back minus a coat, his arms bare to the elbows, and his feet in a pair (or two odd ones) of cut-down boots. When

wanted, he has to be excavated from the lower labyrinths of the basement floor, where, busy as a bee with boots, blacking, and brick-dust, he passes the mornings of his days. But when the parlour gives a dinner, or the first-floor holds a *soirée*, if you should happen to be one of the guests, you will see Bung brilliant in a clean face, a milkwhite collar, and "dickey," neat slippers, and a showy suit of rather faded livery, a little tarnished in the lace and buttons, only a few sizes too big for him, and not very much the worse for wear—by candlelight. I have observed that the livery has changed three times during the five years of my tenancy with Mrs. Jones. When Bung was what she calls a "brat of a boy," she liveried him in blue and gold, which Mr. Solomons brought her in his bag, but which soon went to pieces, and had to be succeeded by a suit of drab and silver. Bung grew out of these, and now disports himself in a man's suit of Oxford grey and frogs, which is very becoming, and sets the seal of gentility upon our establishment. I may add, that whenever Bung waits at table in livery, his services are duly put down in the weekly bill; but I have great doubts, although Mrs. Jones thus levies a tax for livery upon her lodgers, whether she pays a farthing herself on that score to the revenue.

I have now answered about a dozen of the most prominent of the great public questions of the day; and here, for the present, I shall conclude my responses. Whatever importance the reader may choose to attach to these questions—for myself, I have my own private opinions concerning them—he will not, he cannot deny that they *are*, among all the subjects of which the press treats from time to time, those which it keeps with the most perseverance and persistency before the public eye. Other topics it treats of by fits and starts, and in a more or less abstract manner. The subject of national education is at a premium one day, at a discount the next; political reform comes and goes upon

the platform of the broad sheet; the peace agitation is rampant at one season and dormant at another; and so on. But the whiskers, the oats, the perambulators, the wigs, the hot mealy potatoes, &c.—these things keep their ground; their foundations are deeply rooted beyond the mutabilities of the changing years, and bid defiance to the storms of fate. Whether such phenomena be according to the natural course of things, or whether they be the symbols of some profound and unexplained mystery, I leave to be decided by the “coming man” when he shall have made his appearance.

FIDDLES AND THE FIDDLE-TRADE.

No man who is not a fiddler can be fully aware of the virtues that reside in a fiddle. To the majority of mankind, the thing is but a vibratory machine of thin wood, furnished with tightened strings of catgut for the production of musical sounds; and the non-fiddling portion of the community are apt to entertain a derogatory notion both of fiddles and fiddlers, as though there were something unaccordant with the dignity of human nature in the production of melody by shaking the elbow and twiddling the fingers. Not that they by any means object to the result produced, or refuse to listen to the harmonious combination of sounds which horse-hair and resin elicit, or refrain at all times from responding to the invitation of the music by tripping through the mazes of the delightful dance: but they wouldn't be seen to operate themselves; they could not submit to be themselves the fiddlers. A small section of society—a dismal, dolorous, and drab-hearted community—go still further. With them, the terms “to play the fiddle” and “to play the fool” are synonymous; the notes of a fiddle-string sound irreligiously in their ears, and they look upon fiddlers as persons in a highly equivocal, not to say dangerous position. But the truth is, these people don't know what a fiddle is. I do, and I have therefore the advantage of them.

I am the owner of a Straduaris which cost me nearly £200, and is worth more than double the money. I have insured it in the “Equitable” for the sum it cost—I couldn't rest in my bed till I had done so. How it came

into my possession—what risks I ran—what sacrifices I made to get it—what danger I was in of losing it for ever : these are particulars which I may record at some future time. At present, I am about to say something of fiddles and the fiddle-trade in general, for the benefit of the world at large and my brother-amateurs (I am not a professional musician) in particular.

All the world—at least all the musical world—knows that the finest fiddles which the art of man has ever achieved, were made by the Cremonese masters 200 and odd years ago. What all the world does not know so well is the fact, that though these masters, Amati, Straduaris, and the rest, made but comparatively few instruments, these have been somehow so miraculously multiplied since their death, that at the present moment, when, according to the ordinary course of things, they ought almost to have vanished from the earth, they abound in such prodigious numbers, that there is not a dealer in one of the great cities of Europe who has not always one or two specimens at least upon hand to dispose of. I am of opinion that this is owing, not so much to the merit of the Cremona fiddles, transcendently excellent as most of them are, as it is to the existence of a class of men of whom the reader knows but little or nothing. It is with the great fiddle-makers as with the Raphaels, Titians, Correggios, and Rembrandts, in another art ; their works are so tremendously in request among the connoisseurs, that they have to be manufactured anew to meet the demand. It is the credulity and ignorance of the collectors which have instigated the forgeries in both cases.

As your connoisseur in art is never a painter, though he knows the constituents of megilp, and can daub a bolster-looking cloud ; so your connoisseur in fiddles is never a performer, unless the ability to rasp a quadrille or a polka is to entitle him to that designation. But the collector of fiddles, it is probable, derives as much pleasure from his

accumulations as his brother of the studios. He gloats over the torso of an old instrument, and feels the same raptures on contemplating the graceful swell of the "belly," as my lord-connoisseur does in the presence of an antique marble or a Venus of Titian. And as there are rival connoisseurs in art who bid and buy frantically against one another, so are there rivals in the fiddle-mania who do precisely the same thing. One consequence of this is, that fiddle-dealing is a snug money-making profession, the more pretentious branch of which is monopolised in London by a few old stagers, but which is carried on profitably in all the large towns. There is, for instance, Old Borax, whom those who want him know whereabouts to look for—within the shadow of St. Martin's Church.

Borax makes but little demonstration of his wealth in the dingy hole that serves him for a shop, where a double-bass, a couple of violoncellos, a tenor or two hanging on the walls, and half-a-dozen fiddles, lying among a random collection of bows, bridges, coils of catgut, packets of purified resin, and tangled horsehair in skeins, serve for the insignia of his profession. But Borax never does business in his shop, which is a dusty desert from one week's end to another. His warehouse is a private sanctum on the first floor, where you will find him in his easy-chair reading the morning-paper, if he does not happen to be engaged with a client. Go to him for a fiddle, or carry him a fiddle for his opinion, and you will hardly fail to acknowledge that you stand in the presence of a first-rate judge. The truth is, that fiddles of all nations, disguised and sophisticated as they may be to deceive common observers, are naked and self-confessed in his hands. Dust, dirt, varnish, and bees-wax are thrown away upon him; he knows the work of every man, of note or of no note, whether English, French, Dutch, German, Spaniard, or Italian, who ever sent a fiddle into the market, for the last 200 years; and he will tell you who is the fabricator of

your treasure, and the rank he holds in the fiddle-making world, with the utmost readiness and urbanity—on payment of his fee of one guinea.

Borax is the pink of politeness, though a bit of a martinet after an ancient and punctilious model. If you go to select a fiddle from his stock, you may escape a lecture of a quarter of an hour by *calling* it a fiddle, and not a violin, which is a word he detests, and is apt to excite his wrath. He is never in a hurry to sell, and will by no means allow you to conclude a bargain until he has put you in complete possession of the virtues and the failings, if it have any, of the instrument for which you are to pay a round sum. As all his fiddles lie packed in sarcophagi, like mummies in an Egyptian catacomb, your choice is not perplexed by any *embarras de richesses*; you see but one masterpiece at a time, and Borax will take care that you *do* see that, and know all about it, before he shows you another. First unlocking the case, he draws the instrument tenderly from its bed, grasps it in the true critical style with the fingers and thumbs of both hands a little above the bridge, turning the scroll towards you. Now and then he twangs, with the thumb of his left hand, the third or fourth string, by way of emphasis to the observations which he feels bound to make—instinctively avoiding, however, that part of the strings subject to the action of the bow. Giving you the name of the maker, he proceeds to enlighten you on the peculiar characteristics of his work; then he will dilate upon the remarkable features of the specimen he holds in his hand—its build, its model, the closeness and regularity of the grain of the wood of which the belly was fashioned; the neatness, or, wanting that, the original style of the purfleing—the exquisite mottling of the back, which is wrought, he tells you, “by the cunning hand of nature in the primal growth of the tree”—*twang*. Then he will break out into placid exclamations of delight upon the gracefulness of the swell—*twang*—

and the noble rise in the centre—*twang*—and make you pass your hand over it to convince yourself; after which, he carefully wipes it down with a silk handkerchief. This process superinduces another favourite theme of eulogium—namely, the unparalleled hue and tone (of colour) imparted by the old Italian varnish—a hue, he is sure to inform you, which it is impossible to imitate by any modern nostrums—*twang*. Then he reverts to the subject of a fiddle's indispensables and fittings; discourses learnedly on the carving of scrolls, and the absurd substitution, by some of the German makers, of lions' heads in lieu of them; hinting, by the way, that said makers are asses, and that their instruments bray when they should speak—*twang*. Then, touching briefly on the pegs, which he prefers unornamented, he will hang lingeringly upon the neck, pronounce authoritatively upon the right degree of elevation of the finger-board, and the effects of its due adjustment upon the vibration of the whole body-harmonic, and, consequently, upon the tone. Then, jumping over the bridge, he will animadvert on the tail-piece; after which, entering at the S-holes—not without a fervent encomium upon their graceful drawing and neatness of cut—*twang*—he will introduce you to the *arcanum mysterii*, the interior of the marvellous fabric—point out to you, as plainly as though you were gifted with clairvoyance, the position and adaptation of the various linings, the bearings of the bass-bar, that essential adjunct to quality of tone—*twang*—and the proper position of the sound-post. Lastly, he will show you, by means of a small hand-mirror throwing a gleam of light into its entrails, the identical autograph of the immortal maker—Albati, Guinarius, or Amati, as it may happen—with the date printed in the lean old type, and now scarcely visible through the dust of a couple of centuries, “*Amati, Cremonæ Fecit 1645*,” followed by a manuscript signature in faded ink, which you must take for granted.

Borax has but one price; and if you do not choose to pay it, you must do without the article. The old fellow is a true believer, and is accounted the first judge in Europe; fiddles travel to him from all parts of the continent for his opinion, bringing their fees with them; and for every instrument he sells, it is likely he pronounces judgment upon a hundred. It is rumoured that the greatest master-pieces in being are in his possession.

A dealer of a different stamp is Michael Schnapps, well known in the trade, and the profession too; as a ravenous fiddle-ogre, who buys and sells everything that bears the fiddle shape, from a double-double bass to a dancing master's pocketable kit. His house is one vast warehouse, with fiddles on the walls, fiddles on the staircases, and fiddles hanging like stalactites from the ceilings. To him the tyros resort when they first begin to scrape; he will set them up for ten shillings, and swop them up afterwards, step by step, to ten or twenty guineas, and to ten times that amount if they are rich enough and green enough to continue the experiment. Schnapps imports fiddles in the rough, under the designation of toys, most of which are the productions of his peasant-countrymen bordering on the Black Forest; and with these he supplies the English provinces and the London toy and stationers' shops. He is, further, a master of the fiddle-making craft himself, and so consummate an adept in repairing, that nothing short of consuming fire can defeat his art. When Pinker, of Norwich, had his Cremona smashed all to atoms in a railway collision, Schnapps rushed down to the scene of the accident, bought the lot of splintered fragments for a couple of pounds, and in a fortnight had restored the magnificent Straduarius to its original integrity, and cleared 150 guineas by its sale. But Schnapps is a humbug at bottom—an everlasting copyist and manufacturer of dead masters, Italian, German, and English. He has sold more Amatis in his time than Amati himself ever made. He

knows the secret of the old varnish ; he has hidden stores of old wood—planks of cherry-tree and mountain-ash centuries old, and worm-eaten sounding boards of defunct harpsichords, and reserves of the close-grained pine hoarded for ages. He has a miniature printing-press, and a fount of the lean-faced, long-forgotten type, and a stock of the old ribbed paper, torn from the fly-leaves of antique folios ; and, of course, he has always on hand a collection of the most wonderful instruments at the most wonderful prices, for the professional man or the connoisseur.

“ You want to py a pfeedel,” says Schnapps. “ I sall sell you de pest—dat ish, de pest for de mowny. Vat you sall gif for him ? ”

“ Well, I can go as far as ten guineas,” says the customer.

“ Ten kinnis is goot for von goot pfeedel ; bote besser is tventy, tirty, feefty kinnis, or von hunder, look you ; bote ten kinnis is goot—you sall see.”

Schnapps is all simplicity and candour in his dealings. The probability is, however, that his ten-guinea fiddle would be fairly purchased at five, and that you might have been treated to the same article had you named thirty or forty guineas instead of ten.

I once asked Schnapps if he knew wherein lay the excellence of the old Italian instruments.

“ Mein Gott ! ” said he, “ if I don’t, who de teifil does ? ”

Then he went on to inform me, that it did not lie in any peculiarity in the model, though there was something in that ; nor in the wood of the back, though there was something in that ; nor in the fine and regular grain of the pine which formed the belly, though there was something in that ; nor in the position of the grain, running precisely parallel with the strings, though there was something in that ; nor in the sides, nor in the finger-board, nor in the linings, nor in the bridge, nor in the strings, nor in the waist, though there was something in all of them ;

nor yet in the putting together, though there was much in that.

"Where does it lie, then, Mr. Schnapps?"

"Ah, der henker! hang if I know."

"Has age much to do with it, think you?"

"Not moshe. Dere is pad pfeedels two hunder years ole as vell as goot vons; and dere is goot pfeedels of pad models, vitch is made fery pad, and pad pfeedels of de fery pest models, and peautiful made as you sall vish to see."

This is the sum-total of the information to be got out of Schnapps on that mysterious subject. On other matters he can pronounce with greater exactness. He knows every Cremona in private or professional hands in the whole kingdom; and where the owner bought it, if he did buy it, and what he gave for it; or from whom he inherited it, if it came to him as an heir-loom. Of those of them which have passed through his hands, he has got facsimiles taken in plaster, which serve as exemplars for his own manufactures. Upon the death of the owner of one of these rarities, Schnapps takes care to learn particulars; and if the effects of the deceased come under the hammer, he starts off to the sale, however distant, where, unless some of his metropolitan rivals in trade have likewise caught the scent, he has the bidding all his own way, and carries off the prize.

Fiddle-making, as a branch of industry, is not a very remunerative employment, and those who follow it in London are but few, and are growing fewer. The whole number hardly amounts to half a score; and though there are not wanting among them men who can manufacture excellent instruments, yet the staple of their productions is a kind of regulation article, which does not command a high price, and serves, for the most part, to supply the demands of the counties and the colonies. The best English instruments, however, deserve a better character than they bear. Some of the old provincial makers, needy men, who perform the

entire work with their own hands, have produced fiddles almost rivalling the old Cremonas in tone, and excelling them in workmanship; and I have seen some few specimens of this class realise by auction fifteen times the amount paid for their manufacture. The inundation of German fiddles, which may be bought new for a few shillings, has swamped the English makers of cheap instruments, of which there are by this time five times as many in the market as there is any occasion for. Hence it is that fiddles meet us everywhere; they cumber the toy-shop; they house with the furniture-dealer; they swarm by thousands in the pawnbroker's stores, and block out the light from his windows; they hang on the tobacconist's walls; they are raffled at public-houses; and they form an item in every auctioneer's catalogue.

Meanwhile, the multiplication of rubbish only enhances the value of the gold; and a fiddle worthy of an applauding verdict from old Borax is more difficult of acquisition than ever. So I shall keep my Cremona.

GENESIS OF THE WORKERS.

THERE can be but few persons who have not occasionally remarked in the course of their dealings with the multifaced world of commerce, that certain trades and professions, and industrial employments, as well of the lowest as of the highest grade, have at least an apparent tendency to run, as it were, in certain channels, and to remain from one generation to another in the hands of a particular race, or of the inhabitants of a particular district—as though monopolised exclusively by them. Old clothes, and the trade in old clothes, is a case in point. A cast-off coat, a napless hat, a pair of seedy pantaloons, recalls the image of the perambulating Jew with his corpulent bag on his shoulders, and, it may be, seven several crowns to his hoary pate, and his familiar cry of “Old Clo,” by which, from time immemorial, he has asserted his prescriptive right to all such exuviæ. But this industrious and heavy-laden patriarch affords but a single illustration of a spirit, or a habit, or a destiny, or a something or other that perhaps Carlyle would call “an inevitable course of things,” which does, in a rather singular and not very accountable manner, characterise the history of many of the various modes by which man transforms his industrial energies into a marketable commodity. No one well acquainted with the streets of Paris will have failed to observe the operation of a curious law, by which it would seem to be decreed, that the various out-door occupations of Parisian life are all severally monopolised by immigrants of the various departments, who come to the capital young, spend the best years of their lives in the

toilsome acquisition of just money enough to buy a couple of roods of ground in their native district, and that grand desideratum accomplished, retire to their homes, where, living upon the produce of their half-acre, with the reputation of landed proprietors, they spend the rest of their days. Every knife-grinder in Paris has the same "story to tell;" they all come from Auvergne, Savoy, Lorraine, or Piedmont; and they gratify at once their nomadic taste and their ambition, by trundling their rickety misshapen machines through the by-streets of the capital, grinding for bread or broken food, upon which they live, and rarely spending a coin when they receive coin for their labours. The hare-skin dealers are all from Auvergne—the charcoal-porters from the same place; the water-carriers, once a most numerous race, are either from the Cantal of Auvergne, or from Normandy, "that other Auvergne," whence come so many of the ragged naiads of the fruit, the flower, the vegetable, and the fish markets; the street-porters are invariably from the Puy-de-Dôme. There is no mistaking any of these for Parisians—the abominable dialect they speak, intelligible only to themselves, betraying their origin, and effectually confining them to their own class. We have no exact parallel to this in any occupations carried on in our metropolis; but we shall proceed, with the reader's permission, to notice some facts bearing on the physiology of trades and employments in some degree analogous to it, and which will not perhaps be found useless or uninteresting.

To begin with the bakers: an immensely disproportionate number of these are Scotchmen, who are said to be attracted to London by the margin of profit, which is a fraction wider here than it is in the north. They mostly do well; do not generally affect low prices, which are the ruin of many bakers; and the majority of the most respectable household bakeries are in their hands. Next to the Scotchmen, the most numerous are the men from Devonshire and the west of England. There are also a good many Germans, and one

or two Frenchmen, in the trade—the latter figuring only at the West End, and catering principally for the wants of their own countrymen. Londoners, of course, are not wanting; but of the whole batch it may truly be said, they enjoy the least credit, and are most involved in difficulties with their factors. It may be worth while to remark, that the inhabitants of London will not eat wholesome bread; if it is not whiter than the best wheat-flour will make it, a Cockney disdains it; so alum comes into use, causing about 10,000 indigestions a week; and then comes the doctor, to whom the baker is the best friend he has. We have a private opinion of our own, that if London bread were nothing but bread, the London mortality-bills would decrease a remarkable percentage.

Next door to our baker lives a barber, who tells us that half the barbers in London are London born, but that a good many of the fashionable hairdressers are from the watering-places and genteel towns. Both classes of workmen, he says, have a good character in town, and are sure of employment. People imagine that London sends hairdressers to all parts of the kingdom; but the fact is that every barber in the country comes to London, at some time or other, to improve, working for nothing the while, for the sake of learning the ladies' department. "After their return," says our oracle, "they announce themselves as 'from London,' finding their account in so doing. Some of the London hairdressers dub themselves Professors, and make large incomes by grease, cosmetics, and hair-dye, which latter, if once used, must always be used, and is generally sold at half-a-guinea the bottle, and costs a premium of a guinea to be taught how to use it. Sometimes, from constitutional peculiarity, it turns the hair green; and then, mayhap, a young lady of sixty requires to have her head shaved, and to shut herself up while a fresh crop is growing. Immense sums are made by hair-dye, some of the professors having a European con-

nection, and travelling express to foreign capitals, disseminating youthfulness and beauty wherever they go." Our communicative barber, who is not perpetually shaving, ekes out his time by retailing tobacco, snuff, and cigars; by weaving at a wig occasionally, and by breeding, and teaching, and doctoring canary-birds; upon all of which matters he has something to say that may be worth hearing. The tobacco trade, he says, is in the hands of Londoners, but the best tobacco decidedly comes from Bristol. The Jews have a good deal to do with cheap cigars, which are manufactured both by men and women; and some of them, he avers, may be made to smell uncommonly like a dish of cabbage by simply boiling them for an hour. In fine tobaccos and cigars, he adds, a most enormous trade is done; good tobacco ought to be smoked in a seasoned meerschaum. A meerschaum is seasoned in the following way: it is first swaddled ten or twelve deep in flannel cases; then it is consigned to the hands of a responsible life-guardsman, together with maybe twenty pounds of shag tobacco; the soldier undertakes that, once lighted, the pipe shall not be suffered to grow cold for six months; it becomes the pipe of perpetual peace in his keeping, and passes from comrade to comrade, day and night, till the whole period has expired, by which time it is burned to a deep Vandyke-brown, and thoroughly seasoned. It costs perhaps £30, and takes a whole regiment of soldiers to do it! As to wig-making, all he does is in human hair, for which, using but a small quantity, he does not go to the hair-merchants, of whom there are but two or three in London; the hair is nearly all imported, as English girls are not fond of selling theirs: a good deal comes from Brittany, where a girl will sell her head of hair to buy a wedding-dress. Touching the canaries, he knows all about them. The canary originally came from the Canary Islands; but he wouldn't buy birds from those islands now if they were offered to him, as the most part of them cannot stand our

climate, and die in the first winter. There is a much stronger bird, and better in song, too, which comes from Germany, where millions of them are bred every year by the workmen and labouring-people, as well as by regular breeders. They are bred for exportation, and are shipped in immense numbers to Russia, where it is the fashion to keep them, and where they die when the winter comes on. You may see ships freighted with nothing but canary-birds lying at St. Petersburg—all sent from Germany. He thinks the climate would not kill them if they were properly looked after. Canaries live longest in a large cage, where they have room to run about, which they are fond of doing. They are subject to a kind of boil on the head, which is easily cured if attended to in time, but which kills them if neglected, as it generally is, because people are not aware of it. Vast numbers of them are bred in England, and excellent birds too. The Spitalfield weavers breed some of the best birds, and some of them make a living when work is slack by teaching them to sing. The canary is a very docile bird, and may be taught with certainty by any one who will take the necessary trouble, and should have at least four lessons a day.

Ting! ting! There goes a tall, round-faced German, with the still rounder face of a clock under his arm, whose tingling bell is his advertisement as he walks the streets. Dutch clocks once formed the staple of a great import business, which has latterly undergone a rapid decline, and is now almost in the last stage of a galloping consumption. That handsome German just gone by is the first of his craft we have seen for this month past, and is, we fear, gone on a vain quest for employment; his comrades have for the last few years almost totally disappeared from the streets. Their disappearance is due to the prodigious importation of American clocks, of which thousands are sold weekly in London alone, at a price varying from 8s. for a thirty-hour bracket-

clock, to from 15s. to 40s. for an eight-day one—even the lowest priced clock having a neat mahogany case. The cost of the wheel-work of a Dutch clock used to be 3s. 6d. to the makers, who had to procure cases, pendulums, bells, weights, catguts, dials, &c., from different manufacturers, so that a decent thirty-hour clock, with brass works, could not well be sold retail for much less than £1. Now the cost of the works of an American clock is said to be, to the producer, not more than a small fraction above the value of the metal, the whole being struck from a sheet of rolled brass by a single stroke of a die or press, which cuts the works of a clock at a blow. These clocks go remarkably well—rather better, upon an average, than a good lever watch—and do not get readily out of repair. The consequence is that they are driving the perambulating German from the streets, and may be seen by the dozen in the shop-windows even of his own countrymen—Jonathan having beaten the German out of his peculiar market.

Watchmakers—by which is to be understood, not people who make watches, but who put them together—are mostly Londoners; but a vast number of excellent movements (works) which receive the names of some of the best London makers, are really manufactured at Coventry. Gold and silver cases, and dial-plates are made in London, and, in the district of Clerkenwell, are chased and ornamented by means of the rose-engine, with which a clever workman can easily earn from 50s. to 60s. weekly, if he possesses an engine of his own. The state of our political relations with China considerably affects the watchmaking trade. Your respectable Chinese does exceedingly desire and covet a good English lever watch in a silver case, and will give anything like a reasonable price for it. We could point to one maker who, during the war which brought us the Sycee-silver, was compelled to diminish his production at the rate of above 1000 lever watches per annum. Working jewellers and

lapidaries also affect a district of Clerkenwell: these are mostly of London origin; and the latter, being very few in number, are particularly independent, working their own hours, without too much regard for their employers' convenience, and earning high wages.

Five-and-twenty years ago, the looking-glass and picture-frame makers of the metropolis were nearly all Italians, some of whom carried on a large wholesale trade, having their working establishments in Leather Lane, and the courts and back-streets adjoining. Italian names are still visible in that district, and a few glittering shops, in bad keeping with the surrounding squalor, yet maintain the pretensions of Leather Lane as the nursery of this ornamental branch of industry. But the rapid growth of art within the last generation, combined with improvements in manufacture, has raised a demand for more picture-frames and mirrors than they could supply, and now the works of Englishmen in this way are at least quite as numerous, and, as far as we can judge, equally excellent in quality. But a marvellous difference in the kind of article produced characterises the trade of a picture-frame maker—one man making the same frame for 30s. for which another, with more fairness, considering the actual value of the article, will demand £5.

The most remarkable instance of pertinacious adherence to a single occupation to be met with in England, and perhaps in the world, is that afforded by the Spitalfield weavers; who, though nearly all of foreign descent, being the descendants of the French emigrants driven over here by the revocation of the Edict of Nantes, are more truly Londoners than any other class to whom we could refer. They are a patient and suffering race, who have from time to time been made the victims of foul oppression by their employers. The regulations to which they are forced to submit in the practice of their miserable calling are, as we have reason to know, such as no other class of English workmen would tolerate for

a day. Their wages have been ground down to the minimum point; they work often, in their miserable dwellings, from sixteen to twenty hours out of the twenty-four: and, although leading a life of semi-starvation, yet persist in training their children to follow the same unremunerative calling. As lately as the commencement of the present century, they retained the use of the French language, and their religious services were conducted in French within the memory of many yet living; but their native tongue has at length died out even among the oldest of the race. Their dwellings are among the most squalid and ruinous to be found in the metropolis; they may be easily recognised by the pedestrian from the long and narrow windows, constructed to admit as much light as possible into their work-rooms.

London, which is never to-day of the same extent as it was yesterday, demands the services of whole armies of builders, brickmakers, bricklayers, and their subordinate fellow-labourers. The builders, who but too rarely condescend to invoke the assistance of a professional architect, though mostly Londoners, are by no means exclusively so, but comprise among their number a host of speculators from all parts of the kingdom—the facilities for building with very little capital being perhaps greater in London than in any country town in England. The brickmakers are for the most part Londoners; but they have had latterly to contend with new rivals from the neighbourhood of Liverpool and Manchester, as well as with a new kind of pierced brick, brought hither by rail in large quantities from brickfields situated at various distances north of the capital. The workmen at this trade invariably work by the piece; and by labouring during the summer months with an intensity that would kill the strongest animal in a week, earn extravagant wages, sometimes amounting to from three to four guineas a week per man, which they spend as extravagantly, being often reduced to dismal straits in the winter, when they

cannot work. From three in the morning till nine at night is no uncommon day's work for a brickmaker in the height of summer. As a class, they occasion the police more trouble than any other that could be named; and they are at once the support and the disgrace of the suburban public-houses. The bricklayers are a far more respectable, intelligent, and, indeed, educated class; simply, perhaps, because their profession requires the exercise of more capacity. It is not quite true that "by line and rule works many a fool;" a fool not being exactly the man to manage such simple tools, and certainly not the man for a bricklayer. These operatives are known as a provident class, familiar with the regulations of friendly societies and the value of the savings-bank. They, too, are mostly Londoners, associated, however, with many excellent workmen from the provinces. The bricklayers' labourers, hod-men, mortar-men, and so on, are almost exclusively Irish. Formerly, they were a wild and untamable set—the tyrants of the streets at night, and the habitants of the drunken and disorderly cells at the stations; but their intimacy with the police, and their prison experience, have wrought in them a considerable reform; and though they occasionally break out into riot, it is oftener on religious grounds than from any other cause.

The navvies, or navigators, who now form so large a section of our labouring-class, came originally from the fen districts, where, from their occupation, which consisted principally in raising banks to dam out the water, they were called "bankers." Since the formation of railways, Yorkshire and Lancashire have supplied the greatest number. They bear but an evil reputation.

Among the shoemakers, a great number are provincialists, and the far greater proportion of these are from Northamptonshire. They manufacture a prodigious quantity of shoes for exportation and for government contracts. It is a rather singular circumstance, which we can state on the best

authority, that the only really expert and accomplished workmen who ever find their way into a jail, are shoemakers.

A good proportion of the tailors of London are Irish, Scotch, and German; but the tailoring trade has suffered wofully within the last few lustres, from the enterprise of the ready-made clothes-merchants, from whose unlimited stock a large section of the public find it easier and more convenient to get fitted at once, than to run the risk of failure from an incompetent professor of the art. Their enormous increase throughout the kingdom is doubtless due to the convenience they afford, and the saving of time, now so important an article, effected by dealing with them. The largest establishments are those of the Jews; and more of them, in fact, belong to the Jews than the public are aware of. An ignorant prejudice, which yet partially prevails, against dealing with Jews has induced many of them to disguise or change their names. Thus Moses sometimes becomes Moss, Abraham sinks into Braham, or expands into Tabraham, and Levi is anagramed into Evil, &c. But the tailor is by no means the only craftsman with whom the Jew interferes as a formidable rival. In Covent Garden he is well known as an importer of oranges and dried-fruits, nuts, dates, and so on; he is noticed for doing business in these, the least perishable of vegetable commodities, at the lowest profit; and he is the chief source from whence the perambulating dealers obtain their stock. Again, he is a manufacturing confectioner and preserver of fruits, and purveyor of jelly and jam, candying lemon-peel, and bottling lemon-juice, and dealing in cocoa-nuts and pine-apples; he is a compositor in printing-offices, keeping only the Christian Sabbath, or none at all; he is a furniture-broker and appraiser, and not unfrequently a pawnbroker; he is a picture-dealer to any extent you like, but makes no pretensions to a judgment of high art; and is also picture-cleaner and

restorer as well. In short, he is extending his energies rapidly into fresh departments of trade, and at every step he takes is overcoming old prejudices, and rising higher in the regard of his Christian brethren.

Germans in London have several departments of trade, if not entirely in their own hands, nearly so. Sugar-refining is almost exclusively carried on by Germans, and their refineries are nearly all congregated together in White-chapel and the immediate neighbourhood. The workmen mix but little with the English, but frequent mostly their own houses-of-call. The toy-trade is also very much monopolised by Germans: they import large cargoes of toys from their own country, and supply the London dealers with them at a cheap rate. There are, moreover, many German retailers of toys who affect the arcades of the metropolis, which, being sheltered from the weather, are admirably fitted for their purpose. Myriads of toys are made by German peasants in their long winter evenings, and by shepherds and herdsmen in their solitudes, whose remuneration must be excessively small, looking to the low price at which their wares are retailed in England. In the article of lucifer-matches, the Germans beat the London makers hollow, and no end of them are imported into this country, where they meet a ready sale: we have just lighted candles with one from a German box, containing 1000 matches, each perfectly cylindrical in shape, and lighting without noise; said box being sold retail for a penny. Numbers of Germans in England pursue the occupation of farriery, and some years ago they were in high repute for the superiority of their practice; but latterly, an educated class of Englishmen have by degrees entered that profession, and the Germans are no longer in the ascendant. Many Germans are importers of foreign fancy goods, especially baskets, in which an extensive trade is carried on: these come over in packages as big as an Irishman's cabin, and have to be unpacked in the

street. Others import musical instruments and musical-boxes, which latter are to be bought in every street in London, at prices marvellously low. Others, again, import birds, particularly piping-bullfinches, which fetch prices sometimes beyond all reason, proportioned to their musical abilities. Besides the German traders, the whole of which we cannot pretend to enumerate, there is always in London a good staff of German professors of languages, and teachers of every accomplishment that a gentleman could wish to learn.

With respect to the provision-dealers in the metropolis, we may remark that London, with that regard for the genuine article which is a part of her idiosyncrasy, loves to supply her table from the best market. Thus, the *élite* of the dairymen are from Devonshire and Wales, the cheese-mongers from Yorkshire and Hampshire, while Wiltshire-men deal in pork and bacon, and her own market-gardeners sell the finest fruit and vegetables. Of eggs, London devours them by millions fresh, in the season, at the established cost of three-halfpence each; and by hundreds of millions, not too fresh, sent over by French egg-merchants, all the year round. For butcher-meat she trusts to her own butchers, who are mostly London-born; and for fish, to the Billingsgate-men, who, like the oysters, are also natives. Her grocers, too, are principally her own citizens; and so, for the most part, are her brewers, though she has a decided penchant for country ale, and holds out a welcome hand to the men of Burton, of Alton, and especially of Edinburgh. When she wants a dose of physic, she runs to the chemist and druggist, who, in three cases out of four, is not a Londoner at all, but an enterprising fellow from some country town, come hither to cure her of her maladies. If, being really ill, she don't get better, be sure she will call in a London physician, because there is scarcely another to whom she can have recourse; and if death comes in spite of him,

it is at least seven to one that a Londoner will play the part of undertaker, that being about the proportion that the Londoners of the mortuary profession bear to the provincials located among them.

Of the linen-draperies in London, both wholesale and retail, a very large proportion are from Scotland and the north of England, particularly from Manchester. Among their assistants, are a smaller proportion of Londoners than we should expect to find. A great number of them are Scotch, many come from Lancashire, not a few are Irish, but in a larger proportion than any of the above are the young men from Somerset, Devon, and the west country. Commercial travellers, as well in connection with this business as with others, are, the majority of them, north-country men. Many large millinery establishments in London are in the hands of men, and employ a large capital in carrying them on; the young girls who do the work are, however, mostly from the country, whence they come in the capacity of "improvers," to learn experience, returning, after one or two years' practice, to commence business in their native place.

Among the professions which the new arrivals from the provinces contest most successfully with the Londoners, would appear to be the pianoforte-makers, of whom the major part are men from the provinces; the booksellers, especially those who deal in second-hand books, of which a good proportion are countrymen; the printers, whose working ranks would soon die out were they not continually supplemented by arrivals from the country, and many of whom, saving money, set up for themselves; the cabinet-makers, whose profession is extended much in the same way; the carpenters, who, if they succeed, invariably become builders on a small scale, in connection with the London bricklayers: to which might be added many other trades not peculiar to London, but which, when fairly mastered by

clever country hands, are more completely understood by them than by the generality of London-trained workmen. It is a fact, that the London artisan rarely understands more than one department of the trade to which he serves his apprenticeship; and although this doubtless tends to the proverbial perfection of London work, it often operates to prevent the workman from becoming a master. Country workmen, on the contrary, usually know all the branches of their profession; and, when well skilled in them, naturally rise, in such a field as the metropolis affords, to the position of employers.

We find we are getting beyond our limits, and must proceed to notice a few remaining facts as briefly as possible. Engineers and millwrights are for the most part from Scotland, and the northern counties of England; but not a few are to be met with, particularly on board the steamers, from the iron districts of Wales. Wheelwrights from the provinces are almost as numerous as the London hands. Horse-dealers come chiefly from Yorkshire and Hampshire; but Irish horses are from time to time sold in town in considerable numbers. Cutlers are principally from Sheffield; hardwaremen from Birmingham: and there are few great firms originating in country towns, in any department of manufacture, who have not warehouses and show-rooms in London. Gardeners, especially those retained at the seats of the nobility and gentry, are very generally Scotchmen. In the jewellery trade there is a large admixture of Jews, who principally affect the manufacture of such articles in gold as do not imperatively require the sanction of Goldsmiths' Hall—such as gold chains, and the flashy gold rings now exporting in large quantities to the “diggings,” which cost in the London markets seven shillings each, and sell readily for four guineas in the land of gold. Cabmen are principally Londoners; but a few civil countrymen, who know the town and can drive, find their account in following the cabman's

occupation. Furriers, and fur-dyers and dressers, are a good many of them Germans. Among the wine-merchants are an extra proportion of foreigners; and foreigners almost monopolise the manufacture of many of the wind-instruments of music. Finishers of fine work, in almost all industrial trades, are in nearly every instance London-bred, and are sometimes heard to boast of their London blood. Every morsel of sponge in London passes through the hands of the Jews, who levy a contribution upon it, in some shape or other, before it comes into use. Brewers' draymen, though stalwart fellows to look at, are proverbially short-lived; not a man of them, it is said, ever attaining the age of fifty: from the inflamed state of their blood, accidents, however slight, become fatal to them. Some years back, a case was recorded of one who died in the apparent vigour of manhood, through slightly grazing his finger against the wheel of his dray. Lastly, the omniumgatherum shops, whose stock exhibits as delightful a confusion as the above paragraph, are invariably the property of thorough-bred Cockneys.

We shall conclude with the notice of two facts, worthy at least of a passing remark. Something more than a century ago, there arrived in this country a very little colony of iron-workers from Sweden. They brought with them the art of preparing the Swedish iron, and they settled down in a small village in Northumberland, and began practising it for their own advantage. They throve well; and repudiating all intimacy with the surrounding inhabitants, remained a distinct race, speaking their own tongue, and following their own customs, in a land of strangers. When one had achieved a competence, he withdrew to his native land, and sent over another; and thus their number was kept up for three generations, when their secret having at length exploded or been discovered, they all simultaneously disappeared.—Twenty-five years ago, there were not above

half-a-dozen Greek merchants in London, and these were mostly of small capital and less note, but of indomitable energy, and first-rate business tact. At the present day, they have not only multiplied in numbers, but have succeeded in monopolising nearly the entire trade of the Mediterranean and the East. They have their business-houses at every port and station upon the coasts and rivers, and realise a profit annually hardly exceeded by that of any class of merchants upon the face of the earth.

“CROWNER’S QUEST.”

It was on a bitter cold day in the depth of winter, that I was compelled to make one of a jury assembled to hold an inquest on the body of a man recently and suddenly deceased. The place allotted for the purpose was an upper room in a public-house adjacent to my own residence, whither, at the appointed hour, I repaired, though I must confess with considerable reluctance. The wind blew raw and keen, penetrating to the very bones; a slight, very slight thaw had commenced, just enough to make the snow beneath one’s feet sloppy and insinuating, and suggestive of influenza and rheumatism. On entering the room I found some ten or twelve individuals of the respectable class seated on the polished wooden chairs of the place; not round the fire, which, newly lighted for the occasion, and smoking furiously, as if angry at being called to take a part in such a serious business, invited no such intimacy, but each “sullenly apart,” muffled and buttoned to the chin, and evidently desirous of dismissal. In the centre of the room stood a small table and an arm-chair, reserved for the coroner, who had not yet arrived; a wine-glass full of ink, and a single pen new from the stationer’s, completed the scanty preparation. In the corner of the room farthest from the fire sat a pale, melancholy child of ten or twelve years of age, and an elderly person whom I took to be her mother; both were of the poorer class.

The coroner not arriving at the time specified, considerable dissatisfaction became apparent upon the silent visages of my companions, and very likely upon my own as well.

Here, however, we sat and shivered for a full hour in comfortless speechlessness, strangers, as far as I could judge, to each other, and having, with one exception, apparently, a general determination to remain so. The individual furnishing the exception was perhaps of a lower grade than the rest, and was, besides, constitutionally unfitted altogether for the business in hand. While the rest sat still and motionless as sphinxes, he twisted, wriggled, and turned upon his seat, rubbed his hands and smiled with a cordiality which ought to have been catching, though it was not. All his attempts at conversation, and they were many, met with a freezing and unqualified rebuff; and at length, giving it up as a bad job, he turned his attention to the fire, and I really felt grateful when, by a little judicious poking, he succeeded in eliciting a cheerful aspect from that, the only face in the room in accord with his own. Encouraged by this success, he actually produced a snuff-box from his pocket, and giving it a good-natured tap on the lid, offered it politely to his neighbour, who, however, would not share in the stimulant, but left him to enjoy it alone, and to waste the sunshine of his countenance upon the unresponding company.

How slowly that long hour crawled away, and how I regretted that my pockets were void of books or anything readable! There was one old gentleman behind a pair of goggle spectacles, deliberately spelling through a greasy, beer-stained portion of a weekly paper—even him I envied. At length the rattle of wheels was heard below, and, amidst a general movement and upstanding, the coroner entered the room. My friend with the snuff-box sobered his merry face, took a parting pinch, and addressed himself to the serious business of the hour.

The coroner proceeded immediately to apologise politely for the delay he had unwittingly occasioned us, arising, as he said, from an unexpected mass of evidence to be gone into in another case in which he had been engaged that morning. I could not help thinking that he appeared to be well used

to making apologies, and to having them well received. This done, and the requisite *twelve* being ascertained to be present, he proceeded to administer the oath usual on such occasions. This ceremony was got through summarily, the elderly gentleman who had monopolised the newspaper being first sworn as foreman. Six of the others, each placing a finger on the gospels, were sworn in at a batch; the same as to the remainder, and the business was concluded in less than two minutes.

The next step was to inspect the body of the deceased, previous to hearing what evidence might have to be adduced. For this purpose we followed our foreman over the melting snow and mingled mud, through a long labyrinth of narrow and half-paved back-streets, to the house or rather hut, where lay the object of our inquiry. It was during this transit that I for the first time heard any of the circumstances attending the death we were called to investigate. It appeared that the deceased was a labouring man, who had returned from his employment unexpectedly in the middle of the day, complaining of indisposition; he had gone to bed, and died in a few hours, without having recourse to medical assistance.

We entered the lowly dwelling, and there, in a small front room on the ground-floor, hardly nine feet square, on a bed that filled half the space, lay (surrounded by a family of small children), as if in a quiet sleep, the remains of one of the sons of toil and privation. He looked old, but not dead; three-score and ten upon the point of waking—such he seemed to me. I was deceived, however, somewhat in regard to his age.

When, in separate detachments—for the room was too small to hold us all at once—we had duly contemplated this sad sight, we returned shivering to the inn-room, where we found the coroner, who had not been idle during our absence, engaged in questioning the child I have before referred to. When we were all seated, he read over the evidence he had

elicited in the interval; and, first putting a few simple questions to the child as to the nature of an oath, which she answered satisfactorily, he swore her to the truth of what she had already said, and was about to say in reply to any questions asked.

The case, as the coroner observed, was the simplest that could possibly occur. From the replies of the child, we learned the following facts, exemplifying, I have no doubt, the history of multitudes of the countless army of workers for daily bread, except in the extreme suddenness of the death, which made the circumstance legally amenable to investigation under a coroner's warrant. The deceased had been employed for many years by a manufacturer in the City, and was highly respected for his sobriety and industry. On the Wednesday before the inquest, which was held on a Monday, he had come home unexpectedly at two in the afternoon, complaining of great difficulty in breathing, and, requesting his wife to make him some tea, had gone to bed. Having drank a little, he said he wished very much for a quiet sleep, and desired his wife not to let the children make a noise. The deponent, the eldest but one of the children, of which there were eight, alone remained with the mother at his bedside. The mother requested him to "have the doctor," but he refused to do so, and leaning back on his pillow, as though very, very weary, fell asleep. He remained silent for about an hour, and then commenced breathing heavily (the child described it as "snoring in his breast"). After some time he was again silent; when his wife, observing that his head lay very low in the bed, rose to place a pillow beneath it, and was horror-struck at finding him cold and stiffening. Medical aid was immediately summoned, but all too late; he had been dead nearly an hour. The stertorous breathing was the sole evidence of his last agony. He was sixty-three years of age; his wife, who was five-and-twenty years younger, was on the point of giving birth to a ninth child, and could not attend

the inquest. The elderly female I had taken for the mother of the child, was a kind and simple-hearted neighbour, whose evidence merely corroborated that of the child, and gave proof of her own genuine feeling and tender sympathy.

The witnesses being desired to withdraw, we proceeded to deliberate upon the verdict. It was not considered necessary to have a *post-mortem* examination. The coroner, an approved medical practitioner himself, assured us there was nothing suspicious or even unusual in the case. The poor man had doubtless died of disease of the heart, or of apoplexy—a dissection might decide which. But of what use or import was it to know? The immediate cause of his death might, perhaps, be found in the extreme exposure to cold to which he had subjected himself on the morning of his decease; it having come out in evidence that he had mistaken the hour, and rose at half-past three o'clock in the morning, instead of six, in his anxiety to be early at work during a press of business. Not thinking it worth while to go to bed again for so short a time, he had sat without fire for more than a couple of hours before proceeding to his employment.

We could do nothing better than adopt the suggestion of the coroner, and agree to the verdict of "Death from natural causes," which was accordingly done.

It was surprising how suddenly the face of things now changed. Everybody rose and buttoned up his great-coat, and donned his gloves, and bared the right hand again to sign the document, half printed, half written, containing the verdict, and then departed without ceremony; so hastily, indeed, that I saw more than one return for walking-sticks or umbrellas forgotten in their anxiety to be off. It was curious to see the different modes of handling the pen; some, delighting in their dashing autograph and flourish, made signatures audible at twenty yards distance; others, with careful deliberation, in a manner printed their names,

legible for centuries. One slim, Adonis-like figure, whom I took for an artist, wrote the finest Italian hand with a pen which he produced from a gold "Mordan;" his performance, however, was immediately buried under the signature of an old stager, who, having less perfect vision, inscribed with the gaping quill of the party, his own blotty patronymic immediately upon it. Next came our friend of poker and snuff-box celebrity. He was the last excepting myself, and twice he signalled me to precede him; but I was inexorable, and determined to inspect his caligraphy, cost what it would. Still he dallied, and looked woefully around him. It was plain he had not calculated upon this, and it was not till the coroner lifted his head to remind him of his duty, that, in desperation he seized the pen—could it possibly be for the first time in his life? I am afraid so. There it stood upright between the fingers of his clenched fist, dripping with ink (he had thrust it to the bottom of the wine-glass), and distilling drops more durable than precious. After many futile attempts to settle upon the right spot, he at length succeeded in the perpetration of a series of hieroglyphics that might have defied Champollion.

Having appended my own humble signature, I retreated to the corner I had hitherto occupied in search of hat and gloves. The little child who gave all the evidence we had heard was sitting by the window, and now sobbing violently, as if for the first time aware of the extent of her loss. The kind-hearted neighbour held one of her hands, and tried in vain to soothe and comfort her. After an equally vain attempt on my own part, I turned to withdraw, and found that the coroner had taken his flight with a precipitancy which I could only account for on the supposition of another sudden death—or a dinner. In his chair sat a stalwart drover, who rang the bell violently, and vociferated, as I descended the stairs, "Come, Betsy! serve up the steaks, and bring a pint of stout!"

LONDON SHOPS, OLD AND NEW.

THE shops of ancient London, by which we must be understood to mean the London of the twelfth and thirteenth centuries, are described by a city historian as of "ane meane appearance"—consisting of an open shop, at the entrance of which stood the owner or his apprentice, and a "solar," or upper chamber above, in which solar, it is more than probable, the proprietor resided with his household. The mercantile guilds, in our day so wealthy and prosperous, were then comparatively in their infancy, and struggling with debt and difficulties. When they became prosperous, the shops of London became splendid; but even then their magnificence was for a long time confined to a single locality. In the fifteenth century, there was a vast deal of wealth accumulated in the metropolis, but it was engrossed by comparatively few individuals. One of the most wealthy was Geoffrey Boleyn, a mercer in the Old Jewry. He was great-great-grandfather of Queen Elizabeth by her mother's side, and was lord mayor of London in 1457. In his time, the whole of the foreign and wholesale trade was confined to the hands of a few great capitalists; and some of the most illustrious families in the kingdom may trace their origin from men who were at that period London merchants. The oldest shops of which we have any particular account are those of the goldsmiths standing in Cheap, the modern Cheapside, of which the goldsmiths would seem to have had possession from time immemorial. Of these, the most remarkable by far is that which was built by Thomas Wood,

who was one of the sheriffs of London in the year 1491. Maitland describes it as "the most beautiful frame and front of fair houses and shops that were within the walls of London, or elsewhere in England, commonly called Goldsmiths' Row, betwixt Bread Street end and the Cross in Cheap, but within Bread Street Ward. It contained in number ten dwelling-houses and fourteen shops, *all in one frame*, uniformly built four stories high, beautified towards the street with the goldsmiths' arms, and the likeness of woodmen, in memory of his (Thomas Wood's) name, riding on monstrous beasts; all which were cast in lead, richly painted over and gilt. These he gave to the goldsmiths, with stocks of money to be lent to young men having those shops, &c. This said front was again new painted and gilt over in the year 1594, Sir Richard Martin being then mayor, and keeping his mayoralty in one of them."

The example of Thomas Wood did not want imitators. New shops, worthy to vie with those he had erected, arose to complete his plan. As the city increased in wealth, it also increased in splendour. Cheapside, which was then of more than double the breadth it is now, was the scene of all processions and of royal or civic display. It was the centre of the shopocracy, and continued so to be almost up to the time of the great fire, which swept away its glory and magnificence for ever. King Charles I., it appears, took a special interest in the goldsmiths' shops in Cheap, as we learn from the following record of the year 1629:—"At this time, the city greatly abounded in riches and splendour, such as former ages were unacquainted with. Then it was beautiful to behold the glorious appearance of goldsmiths' shops in the south row of Cheapside, which in a continued course reached from the Old Change to Bucklersbury, exclusive of four shops only of other trades in all that space." These four shops were an offence to the royal eye, and gave rise to an order from the privy-council, which we abbreviate thus:

"Forasmuch as his majesty hath received information of the unseemliness and deformity appearing in Cheapside, by reason that divers men of mean trades have shops amongst the goldsmiths, which disorder it is his majesty's express pleasure to have reformed. . . . It was accordingly ordered that the two lord chief-justices, with such other judges as they shall think meet to call unto them, shall consider what statutes or laws there are to enforce the goldsmiths to plant themselves for the use of their trade in Cheapside," &c. The citizens, who probably imagined that the king, who had other things to think of, might leave them to manage their shops, took no notice of the order in council, but went on letting their premises to whom they chose. After the lapse of seven years comes another peremptory missive, charging the lord mayor and aldermen with disobedience in not bringing the goldsmiths living dispersed in the city to seat themselves in Cheapside or Lombard Street, and commanding them forthwith to turn out all other tradesmen to make room for the goldsmiths, and to commit such as shall prove refractory to prison, until they do conform themselves. "And in the meanwhile," concludes this strange document, "we are, by his majesty's command, to require and charge you forthwith to cause all such shops as are not goldsmiths, and have been taken or opened either in Cheapside or Lombard Street since our said letters, to be presently shut up, and not be permitted to be opened till further order from this board, &c.—24 *May*, 1637." Fearing this arbitrary order might not be of sufficient force to compel the citizens to obedience, the King followed it up by a thundering decree from the Star-Chamber, which threatens to imprison the aldermen of the wards if they shall neglect to execute his majesty's commands. The magistrates of the city seem to have cared little either for privy-council or Star-Chamber, judging at least from the appearance of a third order addressed to the lord mayor and aldermen, reciting the

former two, and complaining of the contempt and disrespect with which they had been treated. What effect this last message had upon the corporation does not appear; whether the "boke-seller, the drugster, the girdler," &c., who had dared to mingle with the goldsmiths, and open their shops in spite of his majesty and the Star-Chamber, were compelled to cry *peccavi*, and beat a retreat, we cannot say, but are inclined to think they kept their ground. The king was at this crisis embroiled with his subjects on the question of ship-money, and the citizens of London were especially sore and rebellious, having been rated at twenty ships, and petitioned in vain to have the number reduced one-half. The affair of the shops vanished before the affair of the ships—and of that, at present, it is not our business to treat.

By this time London had increased to more than double the size it was when Thomas Wood built his celebrated shops, and that in spite of various enactments which had been passed to prevent the extension of the city beyond what were deemed its natural boundaries—the walls. The shops, in spite of acts of parliament to the contrary, had burgeoned forth of the city towards the Strand in one direction, and towards Holborn in another. As early as the beginning of the first Charles's reign, we find shops and stalls in Westminster Hall. These were in the hands of booksellers, law-stationers, and sempstresses, and the profits (rents?) of them belonged by right of office to the warden of the Fleet. There is an entry in *Laud's Diary*, to the effect that, on Sunday the 20th of February, 1630-1, "the Hall was found on fire by the burning of the little shops or stalls kept therein;" and we know, from other sources, that this retail traffic was carried on among the lawyers and their clients up, at least, to the commencement of the eighteenth century. So far as we know, the Westminster Hall Bazaar is the first notable example upon record of the system of projecting the elements of commerce into places of public

resort, which is the most characteristic feature of London retail trade in our day.

The bickerings between Charles and the citizens on the subject of the goldsmiths' shops were hardly ended, when the king—doubtless for a consideration—gave them a charter, in right of which they were to enjoy certain privileges, and to levy certain fees and tolls. One clause of this charter, which bears date 1638, throws some light upon the matter of shops. It runs thus;—"And further, we do give and grant to the said mayor and commonalty and citizens of the said city and their successors, that it may and shall be lawful to the citizens of the same city, and any of them for the time being, to expose and hang in and over the streets and ways and alleys of the said city, and suburbs of the same, signs and posts of signs affixed to their houses and shops, for the better finding out such citizens' dwellings, shops, arts, and occupations, without impediment, molestation, or interruption of us, our heirs or successors, or any officer or minister whatsoever of us, our heirs or successors." In those days the houses of London were but partially or irregularly numbered, and in many districts were not numbered at all. Signs were therefore necessary, as distinguishing marks, and that they were very generally used long before the date of this charter, we have abundant evidence in the imprints of old books, and the allusions of old writers, dramatic and other. It is very possible that they might have become a nuisance from projecting too far into the public way, and that the right of the shopkeepers to maintain them may have been disputed by persons who were or fancied themselves aggrieved. This clause of the charter legalises them, and it is noteworthy that it says nothing as to their size or the rate of projection over the causeway.

After the great fire, which destroyed nearly the whole of the city north of the Thames, within the walls, the shops

speedily advanced into the suburbs. We have no record of any particular splendour or magnificence attached to them, but they became infinitely more numerous; and when the city rose from its ashes, though it monopolised the wholesale trade, it found a formidable rival in general commerce outside the walls. The shops continued to be distinguished by their signs down to a very recent period. We learn from Hogarth's pictures how very plentiful and how bulky they were. In the plate illustrating *Hudibras*, entitled "The Burning of the Rump," the view is of Fleet Street within Temple Bar, which obstruction appears precisely as it does at present, with the addition of three traitors' heads stuck on the top of it; and the ponderous signs are seen projecting over the roadway in a manner that would not be tolerated for an hour in modern London. In the opening part of his career, Hogarth painted signs for the shopkeepers, and thought it no discredit that his works should be appropriated to a useful purpose.

Notwithstanding that the English have been so long a nation of shopkeepers, it was reserved for the living generation to make the grandest discoveries in the science of shopkeeping. If the reader would know in what these discoveries consist, let him contrast the present appearance of Oxford Street, Holborn, the Strand, or Cheapside, or any other frequented thoroughfare, with what it was at the termination of the last war, before the invention of gas, or the improvements in the manufacture of plate-glass which rendered it available for the shopkeeper's purpose. And, to make the contrast more effective, let the comparison be made after sunset on a winter-day. The gloomy street in which a few blinking oil-lamps just sufficed to render the darkness visible—the narrow shop-window, with its panes of bulging glass, twenty inches by twelve, lighted by a couple of tallow candles or an argand-lamp—the shop-door closed to keep out the cold air; and the one, or perhaps two, guardians of

the counter comfortably ensconced in the room beyond, waiting the information of the bell which rings a loud peal when a customer enters—such was the aspect of many a business thoroughfare in the year when Waterloo was fought. *Now*, the departure of the day is the herald of a light such as the sun never darts into the nooks and crannies of traffic: broad streams of gas flash like meteors into every corner of the wealth-crammed mart—from which, it may be but one invisible wall of solid crystal separates the passenger, who might easily walk through it but for the burnished metal-guard which meets him breast high. If he enters to purchase, he is met at the door by a master of the ceremonies, who escorts him to the precise spot where what he seeks awaits him in the charge of a sort of genius of the lamp, one of a numerous band, whose sole purpose in life it is to gratify his wishes. He walks over rich carpets, in which his feet sink as though upon a meadow-sward; and he may contemplate his portrait at full length in half-a-dozen mirrors, while that pair of gentlemen's kids at 2s. 10½*d.* is being swaddled in tissue paper, and that remnant of change in the vulgar metal of which coal-scuttles are made, and the very existence of which the immortal Brummell felt bound to ignore, is being decently interred in a sort of vellum sarcophagus ere it is presented to his acceptance.

Fifty years ago, by far the greater portion of the retail-shops in London were small establishments easily manageable by one person. The proprietor in most cases was his own manager, and attended personally behind the counter to the wants of his customers. The race of shopmen were hardly one-fourth as numerous as they are at present—and the early-closing movement had not been heard of, because late-shopping, except on Saturday nights, was not a prevailing practice. Great as is the alteration which has taken place in the size and aspect of our shops, perhaps the metamorphosis which has also taken place, or rather which is now in

course of development, in the system of doing business, is greater. The distinction between the wholesale traders and retailers, formerly so strongly marked, and, by the commercial by-laws of the citizens of London once erected into an impassable barrier, is in our day fast disappearing. We have in fact, now, in almost every business street in London, examples of retail-trades carried on, so to speak, by wholesale. The snug shop under the control of its single proprietor—for whom John Gilpin may serve as a prototype—is transformed into a monster establishment, which has disembowelled a dozen houses to make room for its stock—which, backed by the combined funds and responsibilities of several capitalists, does away with middlemen of every class—buys its raw material in the foreign markets, or its wrought stuffs from the home manufacture, at a discount for ready money—gives no credit, and takes none—and doing business upon a margin of profit calculated to afford a living remuneration under the old-fashioned process, goes on increasing in wealth, and year by year extending in magnitude. The small trader suffers wofully by this monopolising system, and finds himself compelled to retire from the field and sink to a lower status, or, linking himself with others in the same predicament, to attempt the same game, the success of which in other hands has threatened his ruin. The end to which all this is tending, would appear to be the abolition of that class who are exclusively wholesale dealers, or, in other words, the middlemen who stand between the producer and the shopkeeper. While the process which is to bring about this change is going forward, those engaged in it, it is easy to see, must make large gains, because they realise the profit both of the wholesale and retail seller; but when the transition state is over, and the change accomplished, the same competition which will have swept the smaller traders from the stage, will bring the larger ones down to precisely the same position in which the smaller ones stand at present.

Then, and not till then, will the public reap the full benefit of the commercial revolution now in progress, and which, judging from appearances, is destined to end in the substitution of a system under which the purchaser will have to pay but one profit, instead of the present system which mulcts him in two.

The rent of shops in London was never so high as it is at the present time. Within the last few years they have risen upon the average 10 per cent., and in many districts three times that amount. Speculation in shop-leases is a favourite species of excitement with a certain class of jobbers. The plan is to lend money at a usurious interest upon the lease of a tradesman in difficulties: if he recovers his position and pays off the loan, it is not a bad stroke of business; but if he fails, and goes into the Gazette, it is a better one, as the lease is sure to be bought at a good profit by some one in the same line of business, who, on the strength of the bankrupt's connection added to his own, hopes to do better. A tradesman who has a lease can always raise money upon it; and there are a prodigious number of leases at all times in the hands of the money-lenders. Sometimes it comes to pass at the failure of a baker, butcher, or provision-dealer, that the lease of his shop forms the sum-total of the assets of the bankrupt, and even that, it may be, is mortgaged for its full value. We have known a "smart" tradesman sell his lease for a few hundreds, who at the same time had really no lease to sell. He managed it in this way: having found a purchaser, and received a deposit upon the bargain, he went to his landlord, of whom he had hitherto been a yearly tenant, and demanded a lease, on the ground that he was contemplating certain expensive improvements in the premises which of course he could not venture to undertake unless he possessed the assurance which a lease would give him, that he would not be deprived of the advantage of them. On the faith of this imaginary project, the landlord gave him a lease

renewable at the expiration of seven years, for seven or fourteen more—which lease he transferred to his customer the day after he got it. It is usual in London to hire houses and shops with an agreement for a lease, which the tenant can have executed at his own expense if after a trial he finds it worth his while. It is as well to remember, however, that such an agreement is not always found to be binding upon a landlord's heirs: at anyrate, we have known a young tradesman ruined by being turned out of his shop after he had spent £1,000 in alterations and fittings to suit his purpose—relying upon a written agreement for a lease which he held from his landlord, who died suddenly, and left him to the mercy of a stranger who wanted the premises for his own business.

If the London shopkeeper groans beneath a heavy rent and heavy taxes, and has to submit to a catalogue of minor expenses of which the provincial dealer knows little or nothing, he has also one great and compensating advantage, which can be reaped to the same extent on no other spot, and which lies at the foundation of his ultimate prosperity. This is found in the continuous current of ready cash that flows over his counter. Credit, which in many small towns is the rule of the majority of commercial transactions, is in London the rare exception. Of a hundred faces that stand at his counter in the course of a day, it is likely that the shopkeeper in a frequented thoroughfare is hardly familiar with one, or knows them but as occasional customers whom he may see two or three times in the course of a season; and if he is wise, he cultivates no intimacies, as they might lead to a demand for credit. An immense proportion of his patrons are of a migratory species—here to-day and gone to-morrow—visitors, who come to see and to purchase, and withdraw to be seen no more. Credit is rarely asked for, and still more rarely given; and hence it follows that bad debts, which in country towns are frequently the ruin of small dealers, affect

the London shopkeeper but very little. This advantage, without doubt, is appreciated at its full value, and underlies the furious competition for shops well situated, which has raised their rents to such abnormal amounts. It has another consequence, too, in the temptation it holds out to gangs of unprincipled men, who infest some of the main channels of commerce with specious establishments, which are actually nothing more than dens of infamy; where, under the pretence of unheard-of bargains, the public, and *the* sex in particular, are bamboozled and bullied out of their cash; and where, if a lady happens to lay her muff on the counter, she may chance to see it cut into strips and barefacedly hung in the window for sale. These banditti have been exposed again and again in the public prints, and several of their gangs have become so notorious, as to be compelled for a time to retire into obscurity; but a change of name, or a change of locality, or both, suffices to start them again. Towsery, from the West, transforms himself into Chowsery in the East; and when he is blown there, may figure again as Blowsery in the north, or Mowsery in the south, carrying the same ruffianly gang of robbers with him wherever he goes. Unfortunately, the law has no hold upon these villains, unless an assault can be proved, which in some instances has been done; and ladies who go forth on shopping expeditions have need to do so under protection, or else first take the trouble to ascertain whither their love of a bargain is likely to lead them. In the old times, when the shopkeepers of one guild were mostly congregated in one district, and each one acted under the eyes of his brethren, there was at least nothing of this sort: the regulations which kept up prices and prevented competition, at least kept down knavery and prevented robbery. The catch-penny, catch-booby system of trade is altogether of modern growth, and is one of the evils to be guarded against, which has arisen out of an extension of trade not possible under the old-fashioned restrictions.

The shop-windows of London have long formed the city's principal attraction to strangers and visitors. Picture-galleries and museums present no points of interest that can compete with them in the estimation of the mass of our fellow-creatures. They are, in fact, open volumes, which he who runs may read, and the tale they tell is one of wonder and of wealth, of courage and daring, of hardship and perseverance, of danger, and difficulty and success. Whatever art has to glory in, or science to boast of, the shop-window exhibits to the admiration of mankind. To figure there is the climax of the most arduous labours, and the highest emprise. It is for the shopkeeper that the navigator ploughs the seas, the traveller braves the African Desert, the Mexican labours in the mine, the swart Indian dives for pearls in the ocean depths. It is for him that the steam-engine pants, the lightning carries messages, and the sun paints pictures. He stands before the face of the world—the exponent of the world's worth, of all that it has done and can do, of all that it has and is. He is the index of a nation's industry, enterprise, and progress—the honoured and the honourable depository of the last and best creations of the divinest faculties with which God has endowed his human race. To be a nation of shopkeepers, then, is no dishonour, because it is to be a nation pre-eminent above all others in the possession and appreciation of all that man was formed to produce and to enjoy.

ROMANCE OF A SHOP-WINDOW.

A PAWNBROKER'S shop-window has brought us up with a sudden pull on our morning perambulations, and fascinates us with its manifold contents. Where to begin our observations, that is the question. The *embarras de richesses* which has sprung from the embarrassments of poverty is so puzzling and perplexing, that it is next to impossible to make a choice. The window has a thousand voices waiting to speak—a thousand memorials which seem watching but to catch our eye to pour out the narrative of their sorrowful experience. These memorials are the hypothecated hostages left to guarantee the fulfilment of treaties which have all been violated, and abandoned to the uncompassionated destiny which avenges a forfeited pledge. Among them are the garments of both sexes and all ages, the personal trinkets and adornments of hopeful youth and fading age—books, the solace of the student and the companions of the solitary—musical instruments, the incentives to harmless mirth or delicious melancholy; watches, clocks, gold chains, necklaces, bracelets, brooches, snuff-boxes, work-boxes, writing-desks, surgical implements, mathematical and scientific instruments, microscopes, telescopes, and stereoscopes; knives, forks, and spoons, and all the adjuncts of the dinner-table; and a thousand things besides, comprising everything “between a flat-iron and a diamond ring,” both inclusive; not omitting an unassorted collection of workmen's tools condemned to rust for awhile in base inaction through the misfortunes or follies of the quondam owners.

The pawnbroker's shop is the deep sea in which all these mementoes and materials of former comfort and prosperity—the wrecks of foundered hopes—are swallowed up; and the pawnbroker's shop-window shows them strewn together in disordered heaps, like the spoils of the tempest in some coral cave of ocean. In dim, yet dazzling confusion, the inharmonious collection floats before the vision, and will not be disembarrassed of the living forms and faces with which imagination connects each single item in the endless catalogue. Let us invite from the mass one or two forlorn specimens, and listen to their oracular voices. They will speak nothing but the truth now, though they may have helped to spread many a delusion in days that are gone. May we be the wiser for the revelations they impart.

The first that comes forward to be heard is a neat and elegant little dress of lavender-coloured silk. We feel assured by its timid rustle that it was not long ago a wedding dress, and so it proves. “Ah!” it says mournfully, “I little thought that I should ever come to this—I, who came into the world with such mystery and secrecy, and was received with such wonder and admiration. At my birth, down in Daisydell, the best and prettiest faces blushed and smiled; and when Patty put me on, and walked with Frank to the village church, the garden-flowers lay in my path, and roses, white and red, fell in showers upon every flounce. Then I rode in a carriage down to the sea-side, and for a whole week I walked on the sunny beach among the shells and sea-weed, and got a little sprinkled with the salt spray—only a little, nothing to hurt. Then I was shut up in a box in the dark, and when I saw the light again it was in this dirty London, and Patty's cheeks of rosy red were growing pale, and Frank was getting sallow and careworn. Once or twice I went to church on the Sunday, and once or twice to a walk in the park or out into the green lanes. Then I went into the box again for a long, long while, and when I saw the

day once more, I felt Patty's warm tears falling upon me as she took me out. There was a baby lying in a little cradle, and Frank was sitting idle by a spark of fire, with his elbows on his knees, and looking sulky and miserable. Then I was laid upon the table, and tied up in a handkerchief with Frank's dress coat.

"'The rent must be paid to-day, Frank,' said Patty; 'there is no other way; will you take the things?'"

"Frank did not answer, but bit his lips and breathed heavily; then he rose and put me under his arm, and went down-stairs into the street. He walked up and down for near an hour, and passed the pawnbroker's several times, looking over his shoulder at the door, but never entering. Then he went home again, and threw the bundle on the table, and said he couldn't do it, and he wouldn't do it. So Patty, poor thing! had to do it herself, and, answering not a word, she took me up and brought me here to the pawnbroker's, along with the coat, and took away a piece of gold and some silver instead. I have been squeezed up on a shelf here for more than a year, and I saw nothing of Patty all the time until yesterday, when she came by in a miserable old merino and garden bonnet that she had before she was married. She looked up and caught sight of me hanging here, and then, pressing her child to her breast, hurried away. Ah! I wish she was safe back again at Daisydell."

The next monitor is an overcoat, of the paletot order, an article of good class, somewhat the worse for wear, yet still serviceable enough for a winter's campaign. "I belonged," he says, "a year ago, or thereabouts, to Ben Plumer, the law writer. Ben does not, as a rule, affect overcoats, having a knack of buttoning himself tight to the chin in his blue frock. He bought me when he happened to be flush of money, not exactly in a fit of extravagance, but rather as a kind of convenient investment. He apologised to his friend for the indulgence in such a luxury, by observing that as he

found it impossible to keep any cash in his pocket, he had made up his mind to try the experiment on his back; adding, that *if* he should happen to want a pound, it would only be to put me in, and have it. In three weeks he had occasion to put his hypothesis to the test, and found it in all respects sound. I have been put in and taken out five consecutive times during the six months that I had the honour of being the property of Mr. Plumer, who always entertained a grateful regard for my services, and considered me as a veritable friend in need. What induced him to abandon me at last is more than I can say. Here I am, however, after twelve months of durance vile. You may have me for one, seven, six—say one, five, and I don't think I shall be allowed to hang on hand. I'm worth all the money, and really, if you *are* a buyer, you may go further and fare worse."

Next comes a handsome gold watch and guard, by one of the famous London makers. This is what it says :—"I was bought in the Strand, two years ago, for thirty guineas, by a city gentleman who had just made a good speculation, and took a fancy for my handsome dial. He put me in his waistcoat pocket, and carried me home to Blackheath, where he lived in luxury, and denied himself nothing. His wife admired me exceedingly, and, lest I should be stolen, would have me secured by an additional guard of her own hair. I was the constant companion and faithful servant of Mr. Scrip for six months, when there came a sudden panic and revolution in the money-market, and I felt his heart beat tumultuously at a piece of news that came upon him unawares. Twenty times at least within the next hour he drew me from his pocket to mark the time, and I noticed that his jovial face had grown haggard and wan, and grew longer and longer with the passing moments. At four o'clock, instead of going home as usual to dine with his family, he rushed madly to various quarters of the town in search of friends to save him from a default, which would be his ruin. His

success was but indifferent. When at length he reached home, there was a wretched domestic scene of anxiety and distress, embittered by mutual reproaches and outcries against extravagance on one side, and gambling speculation on the other. Next morning early, everything that was precious and portable in the house was collected together and borne off to be pledged before business hours. I saw the whole contents of the plate-chest, and all Mrs. Scrip's jewels and trinkets unpacked in the pawnbroker's private box, and exchanged for a roll of notes and a packet of duplicates. Last of all came my turn. I was pulled out of the warm pocket at exactly ten minutes to ten, and transferred to a private drawer, where I was suffered to tick my last tick, and have not been wound up again from that time to this. Whether Mr. Scrip maintained his standing by the sacrifices he made, I don't know; but he never came back for me, and here I am to be sold for something over half price to anybody who wants to know to a nicety what o'clock it is."

Between a gentleman's gold watch and the worn and battered tool of an artisan, there is a wide chasm; yet, nevertheless, the next monitor to be heard is a carpenter's jack-plane, in a state of palpable decadence. "A queer sort of life I've had of it," it begins, "and that's a fact. It is many years ago since I was bought in Newgate Street one morning by a very decent man, who put me into his basket and carried me off to the workshop. He used me well, and in return I did him justice for three years; but then I fell into the hands of Sam Suckle, who not only used me shamefully himself, but lent me right and left among a parcel of fellows, who knocked me about at such a rate that I lost half my value in no time. Sam was fonder of the ale-house than of the workshop, and going on from bad to worse, grew such a sot that he was banished from the workshop altogether. He now had to work on his own account; but as he liked to drink on his own account much better, he was never out of the ale-house

until all the money was out of his pocket. Of course I was soon pawned to buy beer ; but I had not been in limbo three days before Sam came, bringing my old companion, the hand-saw, to take my place. I was released for three short days, and then, happening to want the saw once more, Sam popped me in again to release my old friend. The changes were rung in this way month after month, and every time I got out of durance I observed that Sam's nose grew more red and his garments more ragged, his language more offensive and his gait more staggering. The last time he pawned me I had a presentiment of what was to follow, and it was verified but too soon. Two days after came the hand-saw, as usual, but not to release me ; we were now companions in durance ; and a third was soon added to the party by Sam's stock and bits. This was followed by the remainder of his tools, which dribbled in, one at a time, down to the very gimlets and brad-awls. The glue-pot brought up the rear one Saturday night, and since then I have seen nothing of Sam, for the particulars of whose final career I must refer you to the workhouse, if you are curious about them."

A cabinet picture, about thirty inches by twenty-two, in a broad and brilliant frame of finished gilding and exquisite pattern, now claims to be heard. The rich hues of russet brown contrasting with the sparkling tints in the foreground ; the delicious greens on the foliage, and the soft, delicate greys mingling with the light clouds in the distance, all combine to form an agreeable subject of contemplation, in which there is yet wanting something—some indefinable element of harmony which ought to be, but is not there. What has it got to say ? Listen : "I am an impostor," it says, "and a delusion ; there is not a particle of truth or candour in my composition ; I am a piece of embodied wickedness, and I am heartily ashamed of myself. I am forced to present myself to the public with a lie upon my face, and I am intrinsically a lie and nothing else. If you look at my lower left-hand

corner, you will see the name of W. Müller painted in legible characters. Now, I assure you, that artist never had anything to do with me—never in the whole course of his life so much as set eyes upon me. How could he? I came into existence—an existence with which I am disgusted—two years after his death. I was painted—manufactured is the more appropriate term—by a drunken artist, who sold me for forty shillings to a dealer, who praised me so magniloquently to a wealthy patron, that he was enchanted to purchase me at ninety guineas. The moment I was hung in his gallery I was suspected to be an impostor by those who knew more than my purchaser did of the essentials of art. The whispered suspicions reached his lordship's ears at last, and he, to set the matter at rest, sent me to a picture-sale, where I was knocked down for seven pounds ten, just thirty shillings more than the worth of my frame. Since then I have run a complete round among ignorant collectors, and brought a profit to some dozens of dealers. The last who had me in possession found me too well known in the market to be of further use, and he therefore brought me here and pledged me for a five-pound note, and left me to my fate. Don't have anything to do with me unless you wish to be cheated; and if you would do me a kindness in return for my candour, turn my face to the wall."

Here is a more serious claimant on our notice—a large family folio Bible, sheathed in a brown holland scabbard, lies in a corner. If it had a voice, it might speak something to the following effect:—"I came into the world nearly forty years ago, and nobody has read a couple of chapters in me yet. I belonged first to a country servant-maid, who took me in from the book-pedler, at sixpence a number, in blue covers, and was paying sixpences every Saturday, for over four years before she came to the end of the volume. She sent my numbers to be bound, when she was on the point of being married. When bound, I was put into a green-baize

cover, in which I lay for twenty years on a side-table in her cottage, in front of the tea-tray and under the knife-box, being only taken out now and then, that the children, when they grew big enough, might look at my pictures. I was called the Family Bible; but I was never made the means of giving instruction to the family. Had the lessons of prudence which I inculcated been noted and studied, my owners would never have found it needful to part with me; for prosperity is the fruit of my counsel. I was left as an heir-loom to the eldest daughter, who married about ten years back, and with her husband removed to London, where they fell into deep distress. I was pawned to buy bread for a starving family. The pawnbroker would only advance twenty shillings upon my security, though I had cost between six and seven guineas in all."

We have not time to spare just now to listen to further revelations. There is a diamond ring sparkling on a bed of white cotton, in a way that convinces us that its story is worth hearing; there is a collected edition of Schiller's works, and a corpulent German dictionary, ready to unbosom their reminiscences. In the shop is a cottage-piano, with a couple of rents in its damask-silk front—"poor dumb mouths," which could furnish us with a family history varied enough for a whole volume; and there are no end of mementoes of the poor man's lot, of his hard labour and struggles to get the materials and elements of comfort and respectability about him, and of the determined battles he fought and fought in vain, while forced by adversity to relinquish them one by one, that he might drive the gaunt wolf from the door, and feed his famishing little ones. All these we must leave to the imagination of the reader. Each one of itself might yield the groundwork of a romance, all the more touching and instructive in that the details are drawn from the realities of our social life.

By the perusal of the pawnbroker's window, we may

derive a more intense conviction than we are accustomed to entertain of the fact, not pleasant to think of, that poverty, so far as that is identical with want of money, is by no means confined to the class whom we denominate "the poor." Pawnbrokers, it would appear, abound in nearly all ranks of life. The owners of jewels and precious metals and articles of pure luxury impound them as readily, under the pressure of temporary emergencies, as the needy man does his clothes or his tools. The quantity and variety of articles yearly pledged and forfeited, which are of a description proving that they could not have belonged to the poorer classes, is enormous; and we may learn from them how true it is that misfortunes and reverses track all grades of society.

THE PHYSICIAN'S LEVEE.

THE bills of mortality, and the reports of the registrar, published weekly in the newspapers, inform us that above a thousand of our fellow-creatures pass away by death during the intervals between each recurring Sabbath. At the moment we write, the general weekly average of a thousand has risen to above sixteen hundred, and that without the prevalence of any extraordinary epidemic or infectious disorder. The two and a half millions of people congregated within the circle which contains London and its suburbs are, by means of the tables of the registrar-general, converted into a vast barometer of health and disease, of life and death—a barometer so susceptible of the numberless influences which affect human health and existence, that the operation of each one of them, however trifling compared with others it may be, is marked and recorded with invariable precision for the benefit and admonition of the survivors. In a city where above a thousand die weekly, how great must be the amount of the sickness and suffering which are the fore-runners of decease! How many must lie groaning in anguish from day to day, awaiting, amidst the strife and turmoil of the surrounding multitudes, their dismissal to that silent land where no voice is heard, nor sound of human joy or grief can penetrate! How many men are there in whom the seeds of decay and dissolution, latent in all men, have begun to germinate, and who, bound by a thousand ties to the sympathies and obligations of life, are alarmed by the indications of approaching disease, or, wrestling with it in

the midst of duties which may not be neglected, seek counsel of the physician to ward off, if possible, or to defer to an indefinite period, the execution of the sentence they know and feel to be pronounced. Among this latter class we are most of us—may we not say all of us?—occasionally numbered—the exceptions being those favoured few who have never been compelled by inward warnings to seek medical advice.

The love of life is rarely manifested in a stronger light than by those who for the first time feel its sacred outworks assailed by the advance of some insidious or unsuspected disorder. "All that a man hath will he give for his life." Let him but feel that that is endangered, and away fly the maxims of economy and miserly prudence; they are but feathers in the balance against the life that God has given him, to preserve which no sacrifice is too great. He seeks for the best advice—the best, at least, that he is in circumstances to procure—and he acts upon it, postponing every other consideration to the means of restoring his lost health. This state of feeling, with which no reasonable man will quarrel, affords the key to the spectacle to which we are about to introduce the reader.

The scene is in one of the genteel squares lying north of the Holborn line of route, and verging towards the west end; the time eight o'clock, or a minute after, on a cold and misty November morning. If the sun has risen, no Londoner has yet seen his face. The surrounding streets are still as a church-yard; the footfall of a plodding policeman may be heard at intervals, but no further echoes break the silence. The inhabitants of this fashionable quarter are fast bound in sleep; even the servants are not yet astir, as is evidenced by the absence of smoke from the chimneys. The milkman will not come round for this hour, and no morning cry will disturb the sleeper's repose. But see! yonder comes a cab gently round the corner; it pulls up at a private house in

the square, sets down an elderly gentleman, and draws off a little to wait for him. At the same moment a middle-aged woman, leading a young girl, ascends the steps, and all three disappear into the house together. Another cab, and then several others follow, discharging their fares at the same door; some of the visitors have to be lifted from the vehicle, and assisted up the steps; others spring out and in lightly enough; some are accompanied by friends, some are alone. Now the foot passengers increase in number; we have hardly been watching half an hour ere between thirty and forty people of various ages, and some of them bowed with infirmity or pain, have vanished silently within that ever-opening door. What has brought all these pilgrims out on such a morning as this? The love of life. That house is the residence of Dr. Quinine, one of the most learned and successful practitioners of the day, whose time is worth many thousands a year to him. He visits the aristocracy during the day, travelling hither and thither in his coach, and he devotes an hour and a half every morning of the year to those who choose to consult him personally at his own house. He will see perhaps forty patients this morning, and if he chose he might receive a guinea from each; but, from what we know of him, he is as likely to give a guinea to some poor creature in need of it, and his advice into the bargain, as to take her hard-earned or perhaps borrowed fee.

Let us enter the waiting-room and look around us. It is a handsome and lofty chamber nearly thirty feet square. Upon the walls are a few fine old portraits—one, apparently of a court beauty, by Sir Peter Lely; there is a large landscape of the Flemish school; and over the sideboard, on which stands a decanter of water and a few glasses, there is a fruit and flower piece still larger. A cheerful fire is blazing in the grate, warming the whole room, in which there are substantial padded chairs and settees enough to accommodate fifty sitters. On the table in the centre are a few

books and yesterday's newspapers. The majority of the seats are occupied by the morning's arrivals, each waiting his turn for admission to the physician in the inner room. There sits by the fire a young fellow about town, who is paying the penalty of dissipation by the endurance of its retributive consequences, and whose hard, noisy breathing tells us, without the aid of the stethoscope, that the orgies of his nights have borne their natural fruit of miserable days. Beside him is an elderly tradesman, with a face of dogged endurance deeply lined with the habit of silent suffering, who has probably borne the martyrdom of an unhealthy occupation for the best years of his life, and, hopeless of cure, seeks only a temporary relief. Opposite to him is a widow with her only daughter, whose pallid face and leaden eye bespeak the presence of some functional derangement which has, perhaps, baffled the skill of former advisers, and may elude the investigation even of Dr. Quinine himself. Behind the widow there sits a girl whose vacant expression tells you as plainly as possible that she has long been growing deaf, and more deaf, and who is come, if it may be done, to have her hearing restored. Then there is a mother with two white-faced children, blighted buds of promise, apparently withering away; and whom she has brought up yesterday all the way from Maidstone, to show to the famous London physician, and to have his advice. But what needs it to catalogue the individual woes and maladies of this various assembly. They all come with one purpose, with one settled thought in their hearts, like the hapless Israelites of old, who swarmed round the pool of Bethesda to await the descent of the heavenly messenger of health.

Standing at a green-baize door, which has another door close behind it, is an elderly footman with the stolid face of a martinet, overshadowed by powdered hair. He is the janitor of the inner shrine, and his movements are directed

by the tinkling of a little bell, at the sound of which he opens the door, and the patient comes forth after a consultation of a minute or two, generally carrying a prescription in the hand. When the man-about-town comes forth, we observe that he looks particularly serious, and takes extraordinary care in buttoning and bandaging himself up, while the young man in waiting in the lobby is gone to summon his cab to the door—and we guess that he has received a reprimand for venturing out of doors on such a day as this. When the mother with her two children comes out, we are glad to see she brings a cheerful, quite a merry face with her; there is evidently nothing seriously the matter with her little ones, and the prescription she holds in her hand will set them all to rights; and the golden fee too, which we saw her slip under her glove when she entered, she now puts back in her purse, because Dr. Quinine wouldn't take it. The poor widow and her daughter are closeted a long time, though it is plain they have not a fee to give; but there is a gleam of hope on the face of each as they come out, and we may indulge the expectation that the recovery of the poor girl is not far distant.

We must leave the elderly tradesman, and the rest of the rather motley company to the physician's management, and proceed on our way, not, however, without a parting trait of the celebrated Dr. Quinine himself. It happened some years ago that an acquaintance of ours, a farmer of good property, requested us to accompany him, on the ground of his feeling rather nervous, on the occasion of his consulting our physician on account of what he called "queer symptoms," such as seeing double, &c., &c. The doctor received him politely, and whilst the patient was giving a description of the symptoms, examined him minutely. While he was yet speaking the medicus seized his pen and wrote a prescription. "You need say no more," he said; "take this, and act upon it. There are twenty years of life in you

yet if you are wise. I don't know what your powers of self-denial may be, but upon them depends your existence. Take plenty of exercise—drink wine but rarely, ale and spirits never. In that case you may look to be an old man : pursue your present course, and I would not buy your life at a year's purchase." The patient, who was what is called a generous liver, had the sense to take the advice thus sternly given, and profited by it.

It is an old maxim that advice which costs nothing is rarely followed. In spite of this maxim, however, "ADVICE GRATIS" is a commodity as common as any other in London, judging from the frequency with which these two words confront us in our rambles. It is well for the poorer classes that this practice is so general. Excellent advice in common cases, that is, in the majority of the disorders to which we are liable, is to be had for nothing ; but it must be remarked, charity is not the only element in this proffer of gratuitous advice. The practitioner who *gives* you his advice expects, reasonably enough, to *sell* you the medicines he prescribes—and thus the commercial element steps in. It would be worse than churlish, it would be ungrateful, to complain of this mode of practice, where it is carried out in honesty and good faith, as we know well enough that it is in a multiplicity of instances. Such an arrangement is deserving of the highest countenance, because it meets the wants of a large and most praiseworthy class of the community, who, being too poor to consult a first-rate physician, and at the same time too honourable and independent to receive from charitable institutions the relief which they can afford to pay something for, are anxious to get good advice at a cheap market. The misfortune is that this practice, from its adaptation to the popular necessity and its recognised usefulness, has, like most other good things, led to many and infamous abuses. It has opened a door, which would otherwise have been closed to them, to numerous quacks and

pretenders, who, under the specious mask of giving "advice gratis," are enabled to thrust down the public throat all manner of abominable nostrums, prepared with no other view than the unprincipled one of their own emolument. Hence we have, on the one hand, the self-dubbed Doctor Crossbones, inviting all London to come for his gratuitous advice, and prescribing to the multitude for every imaginable disease that flesh is heir to, his one infallible specific, contained in a square green bottle, "price four and sixpence;" and on the other hand we have the self-dubbed Doctor Sarcophagus Pillecloud,

"Who, with one little wonderful pill,
Can every disorder keep under,"

at least according to his own account—who makes his hogsheads of wonderful pills by steam machinery, and rains them in a deluge of boxes at one and three-halfpence—"treble boxes two and nine,"—upon all who apply to him or to his ubiquitous agents for "advice gratis."

Such unprincipled abuses are among the crying scandals of our day. They are abounding in every quarter—the followers, rivals, and imitators of the Messrs. Crossbones and Pillecloud infesting every populous district, and being always most successful, which means most mischievous and most murderous, where the population is most dense and least educated. Let us warn our readers to act with judgment in matters affecting their health, and remind them that, inasmuch as no man in his senses would think of intrusting a watch needing repairs into the hands of a scavenger, he ought not to think of intrusting his bodily frame—which is a machine infinitely more complex than a watch—to the mercies of an ignoramus who knows nothing of its mechanism.

TWENTY-FOUR HOURS OF LONDON STREETS.

MORNING.

WE are standing at the central point of one of the bridges which span the Thames, when the first indication of the coming dawn of a midsummer morning appears in the clear and starry arch above our heads. There is a long feathery ridge of light clouds in the north-eastern horizon ; beneath which a pale clear streak of reddish white shows where the day will break, while above them a cool white light shoots and flutters up towards the zenith. The stars grow pale and twinkle feebly in that spreading light, and at length die out and disappear. Now the light rises higher and higher, and its broad image is reflected in the river below ; the dusky bosom of Father Thames puts on a light grey mantle, and the red, glimmering pendants of reflected fire-light, which hung like jewels on his vest, die out in their turn as the stars died out above. The slow day-dawn creeps onwards and upwards in beautiful gradations ; and every pulse of morn, as she throbs into being, reveals to us afresh the old and well-known shapes, and transforms once more into familiar things the grotesque and shadowy images which the gloom of night invests with mystery and awe. First against that broad and quivering curtain, which seems to vibrate fitfully above the couch of the awakening day, rises, like a vision of supernatural strength and majesty, the magnificent outline of St. Paul's Cathedral, which now, in the absence of positive light, shows like a monster profile, black and flat, its

edges sharply defined upon the shimmering background. Then the towers and spires and projecting columns of a thousand churches and factories come gradually into view ; as though, in answer to some magical summons, they now for the first time stepped forth into being, charged with the mission to "stand and wait," in the dim chambers of obscurity, around that one lofty and shadowy potentate. But the day is rushing onwards, and now his herald, twilight, comes tripping over that low-lying line of clouds—the red, glittering lamps on the bridges fade into viewless sparks at his approach, and after a few ineffectual blinks are no more visible. He enwraps the whole scene in a wondrous shadowless semi-radiance, soft, soothing, and transparent, in which all things appear in startling clearness and nearness, and in which the minutest features of objects which lie beyond our ken in the full glare of day are distinctly discerned. This marvellous effect of the morning twilight, which few take the trouble to witness, endures but for a few moments : it is over already ; the rays of the risen sun now flash warmly upon the gilded cross of the cathedral, and, gradually stealing down upon the dome, crown the noble pile with a halo of glory.

As we look around upon the river, we become aware, for the first time, that old Father Thames is uttering his voices, which, drowned all day long in the roar and din of the traffic carried on upon his waters, are now, in this still hour of sunrise, distinctly audible. We hear the floods, as the morning breeze blows freshly against the turning tide, clapping their hands : we hear, too, the hoarse swirl of the surge against the piers of the bridge, the moored barges, and the floating gangways, and the rafts of timber alongside the wharves. There is no sign of life upon the broad bosom of the stream, save a navigator's cat stalking stealthily along the edge of a coal-barge ; and no voice of living thing breaks the solemn and touching silence, amid which the dawning

day looks down upon the metropolis of the world, fast bound in the bands of slumber.

“Earth has not anything to show more fair :
Dull would he be of soul who could pass by
A sight so touching in its majesty :
The city now doth like a garment wear
The beauty of the morning : silent, bare,
Ships, towers, domes, theatres, and temples lie
Open unto the fields and to the sky ;
All bright and glittering in the smokeless air.
Never did sun more beautifully steep,
In his first splendour, valley, rock, or hill ;
Ne’er saw I, never felt, a calm so deep !
The river glideth at his own sweet will :
Dear God ! the very houses seem asleep ;
And all that mighty heart is lying still !”

Yes, the mighty heart of London is lying still ; the hearts of her mightiest and meanest partake of a common rest. With one half the London world, the day is far spent before the other half is awake to its duties and its pleasures. While the rich and prosperous court repose on beds of down, houseless poverty sleeps at ease, during the warm summer nights, in any sheltering nook, dry arch, or covered door-way, where, lapped in golden dreams, the penniless being may, for aught we know, be far happier in his sleep than the fat millionaire, who is too wide-awake to sleep soundly at all. If we had but a true knowledge of the theory of compensations, we might chance to find that the poor man’s sleep is worth all my lord’s waking hours, and that the difference between the fortunes of the two, all things considered, is not so great as we imagine. This reflection comes in our way, and we can hardly escape recording it, because the very first human subject that presents himself for consideration on a summer’s morning in London, to any early bird who happens to be astir in time to catch such an unfortunate worm, is that social phenomenon, the houseless, homeless vagrant. Sum-

mer is the time of carnival, during which these gentry pay no rent. We have passed two this morning on the bridge, curled up on the seat, on the leeward side of the parapet, and snoring audibly to the response of the river below; and as we leave the bridge, and pursue our way northward to the City, we see one or two more fast locked in slumber, in here and there an out-of-the-way recess, whose infringement of the law the policeman, if he sees them at all, compassionately ignores, leaving them to recruit exhausted nature by a few brief hours of rest. But the time of awakening is close at hand; the wretchedness that "snores upon the flint" must start from the comfortless lair at the first summons of authority, and forth again upon its weary pilgrimage.

First pioneer of the daily traffic in the ever-trafficking world of London, on this fair summer morning,—as indeed, on every morning of the year,—is the "salopian," whom we encounter not far from the foot of the bridge. Lest any of our provincial readers, or lie-abed fellow-citizens should be ignorant of the physiology, or even of the existence, of this hospitable worthy, we will pause for a moment to recount his derivation and witness his deeds. Like many a knight who has never mounted war-steed or drawn a sword, he bears a name which no longer expresses his calling. In times comparatively ancient, when tea was ten shillings a pound, and coffee proportionately dear, the very poor were debarred from their use; but knowing the virtues of a hot beverage, they sought and found a substitute in a decoction of sassafras wood, which, sweetened with sugar and softened with milk, was very largely consumed and much relished by those accustomed to its flavour. This liquid, for what reason we do not know, but probably from some whimsical allusion to the slopping sound emitted by those who imbibed it standing in the street, obtained the designation of "saloop," and the sellers of it became salopians, a title which they still retain, though they no longer dispense the beverage which originated

the term. The salopians of the last generation were the bosom friends and comforters of the by-gone race of Charlies, to each and all of whom they were well known, and who were perhaps their best customers. Many a time, in our boyish days, have we seen those venerable mountains of overcoats, armed with a rattle on one side and a lantern about the size of a two-gallon cask on the other, congregated in the dim light of a raw winter's morning around the banner of the salopian, and quaffing his invigorating draughts. The salopian of the present day sells tea and coffee instead of saloop, and, in addition to bread-and-butter, supplies his patrons with whelks, periwinkles, and pickled eels and shrimps of yesterday. He pitches his rude table at the corner of a street or the foot of a bridge, as the likeliest place to catch his customers, who consist of a class among whom breakfast is not always a meal honoured in the observance, and who if they do not get it with him are very likely to go without it. He had need rise early enough from his bed, for even in summer his hospitable table is set before day-break, though that happen within three hours of midnight. In winter he manages to erect a sort of tent by means of a screen and an old umbrella, beneath which a low bench accommodates his uncomplaining guests.

We find him this morning at the corner of a court branching off from the main approach to the bridge. His tea and coffee are simmering in portly tin cans steaming over charcoal fires; he has mounted a clean apron, and turned his ragged, brown-spotted table-cloth, to show to the best advantage, and is cutting bread-and-butter in halfpenny slices of liberal thickness, and handing them to the expectant mouths grouped picturesquely around him. This matutinal *levée* consists at present but of four persons. One is a hearty, hungry fellow, in a buff jacket and blue cloth cap; his broad, horny palms, ample shoulders, grimy face, with half a week's beard on it, and stooping gait, suggest that he is stoker to

some steam-vessel; he seems to have an appetite like his own furnace—putting the provender out of sight more as if he were lodging it in some receptacle for future use than as though he were actually consuming it on the spot. He holds his cracked saucer in the hollow of his palm, and, never heeding that the liquid is almost at the boiling-point, drains it empty at a single inspiration, helping it on its way by a blow on his chest with his fist, enough to knock a west-end exquisite into a swoon. He will be off to get up his steam as soon as his hurried repast is ended. By his side is an unfortunate specimen of the one-pennied vagabond, who has just been roused up by the policeman from his forbidden bed, and who, gnawed by hunger, exchanges his one penny, which the luxury of a lodging could not extort from him, for the scanty meal which, for that sum, the salopian alone will supply him. Our friend the stoker, muttering to himself, as he eyes the hungry lad from top to toe, such phrases as, “reg’lar poor crow”—“not a bad sort”—“hard up, no doubt,” orders him an additional slice, and hands him his own unfinished third cup of coffee, with a recommendation to “walk into it.” The third customer is a sweep, but whether a man or a boy it is not easy to say. He lugs a lump of sooty bread from his pocket, and moistens it with hot coffee, talking as he eats, and indulging in divers figures of speech too profound for our comprehension. We gather enough, however, to know that he is complaining of the conduct of Betty, at No. 5 over the way, who ordered him to come as soon as it was light to sweep the kitchen “chimly,” and who won’t get up to let him in to do it. “Here’ve I a bin,” says he, “hever since afore three o’clock, a pullin’ an’ a pullin’ at that ere bell till I’m sick o’ the soun’ of it—an’ the more I pulls the more she won’t git up: I don’t think she knows what time it’s light of a mornin’; after all, she likely meant six or seven o’clock, ’stead o’ three.” The fourth guest is a quiet fellow, with an old basket on his

arm, who is probably on his way to one of the early markets in search of a job, or perhaps off into the fields to cut a stock of turfs, for sale to the owners of pet thrushes and larks. The stoker now moves off towards the river, and his place is taken by an Irish labourer, and yonder come those two identical vagrants whom we passed asleep on the bridge. There will be no lack of customers: the salopian supplies a recognised want; he is a sort of general housekeeper to the houseless and to the struggling poor whom necessity sends early afield in search of employment. But being, like many of his customers, himself a squatter, and paying no rent, he must clear off so soon as his room is worth more to the public than his company. He is the monarch of the dead time of the dawn, when all other industries are asleep; but he must fly from their jealous eyes before they awake, or he will have to answer for his trespass to the law.

What a Sunday-morning aspect there is at this hour of sunrise upon all these haunts of commerce through which we pass! One might almost imagine that, instead of being fast asleep in their beds, the population was all attending church—an idea, however, which cannot be long entertained; for, as the morning draws on, and we approach the central channels of business, the sounds all unmistakeable of the work-a-day world rise gradually upon the ear. The creaking of wains heavily grinding along, and the distant rumble of more rapid wheels, invade the solemn stillness of the morning; but as yet there are quiet pauses between these audible indications of life: there is no confusion of sounds, but the distinct echoes of horses' hoofs and grinding wheels, with the sharp crack of the driver's whip, are separately heard; and as the great bell of the cathedral rings out the hour of five, a score of surrounding steeples unanimously echo the verdict, which all who are awake may plainly hear, and which is the signal for many a deep sleeper to arouse from his slumber, and to be up and doing and driving his

business, unless he would be driven by it at a later hour. Anon, light threads of smoke are seen streaming forth from chimney tops ; here and there an attic window is thrown up to admit the morning breeze, and a night-capped head looks out for a moment or two upon the empty street. Then come the scavengers with their heavy carts, and monster horses crowned with a tiara of jingling bells, pealing fitfully in clouds of dust gathered from the well-worn pavements. Men and boys, some girt around the waist with rolled-up aprons, and others carrying the implements of their trade, traverse the public ways, with no dilatory step, in all directions, bound for the scene of their daily toil. Here and there, too, the pale milliner, roused thus untimely from her bed, is seen, with noiseless foot, hastening to the mart of fashion, to commence a course of, it may be, sixteen hours labour or more, in the vain attempt to satisfy the impatience of female vanity. Now, in all the avenues leading to Billingsgate and to Covent Garden, the costers, with their grotesque and varied equipages, are to be seen converging from all points of the compass, and from distances frequently of many weary miles, towards these common fountains of perambulatory traffic. Now the early breakfast houses take down their shutters and open their doors ; and there, if you choose to enter one of them, and invest three-halfpence or so in the knowledge of human nature in London, you may read without much trouble a good deal of the history of the past night. Here, in one corner, that grog-and-tobacco-reeking youth sleeps off his last night's debauch ; and by his side the cleaned-out gambler, his hands deep buried in his empty pockets, sits moodily, racking his bewildered brain for some new device by which to raise yet one more lucky stake that shall recover his heavy losses. Here, in cheerful contrast to these, sits the market gardener, the bloom of health on his sun-burnt face, a hearty meal before him, and a brown canvas bag of fairly-earned and honest cash safe buttoned in his nether

corduroys. Here the poor basket-woman spends her hard-won penny, and the jobbing porter the price of his first job in the purchase of his first meal; while the bricklayer's labourer, drawing a hunch of bread from a big blue-and-white bundle, washes it down with a pint of hot coffee, and then trudges off to the building at which he works, where he will cook the half-dozen leviathan potatoes which he has in the blue-and-white bundle for his dinner, by simply imbedding them in the lime which it is his business to slack for making the mortar. Here a weary cabman, who has watched all night long upon the box, finishes, with his head on the table, the nap begun in the street, dreaming doubtless of long fares and gentlemen "as don't want no change;" while a member of the fire-brigade, who has been handling the hose at a conflagration, doffs his iron helmet, and lays himself out for a similar luxury. It is a sort of liberty hall, where every man does as he likes so that he pays his way and commits no breach of the peace. It is stiflingly hot, however; the steaming flavours of coffee mingle with the odours of fried rashers of bacon, and others not by any means so agreeable, and we are glad to emerge again into the fresh air and brilliant sunshine.

Further signs of life, which in London are always signs of business, greet us as we step again into the street. The mail-carts from the out-lying suburbs rattle along towards St. Martin's-le-Grand; the day-cabs, dusted and polished into some show of respectability, crawl up leisurely to their appointed stands; and the night-cabs, some few of them, roll off for a change of horses and drivers. Then there is a sudden demand for Hansoms, the omnibuses not having yet begun to run, and a discharge of bagmen, with boots at their heels, from hotel doors, whence they rush to early railway trains, being bent on doing business a hundred miles off when business hours shall have arrived. Early risers now sally forth from their dwellings to pick up an

appetite for a breakfast by a constitutional walk in the parks, the gates of which are thrown open for their reception; and economical housewives visit the markets in search of wholesale bargains, and for the pick and choose of the animal, the marine, and the vegetable kingdoms.

We will suppose now, with the reader's permission, that it is seven o'clock, or thereabouts; and if it is seven o'clock on a summer's morning, then we may be sure that the major part of London, by which we must be understood to mean the business part, is yawning and stretching and rubbing its eyes, and pulling off its night-cap, and sidling out of the horizontal into the perpendicular position, and plunging its head into the wash-hand-basin, and cleaning its teeth, and combing its hair, and brushing its whiskers, if it has got any, and pulling the string of its shower-bath, and having a scrub at its epidermis with the flesh-brush, and putting on its clothes, and thinking of coming down to breakfast. And now the milkman is abroad with his milk all the way from Islington, pulling at bells, knocking at doors, peeping down areas, and handing little brass-bound tin cans through the railings, and ever and anon crying in a loud clear voice, "Mi-eau!" which is tolerably good French for "half-water," and a declaration sometimes containing very considerable truth, and far more candour than we should expect from him, under the circumstances. And the watercress-girl is abroad, with her shrill voice, which can be heard in everybody's back kitchen, tying up her little pennyworths as she walks along, and marking her track upon the pavement by the drip, drip, drip of her moist and appetising salads. And that light little mannikin, the news-boy, is abroad with his damp sheets, rushing into shops where they are open, and pitching them down areas or through ventilating fan-lights where they are not—now bolstering a brother Mercury with a quire of the *Times*, now culling the cream of last night's debate, from the leading article, thus

mingling business with pleasure, and the pursuit of knowledge with both. Now Betty, in tidy morning cap, brandishes her broom in sturdy arms bare to the elbows, or, couchant on bended knees before the street door, scours up the steps; and that young Tom, the apprentice, is pulling down the shop-shutters and rattling them over the roller through the iron grating into the regions below; or, with wash-leather and rottenstone, and a couple of sets of dirty fingers, he is polishing the brass-plate, or, with rag and whiting, is scouring the crystal panes of the show windows; while the tall young man inside, assisted by a tidy maiden in a neat morning gown of small-printed cotton, is decorating them with whatever he imagines will prove most tempting to those who on this fine day will come a-shopping.

By this time the railway stations are all in the thick of business, and to the signal of the shrill whistle the long mail trains are winding off towards the provinces, transmitting every throb of London's beating heart to the utmost limits of the land: and thousands are now taking their last look upon the metropolis of the world, which they will never see again; and thousands more, on the wings of steam, are rushing into her ample bosom, some to fortune and fame, it may be, and to such happiness as these can bestow, but more to toil, and trial, and disappointment, and the misery of blighted hopes, and the sad and sorrowful history of a ruined life. And now on the river the steam is up, and flags are flying, and from a hundred busy decks the snorting engine and the belching funnel send forth their vapour and smoke; and hoarse voices are roaring, and bells are clamorously ringing, and parties of pleasure, in cabs and hackney-coaches, or hurrying on foot, are rushing post-haste to Thames' crowded bank, whence they are off, with streamers flying, mariners bawling, hats and handkerchiefs waving, and musicians "tuning up," up the river and down the river, in pursuit of health and recreation. There are the

Greenwich boats and the Gravesend boats, and the boats for Ramsgate and Margate; there is the Dover boat and the Boulogne boat, with the lynx-eyed detective on board, who, smoking a cigar with the abstracted air of a gentleman at ease, is all the while diligently observant, and on the lookout for a gentleman who is wanted for a matter of swindling, and who is meditating a trip to Paris this fine morning, which, without the slightest noticeable demonstration of anything unpleasant on the part of Mr. Nabscum, who always does business in a gentlemanly way, will be quietly converted into a trip to Horsemonger Lane. Then there is the Ostend boat and the Rhine boat, to say nothing of coasters to Ipswich, Yarmouth, Hull, and "Bonny Dundee" in one direction, and to Southampton, Plymouth, and the Land's End in another. There are the boats for inland navigation between the green banks of the Thames, up to Kew, and Richmond, and Hampton Court—all with their bands of music and bands of pleasure-seekers, their shady awnings and comfortable cabins, their wholesome provisions and reasonable fares. The river is as wide awake now as it was fast asleep when we saw it first a few hours ago. Those veritable omnibuses of the deep, the halfpenny steamers, and penny steamers, and twopenny steamers, are shooting to and fro, transporting the multitudes of London along the "silent highway," from one extremity of the city to the other; barges heavily loaded to the brim are sturdily steered up the returning tide through the arches of the several bridges to their moorings off the wharves; the waterman is feathering his oars as he skims rapidly over the sparkling water; and Poor Jack, pulling a salute at his matted locks for want of a hat, looks sharply after the stray coppers upon which he depends for a dinner.

Cheapside, Fleet Street, Holborn, and the Strand, and a hundred miles besides of commercial thoroughfares of which they are the world-renowned representatives, are now

broad awake and responsive to the hum of active life. The causeway echoes to the tread of hurrying feet; and that indefinable boom of distant but ever-present sound which tells that London is up and doing, and which will swell into a deafening roar as the day grows older, now rises faintly but continuously upon the ear. Business, that respectable, comfortable, and responsible elderly gentleman, has opened both his eyes and put on his spectacles, and with clean linen, clean hands, and, it is to be hoped, a clear conscience, has addressed himself anew to the battle of life which has now fairly begun. His aides-de-camp are fast flocking round his standard, borne in by a thousand omnibuses, which now rush like descending cataracts towards the centres of industry. Morning has merged into day—and our first sketch is finished.

Finished, that is, as far as commercial London is concerned: but there is another world westward of the commercial mart, the world of Fashion, which turns day into night and night into day—which makes morning calls while the afternoon wanes—which dresses for dinner after the birds have gone to roost, and eats its mid-day meal when the sun has sunk to rest. Of what may be supposed to constitute morning to this section of society, who, if they ever see the sun rise at all, must see him at the end of their day instead of the beginning, we do not profess to have any very accurate notions. Fashionable life is a mystery to us, which we have no wish to fathom, and which our readers will hardly expect us to describe. We are content with the order of nature as we find it; and having the agreeable task to perform of getting our own living by our own industry, are perhaps quite as well employed as we should be in attempting to reverse her decrees. Most of our friends are of the same opinion. Good morning, ladies and gentlemen!

TWENTY-FOUR HOURS OF LONDON STREETS.

DAY.

IT does not much signify where we commence our brief survey of the aspect of London at Work. The daily labour of this monster city is so prodigious and multifarious an exploit, that to catch the merest glimpse of some few of its outward and visible energies and tokens, is the utmost that we can safely promise ourselves or our readers within the limits of a single article. Even to do thus much, we must take the liberty of flitting from one scene to another, rather faster than even the most improved means of locomotion would carry us, and of gathering here one feature, and there another, lest we be hindered in the purpose we have in view, of presenting to the stranger a general sketch, approximating, if possible, in some degree to the reality.

By way of commencement, let us make our exit from an omnibus, somewhere in the centre of the Strand, say at twelve o'clock at noon. The first rather startling phenomenon that greets the ear of a stranger who drops thus suddenly into the arms of the metropolis, is the uninterrupted and crashing roar of deafening sounds, which tell of the rush of the current of London's life-blood through its thousand channels—a phenomenon, however, of which the born Londoner is no more unpleasantly conscious, than is the Indian savage, cradled at the foot of a cataract, of its everlasting voice. The sound of ever-rumbling wheels is to the one what the ever-dashing water is to the other; both are neutralised by long habit, which makes things which are as

though they were not. But the eye of the stranger is assailed no less forcibly by the rushing tide of population along the foot-ways, and he is apt to imagine, as hundreds have done before him, that he has arrived at the precise moment when some monster meeting has just broken up, and perchance he may instinctively turn aside to let the crowd disperse before he pursues his way. But we shall not allow him to pause under any such delusion.

Passing on eastwards, and leaving Waterloo Bridge, and Somerset House, with its college, public offices, and Royal Society, at our right; and leaving various musty old streets on our left; leaving, too, a clergyman, in a white surplice, reading amid the crash and racket of the Strand, the burial-service to a bald-headed sexton and one mourner in a rusty brown-black cloak, who, we fear, can hear very little of its impressive truths—and wondering why, in the middle of the nineteenth century, people are buried in the middle of the street because it happens to be a churchyard; we pass on towards Temple-bar. We catch a glimpse now and then, through the quiet down-hill streets to the right, of the silver Thames, on the breast of which the boats are passing and re-passing; and at every step we take, a world of new faces flit in rapid succession before our eyes, all vivid with an eager purpose, and vital with some definite and present object. The shops are thronged with customers, and the windows are crowded with their best display. There is not an instant's ebb in the flow of population—not a moment's pause in the roar of traffic. A glimpse or two up the malodorous courts leading away to Clare-market, and beyond that to Clement's-inn and Lincoln's-inn, and we are at Temple-bar—an ornament, if you will, and time-honoured in treasonable and barbarous associations, but an unquestionable obstruction to the public thoroughfare. Now from Bell Yard and Chancery Lane visions of blue bags and red tape, and black gowns and horsehair wigs, mingle with the human

torrent that pours incessantly along. The Temple—with its quiet retreats, and restored Norman church, where, stretched and stiff amidst the clamour of modern London, the old Knights Templars lie cross-legged on the cold stones; and where a hundred or two of briefless barristers vegetate in upper stories, and labour hard with ink and goose-quill to earn by literature that necessary competence which the law denies them; where the fresh and sparkling fountain plays; and where, in the gardens fronting the river, the children gambol and the pale student wanders—the Temple, endeared and abhorred in the memory of multitudes, lies on our right. Fleet Street is before us, with all its host of reminiscences, with its numerous courts, in one of which Johnson loved to dwell, and where the coffee-house wits, and his friends and cronies the literary men of his time, had their meetings and their pleasures. The genius of Business has long ago driven the Muses from these their old-fashioned abodes, and in all of them now, money-making, and that alone, is the order of the day. Whitefriars, the ancient asylum of rogues and assassins, now the abode of industry and enterprise, but at which we cannot tarry to glance, lies down at our right.

As we enter on Ludgate Hill, the crowd thickens and the hurry increases: we may scarcely pause an instant to gaze at the splendid shops that line the way; idling is impracticable, and standing still out of the question. On we go with the current, through St. Paul's Churchyard, and, leaving "the Row," with all its responsibilities, behind us, debouch into Cheapside. In the middle of a fine summer's day, this, the oldest of the London marts, and still at all times the most frequented, is so overcrowded with human life, that—in spite of the admirable and accommodating system of walking instinct among Londoners, by which every one, by a tacit agreement, keeps the right side of the pavement—it is yet impossible to get on but at a slow and fitful pace. Here, as we slowly advance, we are flanked on either

side by such accumulations of the world's material wealth as perhaps can scarcely be witnessed at any other spot on its surface. Dazzling stores of costly gems and the precious metals, displayed in glittering profusion, look out upon us from the shop-windows; and all that industry, ingenuity, and the rarest talent can furnish to the demands of luxury, is here offered to its acceptance. All the ends of the earth have sent in their choicest contributions; and whatever the treasures of the natural world, controlled and combined by the skill of man, can supply for the satisfaction of his most urgent wants or his slightest caprice, is here gathered together and submitted for his approval.

From Cheapside, past the Guildhall, where Gog and Magog, those abstinent witnesses of so many banquets, keep faithful watch and ward, and through the Poultry, long ago plucked of its feathers, we emerge into the grand central area, matched in commercial importance by no other spot of less or greater extent upon the surface of the globe. Oh, for the glance of an Argus, clearly to see, and for a paragon pen faithfully to record, all that is now going on upon the scene around us! Then should the mysteries of the Stock Exchange, the recondite wisdom of the Mansion-House, the craft of Capel Court, and the hidden resources of the Bank of England, all figure in our page in their true aspect, and the world be made wiser than it is ever likely to be on these matters. But we must be content to look on with common eyes, and make the best of them. The Mansion-House, as usual, looks heavy and glum, and is clustered round with omnibuses, and crowds on foot, and plastered with proclamations, and the magistrate within has enough to do to get through the business of the hour. The Exchange is populous with burly forms and anxious and stolid faces; and stock-brokers and their slim clerks are flitting to and fro, and, with little oblong square papers in their hands are bursting through doors made to open noiselessly either way,

and appearing with outstretched necks again in a minute, and disappearing as fast. Cabs are rushing up, and dropping their fares, who fly out with a leap and bury themselves *instantly* in the jaws of a share-office. Omnibuses are rolling off, and more are rolling in, and each one comes laden with the sons of commerce bound for this central shrine. The Bank of England to-day is a general house of call. Thousands are flocking into its inky precincts; some going straight to their mark, and transacting their business at once, and others wandering about and losing themselves, and finding themselves at last in the wrong department, where they are angrily boring the wrong person to do what he is not justified in doing, and could not do if he would. Notes by the ream and sovereigns by the shovelful are flying and rustling and jingling about; corpulent pocket-books suddenly collapse into flatness, and lean ones grow stout with a moment's feeding. In all these localities Commerce has very much the aspect of a gentleman: his garb is refined and unexceptionable, his manners bland and polite, his voice subdued and persuasive; and if at times he is a little hasty, and at others a little abstracted, it may be said in apology for him that the old gentleman has got upon his shoulders matters far more weighty and of more importance to the interests of the world (whatever statesmen may think to the contrary) than ever perplexed a prime-minister or puzzled a cabinet council. His diplomacy, if it centre more exclusively in Number One than that of the statesman, has a wider range and more extensive ramifications than that of governments can boast of. Far-off nations, whom our laws cannot influence, he can rally round his banner with a word; he feeds and clothes the naked and hungry savage, marshals his untaught hordes in the ranks of industry, and despatches them into the bowels of the earth, or the depths of the sea, or over the barren sands of the desert, or across the pathless snows of the arctic regions, to do his bidding. As we

wander thoughtfully among these grand and noble edifices, his messages, winged by lightning, are flashing beneath our feet with the speed of thought to distant cities and foreign lands. He has but to lay his hand on the magic wires of the electric telegraph, and he can feel the pulse of the three kingdoms which regulate half the business of the world. Around him is the aggregate of half that world's wealth, and more than half its influence: there, just round the corner, in silent Lombard Street, where the poor stall-woman sells her fruit, and messengers in neat white aprons, worn solely for distinction, wait for employ—there, in dim and spacious halls, he stores his vast resources; and day by day, and hour by hour, sends them forth on errands of usefulness and increase, and adds to their undiminished hoards fresh products of his prophetic foresight and unwearied effort.

Away now at one bound from one extreme of the commercial scale to another—from the men of unlimited capital, who turn over thousands in a morning, to those who toil in "sun and sweat" the livelong day for pence. Here we are, then, three miles at least from where we stood a moment ago—in one of the outlying suburbs, far from the crash and din of the city, which now comes upon the ear like the swell of the sea-surge beating upon a pebbly shore when it is heard far inland. That distant boom rises, however, but at intervals, when there is a pause in the shrill, loud, deep, and half musical cries vibrating almost incessantly in the air around us;—some clear and sonorous, ringing over an area of half a mile, others short, gruff, and shot forth fitfully from dry and husky throats.

It is now that the main substance of the vast daily importations into the morning markets of London, chiefly into Billingsgate and Covent Garden, are, in the charge of thirty thousand costermongers, traversing, it may be, a hundred thousand miles of streets, to supply the daily consumption of

the inhabitants. The coster's equipage comprehends every variety of turn-out, from the substantial cart and well-fed and neatly-harnessed horse, down to the half-starved and miserable "moke," whose raw and bleeding sides are galled with the knots of an old rope, by which it is clumsily made fast to a few rotten planks mounted upon a couple of rickety wheels of different size and colour—and down still lower than that, to the rotten basket borne on the head of its ragged proprietor. But whatever his equipage, the coster is abroad with his voice and his wares, and some quarter of a million of attentive ears are listening for his well-known accents, and as many hands are busy in the kitchen preparing for his arrival:—"Gooseberries, three-pence a quar-ar-art!—Fine cauliflowers!—Rhubarb!"—"Soles, oh!—Live haddick, live haddick!—Ee-ee-eels alive, oh!"—"Green peas, young peas, sixpence a peck!"—"Mackareel! mack-mak-makareel!" Such are a few of the cries, in every possible variety of voice and tone, which reverberate along the quiet ways. The costers may be said almost to monopolise the public ear till dinner is over and done; and we may remark that they know perfectly well the hour at which any particular street on their beat goes to dinner, and you seldom find them crying green-peas, or green anything, when the time for cooking the article is past.

Among these dealers, though not in the road, but on the pavement, walks the peripatetic tradesman, calling quietly upon his "connection," if he has any, and now and then lifting up his voice with the view of creating or extending it. There is the chair-mender, swaddled in split-canes, followed by his weary wife carrying an old bottomless chair, which she has picked up somewhere during the morning-calls, and on the edge of which she will rest herself for a moment or two, while her bigger half knocks at a door and solicits custom. There is the knife-grinder, who startles the neighbourhood with a noise like the springing of fifty watch-

men's rattles, and which stills for a moment all other noises, and which he produces by applying the rusty blade of an old butcher's cleaver to the rough side of his rotating grindstone. Thus he spares his lungs, which are not generally in the best possible order, seeing that from his grinding many things dry, he gets the particles of steel into them. There is the umbrella-mender, with his fagot of crippled umbrellas, of questionable parasols, and apochryphal whalebones at his back, and his leathern bag of tools and knickknacks round his waist, to say nothing of his fishing-rods and walking-sticks, both of which it is odds but you will find in the involutions of his fat fagot, if you should happen to want them. There is the basket-maker, who this morning measures exactly eighteen feet in circumference, and consequently occupies the whole of the pathway, so that you are obliged to step into the road to pass him. He moves with a slow and dignified step in his framework of many-coloured wicker, but he splits it in two and lets himself out in an instant, at the call of a customer, through whose garden-gate he must enter before he can get at him. There is the band-box maker shouldering a huge palanquin of purple-splashed receptacles of all sizes, but of that precise shape and pattern which lies in your garret among the fluff under Betty's bed, and in which her best Sunday's bonnet, with its plain neat ribbons, lies eclipsed all the week. There is the bird-cage-maker, with his bright brass-wired cages domed at the top, just the thing for your tame canary; and a big one, with a Great Exhibition transept, large enough to accommodate your talking parrot, with a perch as thick as a mop-stick, exactly fitting the grasp of Polly's claws. There is the garden-fitter, with his stock of bright-green splints and contrivances for sticking your sweet-peas and supporting your plants; and there is the gardener himself, with his geraniums, and balsams, and ice-plants, and cactuses, and musks, and flowers of all colours and odours, and "all a-growin' and

a-blowin'!" as he says loud enough for anybody to hear, while he peers about upstairs and down, and makes a dead stop wherever he discovers the signs and tokens of a fondness for his merchandise. Then there is a cry of "Oranges, oranges!" as the market-girl lounges by, with her heavy basket on her arm. There is the little Jew-boy with his lemons, which he holds up between his fingers as he passes the parlour windows, content with that silent appeal, nor caring to let his voice be heard; and there is the older Jew, with his patriarchal beard, his triple tiara of castaway beavers, and corpulent bag—ejaculating solemnly at regular intervals, "Clo', clo', clo'!" and glancing round ever and anon, with flashing eye, for the slightest visible movement in the regions of the kitchen. And then there is his rival, the china-man, who, having no license, cannot lawfully hawk his goods, but professing to give a new tea-service for an old coat, effects an exchange very different from that, if you let him catch you attempting a bargain.

At the heels of the travelling tradesmen come the wandering street-minstrels, who give you sweet sounds for the chance of your sympathies and coppers. First comes a band of stunted Germans in green surtouts, puffing as if for their lives (and it is really for nothing less) into enormous brazen tubes. One empties himself into an ophicleide, clawing it the while convulsively, as though it were some savage beast; another is feeling for the right note in a curly French horn; a third is showing fight to the chimney tops with a battered trombone; a fourth is talking through his nose by means of a bandaged clarionet; and the rest are making faces at the sky. All, however, make admirable music of the good old harmonies of the fatherland, and find that honest John Bull is not ungrateful for it. Then comes a grinder with a barrel organ, who vacillates between a grave tune and a jig; then another grinder with a barrel piano, who adds to it the charm of his voice, and groans rather than sings an Italian

song to an English tune. He is followed by a whole family on pilgrimage, preceded by a cracked violoncello on one leg, the rear being brought up by a couple of infants in white pinafores, who are but just big enough to go alone. What next? A travelling tinker swinging his pot of live coal, and growling, "Pots to mend, kittles to mend!" A wandering voice rising from the rear of a hand-cart, and ejaculating with the earnestness of an orator, "Penniwinkles, penniwinkles, wink, *wink*, WINK! Ladies, now's your time!" A sorrowful, heartbroken wail from a decrepit old man bearing a few boxes of lucifers clutched in his long bony fingers, who tries to intonate the word "Lucifers," but breaks down at the first syllable, and looks around piteously for that compassion which he is too feeble even to demand by a word—and then suddenly the burst of trumpets, the bang of big drums, and the clamorous bray of brass, as the advertising van prances up, to let the wondering world know where pantaloons are to be had. Thus wags the world by day in the London suburbs. We must again change the scene.

We start this time from Tower Hill, and leaving the Tower at our right, without a thought just now of its grim secrets and murderous injustice—and leaving the Mint at our left, never heeding either aught that is there done in connection with those interesting initials, *£. s. d.*—we push on our way through a wilderness of oddly-mixed merchandise which obtrusively blocks our path—through groups of seamen's chests daubed with tar and smelling of new paint, emigrants' tents pitched in the open air, canvas trousers, tarpaulin cloaks, bear-skin overcoats, bruised telescopes, disabled quadrants, second-hand sou'westers—past dirty shops crammed with cobwebs and dilapidated marine wares—past yawning beer-cellars and reeking spirit-shops—past the sloppy cab-stand and a furlong or two of dead-wall, and all the way through a swarm of hurrying passengers, the crush

of heavy waggons, the rattle of dingy cabs, the bawling of drivers, and the clatter of horses' feet—and turning short to the right, of a sudden make a descent upon St. Katherine's Docks. Here is another strange phase of London's daily life. We seem at first in a land of barrels, all new and clean, the very elysium of coopers. On we go through an acre of port-wine, every cask brimming full with its mouth open, down which inquisitive fellows are poking long sticks, to measure the capacity of their stomachs. On again through a couple of acres of brandy, in bran-new barrels, undergoing the same ceremony—then another acre of wine, port and sherry, mingled with madeira in its taper, vase-like casks—and then on to the wine-vaults, where, in a cavern of some ten acres in extent, and piled upon iron tram-like supports, of which about thirty miles in length is laid down, is stored in bond the produce of the grape.

At this spot we present an order for admission, and, arming ourselves each with a portable lamp, with a handle half a yard in length, plunge, with the cooper for our guide, down one of the long dark avenues of this treasury of the vintage. Dim red lights, suspended from the roof and glimmering at long distances at the ends and turnings of the various passages, reveal in some degree the enormous extent of these national wine-cellars. Walls of barrels, heaped one upon another, line the way, and the odour of their contents impregnates the air and ascends into the brain. Here and there we happen unexpectedly upon a party of tasters, furnished with capacious bell-shaped glasses, and testing the flavour of the wines, with the accompaniments of biscuits and cheese. The guide elevates his lamp and points to the myriad festoons of cobwebs which, black with age and dust, droop in dense clustering tassels from the ceiling, and wave even with the impulse of our breath. We are at first sceptical about the existence of cobwebs, seeing no means of support for the spiders who must spin them; but he talks of

a species of fly which engenders here in millions, and, lowering his lamp, shows where, amidst the moist exudations around the bung of a cask of old sherry, swarms of reddish-looking maggots are wriggling about, who must have had flies for their progenitors, and will be flies themselves in their turn. We are now at the limits of the vault: a ray of cool daylight shoots down the ventilating cavity through the long thickness of the wall, and, peeping out, we discern the ships lying in the docks. Declining an invitation to taste of last year's vintage, we return by another route, and, surrendering our lamps, are again in the open air.

On again to the left, through another meadow of brandy-casks—through wildernesses of warehouses stored with sugar, and timber, and hides, and bales, and boxes, and packages, and every description of taxable goods—on, over stone quays and swinging bridges, overshadowed by a forest of masts and sails, amid the creaking of cordage, the hoarse song of the mariner, the cry of the sailor-boy aloft, and a host of other undefinable sounds, and up a flight of steps which hangs invitingly adown the hull of a tall ship of twelve hundred tons burden, and on to the deck of an emigrant vessel bound for Australia, and which is destined to warp out into the river at twelve o'clock to-night, and drop down to Gravesend, whence she takes her departure twenty-four hours later. The deck is alive with a various and motley population, all busily engaged in preparation for the impending voyage—young and old, the well-to-do and the very poor, children in arms and the fathers and mothers of families—some crying bitterly, more with woe-begone and bewildered looks, and many in unnaturally good spirits, artificially excited. Even at this last hour, carpenters are at work erecting additional berths, chiefly round the captain's cabin, and seriously encroaching on that forbidden ground. A young gentleman, who has paid seventy pounds for his passage, is administering a scold to the agent for breach of contract, and

loudly demanding an exchange of cabins. Tomkins is jumping about like one distracted for the loss of his luggage, all packed away in the entrails of a stage cart, which ought to have come on board yesterday. His wife has padlocked the three children in his berth, and there they are all three, with their dirty little faces at the grill, blubbering to be let out of the dark hole. Sailors are rigging up the long-boat to serve as a pig-stye, as the pigs will arrive on board to-morrow; the fowls, a good many of them, are already in durance vile, but, despairing of being heard in such a clamour, are quietly reserving their voices for a fitter opportunity. A knot of country girls, seated in a circle round the mainmast, are discussing some home topic which brings tears into the eyes of most of them. Lascars, brown, lean, thin, undersized, and hungry-looking, loll lazily about, as though there was nothing for them to do, which is most likely the case. Jack-tar swings himself up over the heads of the country girls and bids them cheer up, and promises them all a husband a-piece in the golden land. The black cook is boiling his kettles over a blazing fire in the fore part of the vessel, and, surrounded by a part of the crew, is dishing out their dinner. Looking over the side, we are greeted by the apparition of a painter slung by ropes, with his pots on a plank, and stolidly daubing away at the ship's hull, as oblivious as the timbers he is at work upon of the world of cares, and aspirations, and hopes, and uncertainties around him.

Descending through the open hatchway into the steerage, we step into just such a scene as might be realised were twenty houses, with all their inhabitants and furniture, pitched out of windows pell-mell through the roof of an unlighted barn—only the poor humans seem to take it very patiently, being for the most part asleep, stretched on bundles of bedding on the floor, or on the shelves at the sides of the long chamber which is to be their home for the next four or five months. A good proportion of them are

children; and of these, those not asleep are eating bread-and-butter with the evident expression of persons enjoying a luxury. Close under the hatchway are two elderly people, who are dictating to a young girl a joint epistle, which she, sitting on the ground, and using a deal box for a writing-table, is blotting down on a crumpled sheet of black-bordered vellum. Some are busy in storing away in their narrow berths the articles and provisions which they will want during the voyage; and two or three of the crew are lowering through a trap-door in the floor bales and packing-cases, and iron and wooden implements, for which there can be no demand until the good ship has arrived at her destination. A blinking lantern, suspended from a cross-beam, lights them at their work, and in the gloomy cavity below burns another. While we are watching the process of stowage, down rushes Tomkins through the hatchway, dives into the dark hold, and, after a search of about three minutes, rises again, his face beaming with satisfaction, by which we are led to suppose that his luggage is all right, after all. The vision of the three little Tomkinses, with right merry faces, released from prison and playing with the fowls in the hen-coop, which is the first sight we see on regaining the deck, assures us that that is the fact. As we leave the vessel, we observe with satisfaction that she is not likely to be starved on her passage, inasmuch as a couple of waggon-loads of cured hams are flying through one of the lower ports, being checked off by the provision-broker as fast as the men pitch them in. May she escape the perils of the deep, and reach in peace her distant haven! She will be gone to-morrow, with all her living freight; and though her departure will make a void in a hundred families, here she will not be missed, and in a day or two will be forgotten. A fleet of gallant vessels, tall and goodly as she, are resting on their shadows around her; one of them will glide into her place before the morning dawns, and on the same spot, ere the

world is a week older, the same scene in the drama of London life shall be again rehearsed.

Once more the scene is changed. The docks and shipping are miles away, and now the air we inhale is poisonous with miasma and nauseous with dank and dismal stench. We stand in a close court, into which the midsummer sun only penetrates for a few minutes at high noon, and which debouches in a filthy lane in one of the poverty-stricken districts, the locality of which we do not care to specify. The houses on either side stand hardly more than six feet apart, and one might imagine they had just been fighting together, they show such battered and mutilated faces to the day. Rags and brown paper substitute half the glass of the windows, and what is left is so crusted with dirt that it shuts out the light it was intended to admit. Slattern women, with folded arms, project their uncombed heads and rail at one another in language not to be written; gaunt, sallow-looking men, old with vicious excess before they are mature in years, stand smoking and gambling in the open doorways; pale and rickety children pine and whine fretfully in their mothers' arms, or crawl and roll about on the dirty flags in a melancholy attempt at play. Every house stands with its door perpetually open, and offers hospitality at the rate of twopence a night to the whole world of vagrants, and the whole world of vagrants accordingly comes and goes at its own will, and seethes and soddens, and riots and rots, and dies in its own filth, none daring to make it clean and wholesome. Here typhus walked in twenty years ago, and has never walked out since, but lurks unseen in the squalor and darkness, and fangs his starved and weary and drunken victims, and shoulders them into the grave. Here, too, his bosom friend and coadjutor cholera dwells, and from this, his primary head-quarters, sallies forth to the work of slaughter. Here consumption

tracks his unconscious prey, and beguiles and fools them to the last breath; and here racking rheumatism and foul cancer, and a whole battalion of loathsome diseases, hold their high court and execute summary sentence upon poor heedless and miserable humanity, that laughs and quaffs the inebriating cup, and revels and riots here in the reeking vestibule of the charnel-house.

Out of the court, and into the lane—into a congregation of accumulations of all that comfort and respectability have banished from their dwellings, cast off from their backs, and dismissed for ever from their acquaintance and acknowledgment—among stores of crazed and rickety furniture, crumbling with the dry-rot and populous with multiplied tribes not to be named—of beds bursting with matted millpuffs, and bedsteads warranted effectually to “murder sleep”—tables minus a leg or two, and with flaps that will do nothing but flap, available for tipping without the trouble of a magnetic circle—of chairs without a seat, and carpets with the pattern trodden out long ago—of linen of no particular colour, but of a very particular smell—of piles of old iron and brass, and shreds of copper and rusty nails, and monster bunches of keys, of sooty pots and pans and spoutless tea-kettles and coffee-biggins—of regiments of phials and bottles, and stacks of conserve jars and gallipots, and shreds of cloth, and bundles of rags, and barrels of kitchen-stuff, and gibbeted black dolls—of flat-irons and sixpenny clothes-horses—of hampered locks, and cashiered bolts, and severed door-handles, and screwed-off knockers, and ripped-up scrapers, and of brass-plates for Mr. Smith’s private-door, and of second-foot mats, and fractured fenders and isolated fire-irons, and the numberless other articles or fragments of articles which go to make up the museum whither poverty and wretchedness resort, with a few hard-saved pence, or perhaps a shilling snatched painfully from the savage grasp of want, to supplement the scanty conveniences of their joyless

abodes. Hither the Irish hodman "about to marry," whose custom the regular broker would rather be without, comes in search of his matrimonial couch, his deal table, couple of chairs, and iron pot. Here it is that the travelling tradesman, who knocks at your door for a job, has his home, and you may see him, after the wanderings of the morning, cobbling his broken goods or haggling with a customer who has ventured to bid for them. Here, in the gloom of the back-room, comes the juvenile thief with his ill-gotten plunder to his patron the receiver, who robs *him* in his turn while supplying him with the means of midnight debauch. Here come the poor widow and the sick workman, with their last trifling remnants of property which the pawnbroker will not receive, but which must be parted with for bread. And here, too, and not very seldom, come the policemen and the owner of lost valuables, armed with a warrant from the magistrate, to search for stolen goods. To the eye of the spectator this place appears the paradise of refuse and rubbish fit only for the fire and the melting-pot; but, repulsive as is its aspect, it may yet be looked upon, in the present state of society at least, as an indispensable adjunct to the commerce of a great overgrown city, where abject poverty is always the lot of multitudes, whose wants, moderate and even mean as they are, are yet as imperative as those of their betters, and thus present a merchantable field to the class which is but one remove above them.

We are warned by the length to which we have already run, that we must not further indulge our inclination in thus shifting the scenes on the great stage of London's activities. We might wing our flight in a moment from the stifling abodes of struggling want to the pleasant resorts of luxury and fashion, and, taking our stand in Hyde Park, watch the nobility of England, with their sons and daughters, careering before us on noble steeds, or drawn in cushioned

chariots. Or we might penetrate the swarming workshops, where the half-million host of London's toiling sons, waging the industrial war, are adding, hour by hour, by every motion of their labouring muscles, to the increase of the world's positive wealth. We might, had we time, wander among the palatial and princely residences of Belgravia, and enter the portals of those magnificent abodes where magnates and millionaires repose in the lap of luxury; and we might, in imagination at least, attend her Majesty at the *levée* which is held to-day at St. James's Palace, and watch the gorgeous crowds of noble sires and dames, and their offspring, who come to yield that honour so justly due to her. Or we might follow the city missionary in exploring the homes and haunts of the vicious and predatory races, and carrying the gospel of peace to social outcasts, self-abandoned and at war with God and man.

Again, if we had leisure at command, we might look in upon London at dinner—and a curious sight we might chance to find it if we made good use of our opportunity. Or we might enter the gloomy prison-gates, and see how London deals with that minor section of her rogues, who, transgressing the law, become amenable to its punishments, and, shut up in silent cells, or climbing revolving mill-wheels, or working in oakum-yards, or grinding at heavy cranks with no other result than their own weariness, are compelled to appease its offended majesty. Then we might mark how, in the chamber of the sybarite, on downy couches, or in the unventilated hovel, on mouldy straw, "stretched in disease's shapes abhorred," London languishes and writhes in sickness and in pain, and turns its weary face to the wall, and moans in anguish. We might track the flight of the Angel of Death, who, with shadowy sombre wing, ever outspread over the dwellings of man, dispatches to their solemn account a thousand souls a week of our fellow-citizens alone. And we might track, too, the path

of the Angel of Life, who fills the void his brother angel makes, by ushering into the world a race of new immortals, born to fight on the same battle-field, in the same momentous strife. But the day would not suffice, nor the morrow either, nor the month, nor the year, to complete our survey of the living panorama that London presents to the view of observation between the rising and setting of the sun. We have traced but a few outlines of the multitudinous picture—touched on a few spots only of its ample canvas. The imagination of the reader may fill up many of its details; but it would demand the study of a life to accord them all even a moderate measure of justice. Good day, ladies and gentlemen!

TWENTY-FOUR HOURS OF LONDON STREETS.

EVENTIDE.

It is pleasant to stroll leisurely through the highways and by-ways, to saunter in the thoroughfares and no-thoroughfares of a great city, as the shadows of evening are settling down upon it. "Parting day," says a noble poet,

"Dies like the dolphin, whom each pang imbues
With a new colour as it gasps away!
The last still loveliest, till—'tis gone—and all is grey."

To the mind of the artist, "in populous city pent," this description is not a whit less applicable than to him who, accustomed to rove at will, "by meadow, grove and stream," might be apt to appropriate the praises of the poet exclusively to the subjects he loves best to contemplate. We are not sure that the city, after all, does not gain more in picturesque beauty by the descending twilight than the choicest landscape can do. That grey curtain which closes in the wide panorama of the country, and robs it of its charm of infinity, adds that very charm to the town, by concealing its narrower limits, and clothing with a veil of vague and mystic unsubstantiality its loftiest structures. We are aware that this notion will be accounted by poets, and painters too, as decidedly erroneous; but still it is one, we will venture to say, which has often crossed the brain of the casual loungeur among the half-deserted haunts of his busy brethren, at that dim hour when the solid masses of granite in the gloom of which he wanders appear to fade away into shadowy forms,

and mingle their viewless outlines with the dusky harbinger of night.

But we must not indulge in speculations, artistic or æsthetic. We are far from twilight as yet, and have many things to notice before London puts on that peculiar and pensive phase which she always assumes as the shadows of evening gather over her countless towers and spires—her moiling and ever-restless population.

Long before the summer sun sinks to a level with the horizon, what the great heart of this mercantile Babylon has that day determined to do, is done and ended, and in its deepest and widest channels the grand current of commerce has ceased to flow. With all the gigantic activity that characterises London's commercial exploits, there is combined an unmistakeable appreciation of gentlemanly ease and leisure. Her merchant princes enjoy their state *like* princes, in spite of their toil, and they fly from the arena of business to the retreat of home when the first cool breath of evening sweeps refreshingly through the sweltering streets. The banks are all closed—counting-houses are empty—the Exchange is a desert—and the Titans of wholesale traffic have abandoned the market, and left it to the rule of the shopkeepers, by the time the Post-office, at the sound of the last stroke of six, has barred up its letter-boxes. Here and there a few anxious speculators may linger in their dens, calculating probabilities, and waiting for the departure of the last mail ere they dispatch their orders or resolve upon their sales and purchases; but these are only the exceptions that prove the rule. Those who rank as the aristocracy of London's commerce for the most part wind up their commercial day with the hour of dinner, and set themselves and their humbler coadjutors free to enjoy the pleasures of the evening, as they list.

Then it is that the army of clerks is disbanded, filing off in whole brigades from Lombard Street and the courts

adjacent—emerging from countless avenues in the vicinity of the Bank, the Exchange, and Threadneedle Street, and starting off at a tangent in cab or omnibus, or slowly sauntering off on foot to indulge in the rest or recreation of the hour. For some, a thousand places of amusement, with doors wide open, present a bewildering choice of recreation or excitement; for others, the library or the lecture-room has superior attractions; and for all, the free air of the suburbs, and the outlying country, present the healthful opportunity for exercise and change of scene. Family men now, as a general rule, return to the bosom of home, and in the society of wife and children—it may be in a patch of garden-ground twenty feet square, ornamented with half-a-dozen flower roots, a water-butt, dust-box, and central bush of laurel, or it may be in a family procession to the nearest park or trespassable field—spend the quiet hours in the relish of domestic enjoyment. Now, the numerous tea-gardens that fringe the dusty metropolis on every side are boiling their huge kettles, and are heard to be exceedingly talkative through the screen of pitchy railings and stunted bushes which protects them from the intrusive gaze of passers-by. Now, as we pass the door of some rural inn, the sound of tremendous and barbaric blows assails the ear, followed immediately by a dismal rumbling, which to a nervous poet might suggest a distant earthquake or a far-off battle-field, but which to that bricklayer's labourer advancing says "Skittles" as plain as it can speak. Now, the school-boys are out for their evening games, and rejoicing in the soundness of their lungs and the fleetness of their legs—and the prattle of infant children, and the thumping of toy-drums, and the inarticulate appeals of penny whistles, and the involuntary crowings of babies in arms, are heard in back gardens—and nursing mothers are in their glory, while the little fat-faced, bare-legged youngsters tumble about, and papa in his dressing-gown looks on, and forgets that stocks

fell three-eighths since eleven o'clock this morning, and he bought in yesterday.

As the evening advances, the dense hosts of labour begin to pour forth from unnumbered workshops, warehouses, and factories. Multitudes, worn and weary with the exactions of the day, hasten to throw themselves on their pallets to recruit strength for the morrow; multitudes rush to the reeking purlieus of the tavern, longing for the beggarly delights of intoxication; and multitudes more roam abroad in search of such recreation as may chance to come within their reach. A tide of the population of our industrial establishments sets in towards the parks, where a thousand different groups may be seen squatted or supine on the grass, gazing, it may be, up into the sky, where one or two, or perhaps half-a-dozen balloons, freighted with adventurers for whom the common earth has not perils enough, are voyaging slowly in the breezeless upper air—or watching the children chasing their long shadows on the close-cropped sward, or feeding the fowls in the pond, or sending up paper messengers to the kite steadied far aloft. Crowds of released artisans rush to the river, and on the decks of steamers run down to Greenwich for a stroll beneath the chestnut-trees, or a ramble on Blackheath; or up the river to Chelsea, and Vauxhall, and Battersea, and Putney. The wherries are out in swarms upon the Thames, and amateur rowing-matches are coming off amid the cheers and outcries of backers on shore and afloat. The angling tribe, mustering their maggots and fishing-rods, are off to the New River, or the Surrey Canal, or the Docks, or the Grand Junction, where, notwithstanding they have been at work since seven in the morning, and must begin again at seven to-morrow, they will sit, with marvellous patience, watching the bobbing float till long after the stars wink out at them, dreaming of a bite. Whole battalions mount in double rows on the backs of omnibuses, bound for Highgate or Hampstead, to enjoy an hour's ramble on hill

or heath. From Hyde Park in the west to Victoria Park in the east all the verdant spots and gardens which constitute the lungs of London are dotted over with her inhabitants of all ages and grades, come forth to breathe the air of heaven and look the welcome sky in the face. The fields and meadows of the debatable land, where the grass is invaded by endless regiments of unburnt brick, and where green lanes are gradually undergoing a transformation into brick streets, are alive with human shapes; and throughout the hundred miles of thoroughfare that lead in different radii from the centre to the suburbs of the metropolis, the publicans' hives are swarming with thirsty bees flocking thither, not to store up honey, but to waste it. Notwithstanding all this, and ten times more, every street, court, and back-lying lane, is populous with life and crowded with animate forms. What is the reason? It is the hour when industrial London is out of doors—when the toil of the day is supposed to be over, and, for the major part of the toilers, the only season of recreation is to be enjoyed.

But there is a numerous tribe whose labours are never done, or are not subject to the laws which regulate the business world, and whose traffic thrives best when the streets are fullest. They cannot afford to take a holiday: too many holidays are thrust upon them; and when the public are abroad, and that portion of the public in particular who are their special patrons, they must be up and doing, or suffer the consequences of idleness. The industrial hordes who labour for their daily bread are themselves, in their turn, the patrons and paymasters of another distinct and nomadic horde, who hang upon their skirts wherever they are to be found, and, like the lowest orders of the animal creation, derive support and nutriment from sources which, by the unreflecting, are often ignorantly despised and undervalued. Let us wander this fine evening through a furlong or two of that long route which, like the Boulevards of Paris, girdles

the metropolis on its northern and eastern sides, and glance for a brief space at a few of these peripatetic professors—these commercial Bedouins, who peacefully waylay the monster caravan that nightly files off along this well-known track in the desert of London.

If, leaving Finsbury Square, we walk towards the Angel, we shall not proceed far without meeting with a specimen. Here is one already—a weather-worn man, seated on a high stool in front of a slender and rickety framework supporting a whole gamut of little bells. Having a row of wooden keys under his feet, which act upon hammers that strike the bells, and a fiddle under his chin, he contrives to scrape and jingle out “Auld Lang Syne,” or “Home, sweet Home,” with an effect not too nearly approaching to the harmonious. His audience are not disposed to be hypercritical; the spectacle pleases them in all probability more than the music, which is of a rather doubtful quality; but Englishmen love to see a man *doing* a good deal, and the industrious fellow, who is wriggling from his fingers’ ends to his toes, and only sits because his is a profession at which nobody could stand, receives his modest reward of coppers, as a despot receives homage, on his self-erected throne. Here is another specimen—a prodigiously loud-voiced stentor, standing erect as yon wooden Highlander at the snuff-shop, but, unlike him, giving forth utterances distinguishable above the roar of the omnibus wheels and the hum of the crowd at a hundred yards’ distance. He has always a goodly company around him at this hour of the day, if the weather is at all favourable, being an outspoken fellow and a bit of a wag to boot. He carries a broad tray in front of him, suspended from his shoulders, and resting against his stomach, which is never troubled with indigestion. Upon his tray are piled a curious heap of knickknacks, useful and amusing, manufactured by his own hands, from tin, and iron, and brass wire. Hear him as he dilates upon the marvels of a puzzling toy which he holds

in his hand, and which is nothing more nor less than a miniature set of the apparatus known in many parts of England as the "tiring-irons," and occasionally drawn forth from the tower of the church, when, upon any fair-day or festival some brawny blacksmith, bold enough to attempt the solution of their mystery, makes application to the sexton for the purpose. "Here you are, gentlemen," says he, "here you are! This is the comfoozlem, so called because it was invented by the celebrated Chinese feelusover Confuse-us, and certainly it does confuse most folks; you must feel it over a good many times, I can tell'ee, afore you finds out the trick of it; but it's easy enough when you know it, till you forgit again, and then it's amusement for another week to find it out. It's only tuppens—good hard brain-work for a fortnight, and all for tuppens. This is how you do it" (*speaking very rapidly, and as rapidly performing the exploit*): "the first ring don't come off first, but the second, you see, then the first drops, you see, then the second goes on again, then the third comes off, you see, then the second drops, then the third goes on again, then the fourth comes off, then the third drops, you see, then the fourth goes on again, then the fifth," &c. &c. In half a minute the rings are all off, and in a minute more on again, all done with a rapidity of manipulation which it is impossible to follow with the eye. "One for you, sir? Yes, sir—thank'ee.—Two for you? Oh, three—an even sixpence—thank'ee sir; I wish you may find it out, sir, before you go to sleep. Who wants a save-all? save-alls a penny a-piece! Why they calls 'em save-alls, never could think, though I've made thousands on 'em. If you wants to save your candle-ends, don't have nothin' to do with this contrivance, it burns 'em all up till there's none left. Did you ask what this is, sir?—them's candle-springs. I never could abear to see the old voman a roppin' bits o' paper round the candles to make 'em fit the candlesticks, so I invented this here article to

keep 'em tight—a penny a pair, sir; thank'ee, sir. That, sir? that's a mouse-trap; you wouldn't think it, would you? no more would a mouse—there's the beauty on it—a penny; thank'ee, sir." In this manner, pausing now and then to fetch breath, and to re-arrange the condition of his tray, and to pile up the halfpence, of which he makes a grand show in one corner, this clever and confident genius amuses the mob, and makes his own market. He sells vast numbers of his puzzling toy, but it is hardly one purchaser in a thousand who succeeds in penetrating the mystery of its construction so as to perform the difficult feat which to him, from long practice, is as easy as drawing on a glove.

Not far from the friend of Confucius stands a man who boasts, in a confidential and half-mysterious voice, the possession of three important secrets, which no consideration should induce him to reveal to the world, but the benefits of which, at the small charge of one penny each, he is ready, here and now, to confer upon mankind in general, and womankind in particular. The first of these secrets is embodied in certain small cakes of a grey-coloured composition, by the proper use of which grease of all kinds is summarily eradicated from linen, woollen, and silken fabrics, with the utmost ease and certainty. Making a sudden dash with his left hand, and seizing a boy with a greasy collar, and dragging him forward to the proof, he applies his nostrum, and giving it a few rubs with an old tooth-brush dipped in water, the grease instantly disappears, and its place shows like a patch of new cloth upon an old garment. The second secret is a wonderful cement which joins broken china or glass in a most marvellously effectual manner; and the third, which only by a stretch of imagination can be supposed useful to ladies, is a composition for the sharpening of razors, in proof of whose efficiency he makes trial of it upon an old blade, triumphantly severing with it a single hair, held between his finger and thumb. He chatters volubly all the

while, and performs a variety of experiments with each of his talismanic properties—selling and delivering his goods, and giving change if necessary, without the slightest pause in the torrent of his elocution.

A few steps further, and we are confronted by Fowler Jack, with a large cage in compartments, filled with young birds, among which we observe with concern our old confident acquaintance, the red-breast, whom of late years it has been a fashion with Londoners to immure in a cage for the sake of his charming though simple song. In rural districts the cock-robin used to be safe from the snares of the fowler, and the gun of the juvenile sportsman; and twenty times when he has been caught in the clap-nets have we seen him restored to liberty, as a thing of course, by Hodge, who would have accounted it a crime to injure him. But the London fowler knows nothing about this, or, if he does, regards it as an ignorant superstition, and turns a penny, if he can, by anything and everything that comes into his net. His best customers are the working-men, an immense proportion of whom keep birds, and are not bad judges in matters ornithological. Jack's colony of black-birds, thrushes, larks, linnets, and finches—golden, bull, and other—have each hardly room to turn round in their narrow habitations; but being sold cheap, they soon get released into larger premises, and, if they chance to survive a London seasoning, they make the dark lanes and back streets of the smoky city vocal with their cheerful music.

Here we are at the establishment of our old friend Penny Peter, with his broad platform of a hand-cart, heaped with his collection of multitudinous wares, all at a penny a-piece. Peter has been on a journey to Somers-Town and Pentonville all the morning and afternoon, tempting the servant-maids and children with his unaccountable bargains; and just as evening was drawing on, he pushed his ample equipage (not unlike the floor of a small room mounted on wheels)

down the City Road to meet the current which experience tells him sets in northerly towards the close of the labouring day. What does not Peter sell for a penny? It is hard to say—and what he does sell were long to tell. There is a box of toys, a box of nine-pins, a box of trenchers, a box of wafers, and a box of boxes. There is a card of steel pens, a serviceable slate, a half-a-quire of paper, and a bottle of ink. There are cups and saucers, and drinking-mugs, presents for Mary and Susan, and Emma and Sarah, and Jane and Bessy, and Willy and Charley, and all the names in the register. There are plates, and dishes, and drinking-glasses, and mirrors, and mousetraps, and memorandum-books, and fifty other things besides—and “all, gentlemen, for a penny each,” though how they could ever be manufactured at the cost of even double the money is a mystery that has often puzzled us, and is likely to puzzle us longer. Penny Peter is a man of few words; his merchandise speaks for itself; a dignified wave of the hand in semicircular sweep over the surface of his travelling stage, and the occasional ejaculation of “One penny each, gentlemen,” is all the demonstration he condescends to make. He is a great man in the eyes of small nursery-girls and very little children, and no small proportion of his stock is destined to undergo the process of dissection by infant fingers, for the gratification of infant curiosity. His museum is a great treat to the working-man’s child; and in working-men’s pockets, at the present moment, some dozens of his most substantial merchandise are on their way to the domestic hearth.

Close by Penny Peter, where she is always sure of an audience, and upon whom perhaps she relies for protection in case of need, stands a pale-faced girl of ten years of age, playing with remarkable skill, “considerin’,” as her admirers say, upon the violin. She is well versed in the popular airs of the day, and bows them out with a good round tone, tapping the strings with her flying fingers with all the

precision and confidence of a professor. A little brother of six or seven carries round a small wicker tray among the listeners, putting the halfpence in his sister's pocket as fast as he receives them. It is rumoured, with what truth we know not, that the fiddling girl of ten is the sole support of three younger children left parentless, who, but for her exertions and extraordinary talent, would be consigned to the care of the parish.

Then we come upon a travelling picture-gallery, with above five hundred specimens all jumbled pell-mell in the cavity of an inverted umbrella, and all offered for sale at a farthing each. Among them are a numerous body of divines lying quietly on their backs, together with radical reformers, boa-constrictors, fat oxen, prize-fighters, and caverns of Fingal—not to mention such trifles as the Spanish giant, Tom Thumb, Daniel Lambert, the Siamese twins, and a host of other *lusus naturæ*, mingled together with magnified monsters rescued from the waste paper of some old Cyclopædia. Then there is a marine smell, and we are stopped on a sudden by Sam Scollop's oyster-bench, upon which, in spite of the regulation which compels oysters to be unwholesome in months spelled without an R, those unfortunate bivalves are doomed to be eaten all the year round, their chief consumers being of that order who never spell their months at all—street-porters, coal-heavers, hod-men, costers, sweeps, scavengers, *et hoc genus omne*, innocent of orthography. Then there comes a barrow-load of pine-apples split into sections of a pennyworth each, and another of cocoa-nuts, retailed at a still cheaper rate. Nor is the ballad-singer wanting, with his six yards of melodious verse for a halfpenny, and his two hundred songs in a neat volume for a penny; nor the "patterer," with the full, true, and particular account "of the last shocking murder;" nor the mutilated sailor, with his model of a ship in full sail; nor the blown-up miner, with his one arm and two stumps for

legs, and one eye, and his terrible picture of the explosion unfolded on the ground, where you may see legs, arms, and heads, flying about like hail, and dying men writhing in the flames; nor the man born blind, who reads you a chapter with his finger; nor that poor woman who, working away like a machine, cuts ornamental fire-screens out of lumps of wood. All these, and it may chance a dozen or score beside, relying upon the sympathies or the humble taste of the artizan class, find it to their advantage to confront them at the hour when they are most abroad, and are to be found nightly in the path of the working-man returning from his labour. If we were to diverge from the regular route, and mingle among the bibulous crowds sitting on the benches around the public-houses, we should meet with the professors of a different species of industry—an industry not by any means so commendable, carried on by a nomadic class, to whom the atmosphere of the low tavern and the beer-shop has become a natural and congenial element. These are a species of self-taught and half-taught conjurors and jugglers, who, for the chance of a few halfpence, skulk about among the various summer-eve encampments of beer-drinkers and tobacco-smokers, exhibiting their stale and clumsy tricks as a provocation to the smallest contribution of copper encomiums. One possesses the art of driving, by force of magic, sixpennyworth of small change sheer through the solid table into his hat held beneath. Another produces an old silk handkerchief, from which, drawing it repeatedly through his clenched hand, he yet shakes forth various solid articles, such as eggs, padlocks, or a shoe-maker's last; and a third borrows a marked shilling, which every man in the company finds in his own pocket when requested to search for it.

But while we have been amusing ourselves with these discursive glances at the characteristic scenes around us, the hours have flown imperceptibly away. The sun has gone

down exactly in the north-west, the hazy twilight is settling down upon the dusty road, and the gas-lamps glimmering one by one into being, already mark out its definite track for a full mile in our rear. A cool breeze rising from the west brings with it the far-off hum of life, which fills up the pauses between the rattling and rumbling of cabs and omnibuses flying to and from the city, and reminds us that, to complete even our scanty outline, we must change the scene.

It is done—and we are standing now in one of the broad shop-thoroughfares, where the current of population is ever the strongest, and where commercial London trenches upon the fashionable domain of the west-end. The evening is unusually fine, and though the sunshine has disappeared, there is yet a faint reflection of its parting glow upon the summits of the lofty buildings, and the street is yet as light almost as day, though nine o'clock has rung from the neighbouring towers. The shops, with very few exceptions, are all open; and at this precise hour, when daylight yet reigns without and gaslight within, some of them present an appearance bordering on the magical or supernatural. As we glance down their long avenues, lighted up with regular rows of pendant lamps, richly ornamented and multiplied by ample mirrors, we half realise the fairy visions of oriental romancists, and recognise in the genius of commerce the veritable magician who has the wealth of the world at his command. The attraction of such a spectacle is too great not to be widely appreciated; and the pathways are consequently crowded with passengers, the majority of whom, in the characters of mere spectators, are enjoying the rich and varied display. Dr. Johnson, in his day, preferred the spectacle of Fleet Street to all the picturesque forms of nature in any other locality; and it is no marvel that with myriads in London, the magnificence of her unrivalled shops, enriched with a luxurious profusion, and

illuminated with a splendour of which the philosophic doctor could not have had the smallest conception, should possess more charms than anything or everything else that can be gratuitously enjoyed. There is a fascination in the scene which the sight-loving public cannot withstand—a fascination well appreciated by the shopkeeper, whose end is more than half accomplished if he can succeed in attracting general observation. But agreeable, brilliant, and dazzling as is the picture, it has yet a dark and dismal side—dark with moral and physical evils, and dismal in its consequences to the unfortunate “slaves of the lamp” who are compelled to minister, for the profit of the proprietors, to the caprice of their patrons, the public. We have seen the clerk and the handicraftsman long ago relieved from their toils, and enjoying the repose or recreation which they need, and at liberty to devote the evening hours to purposes of health or improvement. But the shopman, whose duties through the day scarcely admit of the necessary intermission for meals, still stands at his wearisome work, and not till the night is far spent will he be at liberty to snatch a single hour from sleep to recruit by exercise or change of scene his exhausted powers. Then, indeed, when libraries, lecture-rooms, and institutions are closed or closing for the night, and when only the tavern, the theatre, and the gaming-house are open for their reception—forth come thousands of respectable and responsible youth—who have character to form, and to whose success in life character above all things is essential—to encounter the temptations of London streets. We are bound to lift up our voice against this social anomaly, the complete reform of which is demanded by every consideration of humanity, justice, and good policy; and we trust that the movement begun with the view of effecting it, and hitherto carried on nobly, will be prosecuted with renewed vigour until crowned with entire success.

Night closes in as we turn out of the populous shop-

thoroughfare, and direct our steps homeward. In the quiet streets in the rear, the sounds of pleasant harmony from harp and lute, violin and pensive horn, agreeably greet the ear. A group of foreign musicians have chosen a tranquil spot whereon to appeal to a choice audience for sympathy in their exile, and are executing a melancholy national air, the strains of which are interdicted in their own country. The sounds reverberate amid the lofty houses as we pursue our way, and have hardly died off in the distance when, in turning a corner, we are suddenly confronted by a small group assembled round the proprietor of a very long telescope, which he has pitched upon a convenient spot, and pointed at the planet Jupiter, who, having just cleared the chimney-tops, is shining with uncommon brilliancy, and presents a capital object for the range of his instrument. Twopence for a practical lesson in astronomy is cheap enough—so we join the group, and, when our turn comes round, renew our acquaintance with the planet whom we have not looked fairly in the face for seven years. We find the broad belts in his disc perfectly distinct, and three of his satellites in attendance, two on the left hand and one on the right, the fourth having been eclipsed by the planet himself just two minutes before we paid our respects to him. As we gaze at the beautiful spectacle with a pleasure not easily defined, the street astronomer obligingly recites the natural history of the planet—his size, distance from the earth and sun at the present moment, his periods of revolution on his own axis, and round his primary, &c., &c., for all which we refer those of our readers who do not happen to have it at their fingers' ends to the Catechism of Astronomy. While yet stooping absorbed in the sight, a nudge at our elbow from an expectant star-gazer admonishes us that we have had our two-pennyworth, and must make room for the next comer—so good bye, Jupiter.

Evening is now fast merging into night—such night as a

star-lighted summer sky sheds upon the earth in the waning month of June. With the comparative darkness comes forth that class of beggars which no police regulations can put down, who in a garb of shabby gentility assail the lonely pedestrian with most elaborate fictions of unheard-of calamity, which the hardest of hearts finds it impossible to resist. These rivals of the moles and the bats do all their day's work in the one hour that ushers in the darkness. One of them hangs upon our skirts as we wend our homeward way, and talks, and talks, and talks, until, having three times contradicted his own story (which he is generally sure to do if you give him time enough), we remind him curtly of that fact, when he suddenly drops behind and frees us of his company. We have sundry visions, as we quicken our steps—of belated organ-grinders; of solitary minstrels chanting at area railings; of ragged flower-girls desperately urging the purchase of a bunch of papered violets; of anglers returning home with weary feet and empty creels; of tall sixty-foot fire-escapes walking along the centre of the road in charge of parish beadles; of the extinguishing of shop-lights, and the lifting of shop-shutters; of loitering and gossiping servant-girls carrying bulbous mugs of supper-beer; and various other demonstrations of the kind, all tending to remind us that, to those of our readers at least who have not been fashionably bred, it is time to say, Good evening, ladies and gentlemen!

TWENTY-FOUR HOURS OF LONDON STREETS.

NIGHT.

It is past the hour of midnight when we wander forth, to view the solitudes of the great city, as it lies wrapt in slumber. The waning moon has risen late into the star-lighted sky, and, just glimmering above the chimney-pots, sheds now and then a feeble light upon our path. That humming, booming, surge-like sound, which all day long and late into the night tells of the active turmoil of London's wakeful existence, has subsided by degrees into a silence, settled, calm, and deep, and only broken now by the echoing footfall of some belated traveller hastening homeward, or houseless vagrant wandering drearly in search of a secret nook or hospitable shelter in which to stretch his wearied limbs. The slightest sound is reverberated between the lofty walls of houses, and the echoes of our own footsteps, as we plod quietly along, return to us from the other side of the way, as though some invisible companion dogged our march and mimicked every movement we make. Now and then the loud discordant voices of a group of late revellers returning from their orgies, affront the solemn ear of midnight with yells of insane merriment and drunken laughter, at which the heart of genuine and innocent mirth sickens with disgust. At intervals the heavy-laden team is heard grinding its laborious way along the central causeway, on its route, with huge piles of luggage, to the out-lying railway station; and the clang of the driver's whip, the trampling of the horses' feet, and the tinkling of their garniture of bells,

wake the discomfited sleeper from his first repose, who lies and listens as the disturbance dies into a lullaby, and he dreams again. But even these indications of life gradually vanish and subside, and as we enter the precincts of the old city, nought beyond the stealthy tread of the policeman on his round intrudes upon the quiet of the hour.

It seems strange to remark that the city, which is by day the centre of life and activity—the very focus of commerce, with all its accompanying bustle and turmoil—is at night the most undisturbed and tranquil portion of the whole metropolis. A dead, sepulchral silence seems to reign in the deserted thoroughfares, where but a few hours ago the ear was distracted by every variety of sounds, blending in one confused and overwhelming murmur. A stillness so sudden and complete, amidst those lofty avenues of wealth and traffic, where now no sound or tread is distinguishable—no voice of inquiry or response is heard—has a solemn suggestiveness, and awakens a train of pensive reflections which is easier, and to some minds pleasanter, to entertain than it might be to give them a definite expression. The deep silence which broods around is explainable by the fact that this, the most populous quarter of London during business hours, is the least populous after nightfall. Of the myriads who during the day congregate here to pursue the engrossing occupations of their lives, not one-tithe remain during the night; and the majority of those who do remain, whatever their status in society, are, for the most part, of that class who in their waking hours have paid the price of sleep sound and deep, and are now enjoying it. The times are altered since the good old citizens each barred himself in his citadel at sunset, and abandoned the causeway to knaves, swashbucklers, and plunderers, who looked upon every one as their lawful prey that ventured into the dim-lighted streets after darkness had set in. We can walk these quiet solitudes now at this hour, as safely as though the sun were

high in the sky and the busy world of London on foot around us—perhaps, indeed, more so. The modern robber is no brawling bully, but a lurking sneak, who glides about in shadow and darkness, and whose design is defeated if he be seen by the vigilant eye of the police. And though it may chance that to-morrow's *Times* may tell of some daring and successful foray upon the hoarded stock of jeweller or banker, upon the very spot where we are now loitering, the exploit will be betrayed by no unusual or suspicious sound: perchance, if violence is to be used, it will be done under cover of a clanking cart, ingeniously loaded to produce the greatest uproar, in which the lesser noise of the wrench or the crow-bar will be drowned.

As the clock strikes one, we are on London Bridge, and, for a wonder—for such a thing is not usual even at that hour—find it apparently deserted. The forest of shipping which lines either bank, but faintly discerned in the waning moonlight, is buried in profound repose, broken only by the gurgling of the water, and the feeble far-off hiss of some late-arrived steamer, discharging her steam for the night. As we gaze down upon the rushing stream, a boat shoots rapidly beneath the arch, in which four human forms are for a moment visible, and then lost in the gloom. They are the Thames Police, on the look-out for river pirates, who, but for their watchful guardianship, would levy terrible contributions upon the cargoes of vessels lying at anchor. On the other side, long rows of lights, reflected in glimmering red drops in the current below, mark the track of the various bridges across the channel of the river. Nothing moves upon its surface save its own noiseless ripple.

But let us now take such a glance as our limits will allow, of that section of London society whose lot it is to be frequently, if not always, awake while others slumber, and to earn their daily bread, or to perpetrate their follies, or suffer the woes of their cheerless lot, during the hours of night.

Whither shall we go? Here comes a night cab-man, who will drive us anywhere—and by his side we mount on the box. He is ready of speech, and has no secrets, and details his history as he drives along. He tells us he was a journeyman printer—a pressman—and worked at Strahan's for many years; that when there he married, but soon found that his earnings would not support his wife and rising family in the comfort she had been used to. So he expended the little money they had in the purchase of a cab and horses, by means of which, being his own proprietor, he managed by diligence, and by the use of a commodity scarce among his craft, called civility, to double his income. He has taken to night-work latterly, he says, because he wants to make a little money to apprentice his eldest boy to an engineer, on board one of the foreign steamers. He is fluent on the statistics of the cab business, and no consideration, short of absolute starvation, would induce him to drive another man's cab or to let his son do so. Whither shall he drive us? To the printing-office, where, amidst the glare of gas and the heat and stench of an abominable atmosphere, the miles of columns which, when morning comes, are to feed the public appetite for news, are hustling and scrambling into existence—where compositors and “readers,” and “grass-cutters,” and makers-up, and galley-slaves and engine-men, and machine-boys and messengers, reporters and penny-a-liners, &c. &c., all dripping with perspiration and frantic with haste, are seething and steaming in one tremendous stew, the dishing-up of which will be the morning paper as it lies damp on your breakfast table? or where, in gangs of a hundred or more, men and boys are engaged in similar labours, which are to result in a blue-book for parliamentary digestion, and which is guaranteed to come forth and enlighten the world to-morrow? It were curious to observe how thoroughly the order of nature is inverted by the race of men whose midnight is twelve at noon, who breakfast at

eight or nine in the evening, and dine at two in the morning—taking their supper and “turning in” just as other people are turning out. In this life-long game of contrarieties, they drag at their heels a large tribe of the humblest class, who make a living by ministering to their wants.

While we are inwardly debating whither we shall go, our driver has brought us to the verge of what still survives of the old rookery of St. Giles’s, and we dismount to take a glance at this old and classic locality. A few minutes’ walk, and we are in the heart of the far-famed district of dirt, and in presence of a spectacle worthy of remark, and not likely soon to fade from the remembrance. It is an hour and a half past midnight, or nearly that, as we stand in —— street, in which every house is a lodging-house, open for the reception of no particular number of occupants, but for all, who or whatever they may be, that can pay threepence for a bed or a penny for liberty to lie on the floor. This locality is a nightly and well-known refuge for the lowest dregs of society, whether needy or criminal, or both. It is here that the most wretched class of unfortunates of either sex, goaded by famine and exhaustion, seek oblivion of their sorrows in sleep. Hither come the ruined tradesman and the moneyless artizan for a shelter, in company with the habitual drunkard, who lives but for the gratification of his own unnatural appetite, and who wants but a congenial sty in which to kennel himself for the night. Hither come the pickpocket and the smasher, because here, under cover of darkness, they can skulk in security; and with them comes the friendless and homeless wanderer, guiltless of all but poverty, to find temporary repose at a price which even he can pay. And here they are all, swarming in the open-air, seated on door-steps, or supine upon the pavement—not yet daring to go to bed, though they have mostly paid the price of their lodgings. There are a thousand reasons—reasons not to be mentioned to ears polite—why they should not turn in, after

a day so hot as the past has been, until the first streak of dawn begins to appear. Some few who can afford the expense of a candle are already fast asleep, and we see their lights blinking dimly in upper stories; but the majority are waiting for the first appearance of day, whose rising beams will put the entomological host to flight, before they venture into their grim chambers of repose. The lane is very partially lighted, and the glass of the gas-lamps has been wantonly pelted away to the last fragment. The flame flickers in the night-breeze, and casts its fitful gleams upon every form of poverty and wretchedness and vice, here huddled together as in a common asylum. Men and boys of all ages, old women and young girls—some bareheaded and with naked feet—are crowded together in one indiscriminate mass of rags and squalor; and all, utterly beaten and exhausted with combined hunger and weariness, await the coming of that brief oblivion which slumber confers on the hopeless and desolate.

Leaving these London *lazzaroni* to the enjoyment of such solace as sleep can afford them, we pursue our way westward, and, attracted by a light at the end of a court which debouches upon a cab-stand in a main street, enter without ceremony one of those night-houses of refreshment whose doors are never closed to the public. Coffee, of a rather second-hand sort of flavour, is set before us, the discussion of which affords an opportunity of looking round upon the company. They are not very numerous, hardly a dozen in all. Four or five of them are evidently "watermen," in attendance upon the cab-stand outside, and these are sleeping, or attempting to sleep, over their empty cups and saucers. Some are jobbers in the neighbouring market, who have no regular home—at least in summer time—and who will remain here till the dawn gives them a chance of employment. A few are cab-drivers, some of whom are busy with plates of hot sausages and mugs of steaming

coffee. There is a vehement discussion, partaking very much of the nature of a monologue, going forward—the presiding genius being a nondescript figure, in whom an air of reckless daring and independence is combined with every outward and visible demonstration of the most abject necessity. He is not much above thirty years of age, and is buttoned to the chin in an old surtout so closely as to leave the existence of a shirt a matter of doubt, were it not that by his violent gesticulation he discloses, through innumerable rents and slits, the fact that that indispensable item to the respectability of a gentleman is wanting. His hat has but half a rim, but his chin is shadowed by a fortnight's growth of stubble. His nether habiliments are fringed about his ankles with dirty, pendulous shreds, and his toes look out upon society through chasms in a pair of Wellingtons. He talks loudly, fluently, and correctly, if not exactly in the language of a gentleman, yet in the diction, at least, of one accustomed to educated company. Her majesty's ministers have the good fortune to merit his approbation, so far as they have acted hitherto; but he foresees the rock upon which they will split, unless—of which he has his doubts—they be well backed by the country. He is satirical on the score of the budget; but, had he been at the chancellor's elbow, he could have whispered just the *one* thing which would have made it acceptable to the public. In the heat of his harangue he calls, rather pompously and parenthetically, or “coffee and two thin.” The waiter or landlord, or both in one, steals out of the little dark cavern in the rear, and holds out his hand to the orator—a silent reminder of an unpaid score chalked up against the inner wall. The politician draws himself up with dignity, and gives a half-appealing, half-indignant look around upon the company. A devouring but sympathising cabman looks up from his plate and roars, “Sarve it, I'll stand treat for vonce;” and the viands are set before the starving Demosthenes, who,

drawing off the fragment of a glove, addresses himself deliberately to their consumption. He talks on, nevertheless, perhaps in self-defence, to ward off the coarse jocularity of his entertainers, who, strangers to delicacy, and insensible themselves to the shafts of satire, are apt to administer it with a barbarous clumsiness, lacerating to the feelings of one who, though confessing that he is unfortunate, feels himself a gentleman notwithstanding. Ten minutes in the atmosphere of this midnight hostel have set us perspiring at every pore, and in spite of the charms of his rhetoric, we bid adieu to the orator in the middle of one of his finest periods.

Our way lies still westwards, though not in the most beaten route, and we are soon on the skirts of what has always appeared to us, when viewed at this dead hour before the dawn, as the most remarkable and suggestive spectacle which London has to offer to the contemplation of the nightly wanderer. We allude to the apparently numberless and interminable rows of streets lying in the voiceless silence, and distinctly mapped out by the long and regular lines of lamps on either side of the way. There is no other spectacle that we know of that intimates so significantly the huge extent of this overgrown metropolis. The dead dumbness that reigns in these long, empty avenues appals the mind, and sends the imagination of the pedestrian wandering for ever onwards and onwards. Lost in some such reverie, we wander on unwittingly, till happening to trench upon the world of fashion, we are aroused suddenly by the consciousness that, amidst the city of the dead, there is a focus of feverish life, where pleasure holds her court while all around is hushed in tranquillity. The echoes are all at once invaded by the trampling of steeds and the rattle of chariots, which rush rapidly by us, and almost before we are aware of it we are in the presence of a score or two more, drawn up in double lines fronting the city residence of some one whose

lady has been holding a *soirée* to-night, which is now on the point of breaking up. The honourable Miss So-and-so's carriage stops the way for a moment or two and then rolls off; there is a loud cry for my Lord Somebody's vehicle, which the coachman has contrived to lock between two others, to the imminent danger of two footmen in calves, who are hanging on behind. The police have some trouble in disentangling the Gordian knot, and at length my lord is gone. "Lady Dashville's carriage!" is the next sonorous utterance which makes vocal the midnight air, and her ladyship is accommodated in her turn. In the meanwhile there is a sound of music and revelry in the brilliant drawing-room above, and the assembly, falling off by degrees, will occupy yet an hour in dissolving away. We have not leisure to await the *finale*, but turning our face northward, and quickening our pace, soon leave the gay world of *bon ton* to its questionable enjoyments.

The moon, which for the last hour has got fixed by the horns in a low cloud, now glimmers out above it, and lights us pleasantly on our path as we enter upon a district the very reverse of fashionable, where the sons of trade who keep open market for the middle and lower classes, lead their lives of anxiety and toil. It is now half-past two o'clock, and the nearest approach to complete and general silence that London ever knows, reigns around as we pursue our solitary way. Hark! what noise is that? "Bang! bang!" a loud and furious knocking at doors—the startling and incessant crash of rattles—the heavy tramp of hurrying feet—the vision of dusky forms hastening to and fro, which almost appear to rise out of the earth—and the loud and reiterated cry of "Fire! fire!" Householders, leaping from their sleep, throw up their windows, and projecting themselves half out in their night-gear, ask anxiously, "Where? where?" It is round the corner; and on coming in sight of the house we see the dense smoke issuing from the fan-

light over the entrance to the shop, and from the interstices between the shutters. The policeman is banging at the door with all his might, but no one answers. The house appears to be empty. In a few minutes a crowd of some hundreds has collected, and the neighbours have illuminated their windows to throw light on the scene; but as yet nothing can be done to check the conflagration. Already the long tongues of flame curl round the blistered shutters, which are glowing in a red heat, and soon fall in charred fragments to the ground. Now the windows of the first-floor burst outwards with a sharp explosion, and the flame pours forth like a stream rushing upwards. Now comes the first engine, crashing and galloping over the stones with a portentous deafening din but too well known to the dwellers in London. The street is ankle-deep in water from the mains which the turncock has opened, and in a few seconds after the arrival of the firemen, a copious stream from the hose is hissing in the flames. The neighbours on each side of the burning house are with good reason alarmed, and it is interesting to watch the difference in their conduct. The one on the right begins throwing out his goods, which the crowd receive, and, carrying them across the road, pile them up against an opposite house. The other, who appears to have confidence in the party-wall, or else in the exertions of the firemen, is seen walking about his drawing-room, carrying a candle with him, and occasionally feeling the wall with his hand—now taking down a picture or a mirror—now drawing away a piece of furniture from the hot brick-work. It is plain that he intends to risk his property, for, having sent off his family to the shelter of a neighbour's house, he follows himself, locking the door after him, and pocketing the key. The roof of the burning house falls in, and now nothing but the four walls, glowing red as an oven, remain. More engines have arrived; and though the destruction of the dwelling is complete, they prevent the spread of the fire by

torrents of water on the houses adjoining. When the uproar has a little subsided, the voice of a female is distinguished screaming beneath the ground, when it is discovered that a very juvenile servant-girl and a baby have taken refuge in the coal-cellar, from which their egress is barred by accumulations of fallen rubbish. The firemen dig up the grating, and soon hoist them out; and then it appears that they were the only persons in the house, the master and mistress having gone off early in the evening to join a wedding party, and left the girl to wait up for them till their return. She had fallen asleep with the babe in her lap, and being awoke by the fire, which occurred she cannot tell how, had barely time to escape with the infant into the coal-cellar. This explanation is hardly furnished when up drive the master and mistress in a cab. A single glance shows the extent of the calamity; from the skirts of the crowd we can discern nothing but a few gestures of alarm on the part of the husband, a few more of maternal feeling on the part of the wife; the nurse and babe are received into the cab, and the whole freight drives off again. Day-dawn is beginning to glimmer in the east as we leave behind us the scene of this brief but eventful act in the life of a London shop-keeper.

We are verging homewards, and are almost upon the boundary of the suburb where we dwell, when we are unexpectedly confronted by an intimation that the coming day is quarter-day. This intimation is one which we are sorry to observe is disgracefully common in London, and is nothing less than a stolen night-march, a surreptitious flitting by starlight from the threatening grasp of the landlord, by a defaulting tenant. A couple of those monster vans used for moving goods are drawn up, with their open mouths yawning towards the street door of a semi-genteel semi-villa. Both vans are loading at once, and with the aid of a dozen pair of hands, a whole auctioneer's catalogue of furniture is tumbled

into them, and in less than twenty minutes the house will be empty of both goods and tenants. When the landlord comes, as he has threatened to come, at twelve o'clock, he will find neither debtor to dun, nor property to seize. If the migratory tenant be an old systematic practitioner, it is a chance whether he even find the key, and have not to redeem possession of his own house by payment of something more than a trifling gratuity.

The stars begin to pale in the sky ; and that cold, winter-breathing wind, the sure precursor of coming dawn, stirs the dense foliage of June, as we hasten homewards. At this hour the cats have the sole possession of the causeway, and stalk leisurely and confidently from area to area, from wall to wall, and from roof to roof, making the morning twilight vocal with their squalling serenades. These are soon thrown into the shade by the sparrows, whose unnumbered hosts wake into voice at the first blink of daylight, and with endless chirrup and twitter commence their domestic duties. At this particular season their nests are filled with unfledged young, in whose behalf they do battle fiercely with one another for the possession of those thoughtless gentry the worms and slugs, who would risk their necks if they had necks, for the sake of revelling in the fresh dew of the morning. Cock-sparrow is monarch of London during these "small hours," and certainly is more numerous in his generation than any other tribe, either of bipeds or quadrupeds, living above ground, located within the sound of Bow-bells. If a census could be taken of the London sparrows, we are inclined to think that the sum total would amount to five millions at least—more than doubling the human population.

Here we put an end to our ramble. We have spent twenty-four hours in wandering through the modern Babylon, and contemplating some few of the multiplied phases of life

which her ever-shifting panorama presents to the eye. We have indulged in few reflections—not because the subject is not sufficiently suggestive, but because, on the contrary, it is so abounding in matter for the profoundest speculation, that any attempt of the kind would have led us beyond our limits, which it may be thought we have, as it is, too far exceeded. We leave our readers to manufacture their own philosophy out of the materials we have supplied. Varied, and fragmentary, and startling, and even repulsive as are some of the details in the general picture we have drawn, it has yet its bright and hopeful aspects, upon which it is a pleasure to dwell; and it must be a true picture, as far as it goes, because we have set down nothing which our own eyes have not witnessed. If we have sought sometimes to amuse, we have also had a higher object in view; and we may be allowed to commend the reader, in revolving the subject in his mind, to adopt the spirit of one of America's poets, in whose words we close our desultory survey.

“Not in the solitude
Alone may man commune with heaven, or see
Only in savage wood
And sunny vale, the present Deity:
Or only hear his voice
Where the winds whisper and the waves rejoice.

“Even here do I behold
Thy steps, Almighty;—here amidst the crowd,
Through the great city roll'd,
With everlasting murmur deep and loud—
Choking the ways that wind
'Mongst the proud piles, the work of human kind.

“Thy golden sunshine comes
From the round heaven, and on their dwelling lies,
And lights their inner homes;
For them thou fill'st with air the unbounded skies,
And givest them the stores
Of ocean, and the harvests of its shores.

"Thy spirit is around,
Quickening the restless mass that sweeps along;
And this eternal sound—
Voices and footfalls of the numberless throng—
Like the resounding sea,
Or like the rainy tempest, speaks of thee.

"And when the hours of rest
Come, like a calm upon the mid-sea brine,
Hushing its billowy breast—
The quiet of that moment too is thine;
It breathes of Him who keeps
The vast and helpless city while it sleeps."

THE END.

August, 1856.

GENERAL CATALOGUE

OF WORKS PUBLISHED BY

ARTHUR HALL, VIRTUE & CO.

25, PATERNOSTER ROW, LONDON.

A BOY'S ADVENTURES IN THE WILDS OF AUSTRALIA.

By WILLIAM HOWITT. Cuts by HARVEY. New and cheaper edition. Fcap. cloth, 4s.

ACKWORTH VOCABULARY, or English Spelling Book; with the Meaning attached to each Word. Compiled for the use of Ackworth School. New Edition. 18mo. cloth, 1s. 6d.

AITON (REV. DR.),—THE LOCALITIES OF ST. PAUL; or, The Life and Travels of the Apostle. Described from a Personal Visit by REV. JOHN AITON, D.D. With Illustrations. Post 8vo. cloth, 12s.

AKERMAN (J. Y.),—LEGENDS OF OLD LONDON. Post 8vo. cloth, gilt, 3s. 6d.

ANALYSIS AND SUMMARY OF OLD TESTAMENT HISTORY AND THE LAWS OF MOSES, with a connexion between the Old and New Testaments, an Introductory Outline of the Geography, Political History, &c. By J. T. WHEELER, F.R.G.S. Fifth Edition, post 8vo. cloth, 5s. 6d.

NEW TESTAMENT HISTORY;

including, 1. The Four Gospels harmonized into one continuous Narrative. 2. The Acts of the Apostles, and continuous History of St. Paul. 3. An Analysis of the Epistles and Book of Revelation. 4. An Introductory Outline of the Geography, Critical History, Authenticity, Credibility, and Inspiration of the New Testament. The whole Illustrated by copious Historical, Geographical, and Antiquarian Notes, Chronological Tables, &c. Second Edition, revised. Post 8vo. cloth, 5s. 6d.

A POPULAR ABRIDGMENT

OF OLD AND NEW TESTAMENT HISTORY, for Schools, Families, and General Reading. Explained by Historical and Geographical Illustrations, and numerous Map Diagrams. Two Vols. 18mo. cloth, 2s. 6d. each.

THE HISTORICAL GEO-

GRAPHY OF THE OLD AND NEW TESTAMENTS. Illustrated with Five coloured Maps, and large View of Jerusalem, with a Plan of the Ancient City. Folio, cloth, 7s. 6d.

ANATOMY AND PHYSIOLOGY OF THE HUMAN MIND, (MANUAL OF THE.) By Rev. J. CARLILE, D.D. Fcap. cloth, 5s.

APOCALYPTIC SKETCHES; or, LECTURES on the BOOK of REVELATION. Delivered in Exeter Hall, and at Crown Court Church. By the Rev. JOHN CUMMING, D.D. NEW EDITIONS, revised and corrected, with INDICES. Sixteenth Thousand. Three Vols. Fcap. cloth, gilt, 9s. each; morocco extra, 39s.

ART-JOURNAL (THE), an Illustrated Journal of the Fine Arts, the Arts of Design, Manufacture, &c. &c. Published Monthly, with Two Engravings from the Royal Gallery, and between Forty and Fifty fine Engravings on Wood. 2s. 6d.

— New Series, Vol. I. 1855. Containing Line Engravings of the Royal Gallery, &c. 4to cloth, 1l. 11s. 6d.

— 1849-54. Each with Twenty-four Line Engravings from the "VERNON GALLERY," Twelve Engravings of Statues on steel, and about Eight Hundred Engravings on Wood. Six Vols. Super-royal 4to. cloth, 7l. 7s. in sets, or 1l. 11s. 6d. each.

— **ILLUSTRATED CATALOGUE** of the Great Industrial Exhibition of 1851. Imperial 4to. cloth, gilt edges, 21s.

— of the Great Exhibition in Dublin. Cloth, gilt edges, 10s.

— of the Exhibition of Art Industry in Paris. Cloth, 10s.

AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF WILLIAM JERDAN; With his Literary, Political, and Social Reminiscences and Correspondence, during the last Forty Years, as Editor of the "Sun" Newspaper, 1812-17, and of the "Literary Gazette," 1817-50, in connexion with most of the Eminent Persons who have been distinguished in the past half-century as Statesmen, Poets, Authors, Men of Science, Artists, &c.; with Portraits, &c. Now complete. In 4 Vols. post 8vo. cloth, 21s.

BAKEWELL'S (FREDERICK C.) PHILOSOPHICAL CONVERSATIONS, in which are familiarly explained the causes of many daily occurring Natural Phenomena. Third Edition, with Cuts. Fcap. cloth, 3s. 6d.

BALLADS FOR THE TIMES, now first collected. American Lyrics, Geraldine. Modern Pyramid, Hactenus, A Thousand Lines, and Other Poems, by MARTIN F. TUPPER, D.C.L. F.R.S. Third Edition, with Vignette and Frontispiece, uniform with "Proverbial Philosophy," fcap. cloth, 7s. 6d.

"With smoothness of measure, Mr. Tupper's design is always excellent, and his versification is brought to bear upon things of no transient interest. It is one of the best characteristics of his labours, that he does not write for praise, but for the benefit of his fellow-men—not merely for time, but for eternity."—*Bell's Messenger*.

BAPTISMAL FONT (THE), an Exposition of the NATURE and OBLIGATIONS of CHRISTIAN BAPTISM. With an APPENDIX. By the Rev. JOHN CUMMING, D.D. Fourth Edition, fcap. cloth, gilt edges, 2s.

BARBAULD'S (MRS.), LEÇONS POUR DES ENFANS, depuis l'âge de Deux Ans jusqu'à Cinq. Avec une Interprétation Anglaise. New Edition. 18mo. cloth, 2s.

BARRETT (W. G.),—GEOLOGICAL FACTS; or, The Crust of the Earth, what it is, and what are its uses. With Woodcuts, fcap. cloth, 3s. 6d.

BARTLETT (W. H.),—FOOTSTEPS OF OUR LORD AND HIS APOSTLES, in Syria, Greece, and Italy. A succession of Visits to the Scenes of New Testament Narrative. With Twenty-three Steel Engravings, and several Woodcuts. Third Edition, super-royal 8vo. cloth, gilt edges, 12s.; morocco elegant, 21s.

— **FORTY DAYS IN THE DESERT**, on the Track of the Israelites; or, a Journey from Cairo by WADY FEIRAS to Mount Sinai and Petra, with Twenty-seven Engravings on Steel, a Map, and numerous Woodcuts. Fifth Edition, super-royal 8vo. cloth full gilt. 12s.; morocco elegant, 21s.

BARTLETT (W. H.),—GLEANINGS, ANTIQUARIAN AND PICTORIAL, ON THE OVERLAND ROUTE, with Twenty-eight Plates or Maps, and Several Woodcuts. Second Edition, super-royal 8vo. cloth, 16s.; morocco elegant, 28s.

HISTORIC SCENES IN AMERICA. With Illustrations. *[In preparation.]*

JERUSALEM REVISITED. With numerous Illustrations engraved on Steel, and Woodcuts. Super-royal 8vo. cloth, 12s.; morocco, 21s.

THE NILE-BOAT; or, Glimpses of the Land of Egypt. With Thirty-five Steel Engravings and Maps, and numerous Woodcuts. Third Edition, in super-royal 8vo. cloth full gilt, 16s.; morocco elegant, 28s.

PICTURES FROM SICILY. With Thirty three Steel Engravings, and numerous Woodcuts. Super-royal 8vo. cloth, full gilt, 16s.; morocco elegant, 28s.

THE PILGRIM FATHERS; or, the Founders of New England in the reign of James I. With 28 Plates, &c. Second Edition, super-royal 8vo. cloth, 12s.; morocco elegant, 21s.

SCRIPTURE SITES AND SCENES, from actual Survey, in Egypt, Arabia, and Palestine. Illustrated by Seventeen Steel Engravings, Three Maps, and Thirty-seven Woodcuts. Post 8vo. cloth, gilt edges, 4s.

WALKS ABOUT JERUSALEM AND ITS ENVIRONS. With Twenty-four Engravings on Steel, and Maps, and many Woodcuts. New Edition, super-royal 8vo. cloth, full gilt, 12s.; morocco elegant, 21s.

BARTON (BERNARD),—LETTERS AND POEMS. With MEMOIR, Edited by his DAUGHTER. New Edition, with Portrait, fcap. cloth, 3s. 6d. large paper, 10s.

BASES OF BELIEF, an Examination of Christianity as a Divine Revelation by the Light of Recognised Facts and Principles, in Four Parts. By EDWARD MIALL, M.P. Second Edition, 8vo. cloth, 10s. 6d.

BASKET OF FLOWERS; or, Piety and Truth Triumphant. A Tale for the Young. 32mo. cloth, gilt edges, 1s.

BAXTER'S DYING THOUGHTS, with Essay by DR. STEBBING. Fcap. cloth, 2s. 6d.

BELLENGER'S ONE HUNDRED CHOICE FABLES, imitated from LA FONTAINE. For the use of Children, and all Persons beginning to learn the French language; with a DICTIONARY of the Words and Idiomatic Phrases, Grammatically Explained. New Edition, revised and corrected by C. J. DELILLE, Professor at Christ's Hospital. 12mo. cloth, 2s.

BEVERIDGE'S PRIVATE THOUGHTS, AND NECESSITY OF FREQUENT COMMUNION, with Essays by DR. STEBBING. Two Vols. fcap. cloth, 5s.

BINGLEY'S USEFUL KNOWLEDGE. Enlarged by COOPER. Seventh Edition. Two Vols. 12mo. cloth, 12s.

BONAVENTURE (ST.),—THE PSALTER OF THE BLESSED VIRGIN. Translated from the last French Edition of 1852, and carefully compared with the Latin. By the Rev. JOHN CUMMING, D.D. 12mo. cloth, 2s.

BOY AND THE BIRDS (THE). By EMILY TAYLOR. With Sixteen fine Woodcuts, from LANDSEER's Designs. 16mo. cloth, 2s. 6d.

BREMER.—HOMES OF THE NEW WORLD. Impressions of America. By FREDRIKA BREMER. With Illustrations. Three Vols. 8vo. New and Cheaper Edition. *[In Preparation.]*

————— HERTHA, a Tale. Post 8vo. cloth, 9s. 6d.

BUNYAN'S PILGRIM'S PROGRESS, with Woodcuts, and Memoir by J. A. ST. JOHN. Fcap. cloth, gilt edges, 3s. 6d.

BUTLER'S ANALOGY OF RELIGION; with Introduction by DR. CROLY. Portrait. Fcap. cloth, 2s. 6d.

CAMPBELL (MAJOR WALTER),—THE OLD FOREST RANGER; or, Wild Sports of India on the Neilgherry Hills, in the Jungles, and on the Plains. New Edition. With Illustrations on Steel. Post 8vo. cloth, 8s.

CAMPBELL,—PEACE IN BELIEVING, a Memoir of Isabella Campbell. New Edition. 18mo. cloth, 2s. 6d.

CANADIAN CRUSOES; a Tale of the Rice Lake Plains. By MRS. TRAILL, (late Catharine Parr Strickland,) Authoress of "The Backwoods of Canada," &c. Edited by AGNES STRICKLAND. With numerous Illustrations by HARVEY. Fcap. cloth, gilt edges, 6s.

CARLILE (REV. J., D.D.),—MANUAL OF THE ANATOMY AND PHYSIOLOGY OF THE HUMAN MIND. Fcap. cloth, 5s.

CASTLES AND ABBEYS OF ENGLAND (THE). By W. BEATTIE, M.D. With numerous Illustrations. Two Vols. imperial 8vo. cloth, 2l. 10s.

CELT, ROMAN, AND SAXON (THE); a History of the Early Inhabitants of Britain, down to the Conversion of the Anglo-Saxons to Christianity. Illustrated by the Ancient Remains brought to light by recent research. By THOMAS WRIGHT, Esq. M.A. F.S.A. With numerous Engravings. Post 8vo. cloth, 8s.

CHANT BOOK, Portions of Psalms, &c. By W. SHELMERDINE. Fcap. cloth, 1s.

CHARLIE'S DISCOVERIES; or, a Good use for Eyes and Ears. With Cuts by WILLIAMS. 16mo. cloth, 2s. 6d.

CHEMISTRY NO MYSTERY; being the Subject Matter of a Course of Lectures by Dr. Scoffern. Illustrated with Diagrams and Woodcuts. Second Edition, revised and corrected, with Index. Fcap. cloth, 3s. 6d.

CHERRY AND VIOLET: a Tale of the Great Plague. By the Author of "Mary Powell." With Frontispiece, price 7s. 6d. cloth, antique.

CHRISTIAN IN PALESTINE; or, Scenes of Sacred History. By HENRY STEBBING, D.D., Illustrated with Eighty Engravings on Steel from designs by W. H. BARTLETT. 4to. cloth, gilt edges, 2*l*.

CHRISTIE'S CONSTRUCTIVE ETYMOLOGICAL SPELLING-BOOK. New Edition, 12mo. cloth, 1*s*. 6*d*.

CHRONICLES OF MERRY ENGLAND, related to her People. By the Author of "Mary Powell." Fcap. cloth, 3*s*. 6*d*.

CHURCH BEFORE THE FLOOD (THE). By the REV. JOHN CUMMING, D.D. Third Thousand, fcap. cloth, full gilt, 9*s*.

CITY SCENES; or, a Peep into London. With many Plates. 16mo. cloth, 2*s*. 6*d*.

CLARINDA SINGLEHART (Some Account of). By the Author of "Mary Powell." Post 8vo. cloth, 7*s*. 6*d*.

CLAUDE THE COLPORTEUR. By the Author of "Mary Powell." With Coloured Frontispiece after WARREN. Post 8vo. cloth, 7*s*. 6*d*.

COBBIN (REV. INGRAM, M.A.),—DR. WATTS'S DIVINE AND MORAL SONGS FOR CHILDREN. With Anecdotes and Reflections. With Frontispiece and Fifty-seven Woodcuts. New Edition. 18mo. cloth, 1*s*.; with gilt edges, 1*s*. 6*d*.

COLA MONTI; or, the Story of a Genius. A Tale for Boys. By the Author of "How to win Love." With Four Illustrations by FRANKLIN. Fcap. cloth, 3*s*. 6*d*.

COLLETTE'S (J. H.) ROMANISM IN ENGLAND EXPOSED. Second Edition, enlarged and improved, fcap. cloth, 2*s*. 6*d*.

POPIISH INFALLIBILITY. Sewed, 1*s*.

COLLOQUIES OF EDWARD OSBORNE (THE), Citizen and Cloth-Worker of London, as reported by the Author of "Mary Powell." Second Edition, post 8vo. cloth, gilt edges, 7*s*. 6*d*.; morocco antique, 14*s*.

COMMUNION TABLE (THE); or, Communicant's Manual. A plain and Practical Exposition of the Lord's Supper, by REV. JOHN CUMMING, D.D. Second Edition. Fcap. cloth, 3*s*.

COTTAGE IN THE CHALK-PIT. By C. A. MANT. 18mo. cloth, 2*s*.

CROCK OF GOLD (THE). A Tale of Covetousness. By MARTIN F. TUPPER, D.C.L. F.R.S. With Frontispiece by JOHN LEECH. Post 8vo. 1*s*. 6*d*.

CROSLAND'S (MRS. NEWTON) STRATAGEMS. With Cuts. 16mo. Cloth, gilt edges, 2*s*. 6*d*.

TOIL AND TRIAL, a Story of London Life. With Frontispiece by JOHN LEECH. Post 8vo. cloth, 1*s*. 6*d*.

CROWE'S (CATHARINE) PIPPIE'S WARNING; or, the Adventures of a Dancing Dog. With Cuts. 16mo. cloth, gilt edges, 2*s*. 6*d*.

CUMMING (REV. JOHN, D.D.),—APOCALYPTIC SKETCHES; or, LECTURES on the BOOK OF REVELATION, delivered in Exeter Hall, and Crown Court Church. New Editions, revised and corrected by the Author, with Index, &c. Sixteenth Thousand. Three Vols. cloth, full gilt, 9*s*. each.

CUMMING (REV. JOHN, D.D.),—THE BAPTISMAL FONT; an Exposition of the Nature and Obligations of Christian Baptism. With an Appendix. Fourth Edition, fcap. cloth, gilt edges, 2s.

— CHRIST OUR PASSOVER; or, Thoughts on the Atonement. Second Edition. Fcap. cloth, 2s. 6d.

— THE CHURCH BEFORE THE FLOOD. Third Thousand. Fcap. cloth, full gilt, 9s.

— THE COMFORTER; or, Thoughts on the Holy Spirit. Fcap. cloth, 2s. 6d.

— THE COMMUNION TABLE; or, COMMUNICANT'S MANUAL: a plain and practical EXPOSITION of the LORD'S SUPPER. New Edition. Fcap. cloth, 3s.

— DAILY FAMILY DEVOTION; or, GUIDE to FAMILY WORSHIP. 4to. cloth, 21s.; or with Plates, 25s.

— THE DAILY LIFE; or, Precepts and Prescriptions for Christian Living. Third and Cheaper Edition. Fcap. cloth, 5s.

— THE FINGER OF GOD. Fourth Edition. Fcap. cloth, 2s. 6d.

— FORESHADOWS; or, LECTURES on our LORD'S MIRACLES and PARABLES, as Earnests of the Age to come. Fifth Thousand. Two Volumes uniformly printed. With Designs by FRANKLIN. Cloth, full gilt, 9s. each.

— HAMMERSMITH PROTESTANT DISCUSSION, between the REV. JOHN CUMMING, D.D. and DANIEL FRENCH, Esq., Barrister-at-Law. Cheap Edition. Tenth Thousand, post 8vo. cloth, 6s.

— INFANT SALVATION; or, ALL SAVED WHO DIE IN INFANCY. Specially addressed to Mothers mourning the Loss of Infants and Children. Fifth Edition. Fcap. cloth, gilt edges, 2s.

— IS CHRISTIANITY FROM GOD? A Manual of Christian Evidences for Scripture Readers, Sunday School Teachers, City Missionaries, and Young Persons. Tenth Edition. Fcap. 3s. cloth.

— THE LAST OF THE PATRIARCHS; or, Lessons from the Life of Joseph. Fcap. cloth, 6s.

— LECTURES AT EXETER HALL; or, A Challenge to Cardinal Wiseman. Fcap. cloth, 2s. 6d.

— LECTURES ON THE SEVEN CHURCHES OF ASIA MINOR. [Apocalyptic Sketches. Third Series.] Illustrated by Wood Engravings representing the present state of the Apostolic Churches. Eleventh Thousand. Fcap. cloth, full gilt, 9s.

— LECTURES FOR THE TIMES; or, Illustrations and Refutations of the Errors of Romanism and Tractarianism. New and Cheaper Edition, fcap. cloth, 5s.

— LECTURES TO YOUNG MEN. A Collected edition, with Additions. [In preparation.]

CUMMING (REV. JOHN, D.D.),—A MESSAGE FROM GOD; or, THOUGHTS ON RELIGION for THINKING MEN. Fifth Edition, fcap. cloth, gilt edges, 2s.

OUR FATHER; A MANUAL OF FAMILY PRAYERS for General and Special Occasions, with Short Prayers for Spare Minutes, and Passages for Reflection. Sixth Edition. Fcap. cloth, gilt edges, 3s.

OCCASIONAL DISCOURSES. New Edition. Two Vols. fcap. cloth, 8s.

PROPHETIC STUDIES; or, LECTURES on the Book of DANIEL. Ninth Thousand. Fcap. cloth, full gilt, 9s.

PULPIT PSALMODY. Fcap. cloth, 3s. 6d.; roan, 5s.; morocco, 6s. 6d.

PSALTER OF THE BLESSED VIRGIN. Written by ST. BONAVENTURE. Translated from the last French Edition of 1852, and carefully compared with the Latin. 12mo. cloth, 2s.

SABBATH EVENING READINGS ON THE NEW TESTAMENT. The Four Gospels complete, fcap. cloth, 20s.

The separate Volumes are—

ST. MATTHEW. 5s. ST. MARK. 3s. ST. LUKE. 6s.
ST. JOHN. 6s. THE ACTS, 7s.

THE ROMANS, publishing in Numbers.

REVELATION. 2d Edition. Fcap. cloth, 7s. 6d.

SALVATION. A Sermon preached before the Queen. Twentieth Thousand. Sewed, 6d.

SIGNS OF THE TIMES. Complete Edition. Fcap. cloth, 3s. 6d.

TENT AND THE ALTAR; or, Sketches from Patriarchal Life. Fcap. cloth, full gilt, 9s.

THE WAR AND ITS ISSUES. New Edition. Fcap. cloth, 2s. 6d.

WELLINGTON. A LECTURE. New and Enlarged Edition, with Valuable Additions. Fcap. cloth, 2s. 6d.

DARTON (MARGARET E.),—THE EARTH AND ITS INHABITANTS. With Frontispiece. Second Edition, crown 8vo. cloth, 5s.

DECOY (THE); or, an Agreeable Method of Teaching Children the elementary Parts of English Grammar. Sewed, 1s.

DE LA VOYE'S (MARIN) NEW CRITICAL FRENCH PRONOUNCING VOCABULARY, with Exercises on Reading, and Critical Rules for French Pronunciation. 12mo. bound, 2s.

DESLYON'S FRENCH DIALOGUES, Practical and Familiar, constructed so as to enable all Persons at once to practise Conversing in the French Language; with FAMILIAR LETTERS in FRENCH and ENGLISH, adapted to the capacities of Youth. New Edition, 12mo. cloth, 2s. 6d.

FRENCH TUTOR; or, Practical Exposition of the best French Grammarians, with familiar Exercises and Questions on every Rule, to serve for Examination and Repetition. Third Edition, 12mo. cloth, 4s.

DIALOGUES BETWEEN A POPIISH PRIEST AND AN ENGLISH PROTESTANT, wherein the Principal Points and Arguments of both Religions are truly Proposed, and fully Examined. By MATTHEW POOLE. New Edition, with the References revised and corrected. By the REV. JOHN CUMMING, D.D. 18mo. cloth, 1s. 6d.

DOCTOR'S LITTLE DAUGHTER (THE). The Story of a Child's Life amidst the Woods and Hills. By ELIZA METEYARD, with numerous Illustrations by HARVEY. Fcap. cloth, gilt edges, 7s. 6d.

DOUBLE CLAIM (THE), a Tale of Real Life. By MRS. T. K. HERVEY. With Frontispiece by WEIR. Post 8vo. 1s. 6d.

EARTH AND ITS INHABITANTS (THE). By MARGARET E. DARTON. Second Edition, with Frontispiece. Crown 8vo. cloth, 5s.

EDDY'S (DANIEL C.) HEROINES OF THE MISSIONARY ENTERPRISE; or, Sketches of Prominent Female Missionaries. With Preface by the Rev. JOHN CUMMING, D.D. Third Edition. Fcap. cloth, 2s. 6d.

EMILIE, THE PEACE-MAKER. By MRS. GELDART. Frontispiece, fcap. cloth, 2s. 6d.; gilt edges, 3s.

ENGLISH STORIES OF THE OLDEN TIME. By MARIA HACK. A New Edition. With Vignettes by HARVEY. [In preparation.]

EUPHONIA: Portions of Holy Scripture marked for Chanting, with Forty Chants arranged for the Voice and Organ, or Pianoforte. Third Edition, post 8vo. cloth, gilt edges, 2s.

EVENINGS AT HOME; or, the Juvenile Budget opened. By DR. AIKEN and Mrs. BARBAULD. Sixteenth Edition, revised and newly arranged by ARTHUR AIKEN, Esq. and Miss AIKEN. With Engravings by HARVEY. Fcap. cloth, 3s. 6d.

EVENINGS IN MY TENT; or, Wanderings in the African Sahara. By Rev. N. DAVIS, F.R.S., S.A. With Illustrations, Two Vols. post 8vo. cloth, 24s.

EXETER HALL LECTURES. By DR. CUMMING and REV. R. J. MCGHEE. Fcap. cloth, 2s. 6d.

EXPOSITORY READINGS ON THE BOOK OF REVELATION, forming a short and continuous Commentary on the Apocalypse. By REV. JOHN CUMMING, D.D. Second Edition. Fcap. cloth, 7s. 6d.

FAIRHOLT'S DICTIONARY OF TERMS USED IN THE FINE ARTS, &c. Post 8vo. cloth, 10s. 6d.

FARR'S (EDWARD) MANUAL OF GEOGRAPHY, Physical and Political. For the use of Schools and Families, with Questions for Examination. With Illustrations. Fcap. cloth, 3s.

FELTON'S (J.) IMPROVED METHOD OF PERFORMING COMMERCIAL CALCULATIONS; representing the Science of Arithmetic in a New Light. A Book of General Utility. Containing, among other matter, a full Illustration of the Theory of Proportion and the German Chain Rule. 12mo. cloth, 2s.

THE TEACHER'S MANUAL OF MENTAL ARITHMETIC; displaying a Simple Method of successfully Communicating Instruction in that most useful Science. Together with a **KEY TO THE CALCULATIONS**. 12mo. cloth, 2s.

FIRESIDE STORIES; or, Recollections of my Schoolfellows. Third Edition, with Thirteen Illustrations. 16mo. cloth, 2s. 6d.

FLETCHER (REV. ALEXANDER, D.D.),—A GUIDE TO FAMILY DEVOTION, containing 730 Hymns, Prayers, and Passages of Scripture, with appropriate reflections. The whole arranged to form a Complete and Distinct Family Service for every Morning and Evening in the Year, with Illustrations. New Edition, revised, royal 4to. cloth, gilt edges, 28s.

SABBATH SCHOOL
PREACHER AND JUVENILE MISCELLANY. With Numerous Illustrations. Two Vols. fcap. cloth, 1s. each.

ASSEMBLY'S CATECHISM
Divided into Fifty-two Lessons. Sewed, 8d.

FOOTSTEPS OF OUR LORD AND HIS APOSTLES, IN SYRIA, GREECE, AND ITALY. A succession of Visits to the Scenes of New Testament Narrative. By W. H. BARTLETT. With Twenty-three Steel Engravings, and several Woodcuts. Third Edition, super-royal 8vo. cloth, gilt edges, 12s.; morocco elegant, 21s.

FORESHADOWS; or, LECTURES on our LORD'S MIRACLES and PARABLES, as Earnests of the Age to come. By Rev. JOHN CUMMING D.D. Fifth Thousand. With Designs by FRANKLIN. Two Vols. Fcap. cloth, full gilt, 9s. each.

FORTY DAYS IN THE DESERT, ON THE TRACK OF THE ISRAELITES; or, a Journey from Cairo by Wady Feiran to Mount Sinai and Petra By W. H. BARTLETT. Illustrated with Twenty-seven Engravings on Steel, a Map, and numerous Woodcuts. Fifth Edition, super-royal 8vo. cloth, full gilt, 12s.; morocco elegant, 21s.

FRANK FAIRLEGH; or, Scenes from the Life of a Private Pupil. By F. E. SMEDLEY, Esq. Cheap Edition, boards, 2s. 6d.; cloth, 3s. 6d.; or with Thirty Illustrations, by GEORGE CRUIKSHANK. 8vo. cloth, 16s.

GELDART'S (MRS. THOMAS) LOVE, A REALITY, NOT ROMANCE. With Cuts by GILBERT. Fcap. cloth, gilt edges, 3s. 6d.

— ELDER BROTHERS. 16mo. cloth, 9d.

— EMILIE, THE PEACE-MAKER. Fcap. cloth, 2s. 6d.; gilt edges, 3s.

— MAY DUNDAS. Fcap. cloth, 2s. 6d.; gilt edges, 3s.

— NURSERY GUIDE. 18mo. cloth, 1s. 6d.

— STORIES OF SCOTLAND. Fcap. cloth, 2s. 6d.; gilt edges, 5s.

— THOUGHTS OF HOME. Fcap. cloth, 2s. 6d.

— TRUTH IS EVERYTHING. 2d Edit. Fcap. cloth, 2s. 6d.; gilt edges, 3s.

GEMS OF EUROPEAN ART. The best Pictures of the best Schools, containing Ninety highly-finished Engravings. Edited by S. C. HALL, Esq. F.S.A. Two Vols. folio cloth, gilt edges, 5l.

GEOLOGICAL FACTS; or, The Crust of the Earth, what it is, and what are its uses. By the Rev. W. G. BARRETT. With Woodcuts, fcap. cloth, 3s. 6d.

GIBBON'S DECLINE AND FALL OF THE ROMAN EMPIRE. Illustrated Edition, with Memoir of the Author, and additional Notes, principally referring to Christianity. From the French of M. GUIZOT. Two Vols. super-royal 8vo. cloth gilt, 1l. 16s.

GILES'S (JAS.) ENGLISH PARSING LESSONS. Seventeenth Edition. 12mo. cloth, 2s.

GILFILLAN (G.),—THE HISTORY OF A MAN. Post 8vo. cloth, 7s. 6d.

GLEANINGS, ANTIQUARIAN AND PICTORIAL, ON THE OVERLAND ROUTE. By W. H. BARTLETT. With Twenty-eight Plates and Maps, and numerous Woodcuts. Second Edition, super-royal 8vo. cloth gilt, 16s.; morocco elegant, 28s.

GODWIN (REV. B., D.D.),—THE PHILOSOPHY OF ATHEISM EXAMINED, AND COMPARED WITH CHRISTIANITY. A Course of Popular Lectures, delivered at Bradford, Yorkshire, in January and February, 1853. Third Edition. Fcap. cloth, 3s.

GRIEVE (JOHN),—THE FARMER'S ASSISTANT, AND AGRICULTURIST'S CALENDAR. New and Enlarged Edition. Fcap. cloth, 4s.

HACK'S (MARIA) ENGLISH STORIES OF THE OLDEN TIME. Vignettes by HARVEY. New Edition. Two Vols. [*In preparation.*]

——— GRECIAN STORIES. With Illustrations. New Edition. [*In preparation.*]

——— HARRY BEAUFOY; or, the Pupil of Nature. New Edition, with Cuts by LANDSEER. 18mo. cloth, 2s.

——— STORIES OF ANIMALS. Adapted for Children from Three to Ten Years of Age. With Illustrations. Two Vols. 16mo. cloth, 2s. each.

——— WINTER EVENINGS; or, Tales of Travellers. New Edition. Illustrations by GILBERT. Fcap. cloth, 3s. 6d.

HAIGH'S (J., A.M.) LATIN POCKET DICTIONARY; designed for the Junior Forms in Schools. New Edition, 18mo. bound, 2s. 6d.

HALL (MRS S. C.),—PILGRIMAGES TO ENGLISH SHRINES. With Notes and Illustrations by F. W. FAIRHOLT, F.S.A. New Edition. In One Vol. 8vo. cloth, gilt edges, 21s.; morocco, 28s.

——— TALES OF WOMAN'S TRIALS. With Illustrations. 8vo. cloth, gilt edges, 8s.

——— (MR. AND MRS. S. C.) IRELAND, ITS SCENERY AND CHARACTER. New Edition, with numerous Engravings on Steel, Maps, and Five Hundred Woodcuts. Three Vols. royal 8vo. cloth, 3l. 3s.

——— HANDBOOKS FOR IRELAND, with numerous Illustrations.

No. 1.—DUBLIN AND WICKLOW.

No. 2.—THE SOUTH AND KILLARNEY.

No. 3.—NORTH AND THE GIANT'S CAUSEWAY.

No. 4.—THE WEST AND CONNEMARA.

16mo. cloth, 2s. 6d. each.

HALL (MR. AND MRS. S. C.),—A WEEK AT KILLARNEY, being a Guide to Tourists to the Lakes of Killarney. Illustrated by Twenty Engravings on Steel, and One Hundred and Ten Woodcuts. New Edition, 4to. cloth, 8s.

— (BISHOP),—TREATISES, with Essay by REV. R. CATTERMOLÉ, B.D. Fcap. cloth, 2s. 6d.

HAMMERSMITH PROTESTANT DISCUSSION (THE), between DR. CUMMING and MR. FRENCH. Cheap Edition, Tenth Thousand, crown 8vo cloth, 6s.

HAPPY TRANSFORMATION; or, the History of a London Apprentice. With Preface, by REV. J. A. JAMES. 18mo. cloth, 1s.

HEART; a Tale of False-witness. By MARTIN F. TUPPER, D.C.L. With Frontispiece by LEECH. Post 8vo. cloth, 1s. 6d.

HENDRY'S HISTORY OF GREECE. In Easy Lessons. Adapted to Children of from Six to Ten Years of Age. With Illustrations. 18mo. cloth, 2s.

— HISTORY OF ROME. In Easy Lessons. Adapted for Children of from Six to Ten Years of Age. With Illustrations. 18mo. cloth, 2s.

HEROINES OF THE MISSIONARY ENTERPRISE; or, Sketches of Prominent Female Missionaries. By DANIEL C. EDDY. With Preface by the Rev. JOHN CUMMING, D.D. Second Edition, fcap. cloth, gilt edges, 2s. 6d.

HERTHA; a Tale, by FREDRIKA BREMER. Post 8vo. cloth, 7s. 6d.

HERVEY (MRS. T. K.),—THE DOUBLE CLAIM, a Tale of Real Life. With Frontispiece by WEIR. Post 8vo. 1s. 6d.

HILL'S (S. S.) TRAVELS ON THE SHORES OF THE BALTIC. Post 8vo. cloth, 8s. 6d.

HILL SIDE (THE); or, Illustrations of the Simple Terms used in Logic. By the Author of "Mary Powell." Fcap. cloth, 2s. 6d.

HISTORIC SCENES IN AMERICA. By W. H. BARTLETT. With Illustrations. [In preparation.]

HOFLAND LIBRARY; for the Instruction and Amusement of Youth. Illustrated with Plates, and handsomely bound in embossed Scarlet Cloth, with Gilt Edges, &c.

FIRST CLASS, in 12mo.—Price 2s. 6d.

1. MEMOIR of the LIFE and LITERARY REMAINS of MRS. HOFLAND.

By T. RAMSAY, Esq. With Portrait.

2. ALFRED CAMPBELL.
3. DECISION; a Tale.
4. ENERGY.
5. FORTITUDE.
6. HUMILITY.
7. INTEGRITY.

8. MODERATION.
9. PATIENCE.
10. REFLECTION.
11. SELF-DENIAL.
12. YOUNG CADET.
13. YOUNG PILGRIM.

HOFLAND LIBRARY:—

SECOND CLASS, in 18mo.—Price 1s. 6d.

- | | |
|-----------------------------------|--------------------------------|
| 1. ADELAIDE. | 9. GOOD GRANDMOTHER. |
| 2. AFFECTIONATE BROTHERS. | 10. MERCHANT'S WIDOW. |
| 3. ALICIA AND HER AUNT. | 11. RICH BOYS AND POOR BOYS. |
| 4. BARBADOS GIRL. | 12. THE SISTERS. |
| 5. BLIND FARMER AND HIS CHILDREN. | 13. STOLEN BOY. |
| 6. CLERGYMAN'S WIDOW. | 14. WILLIAM AND HIS UNCLE BEN. |
| 7. DAUGHTER-IN-LAW. | 15. YOUNG CRUSOE. |
| 8. ELIZABETH. | |

HOMES OF THE NEW WORLD. Impressions of America. By FREDRIKA BREMER. With Illustrations. New Edition. [*In preparation.*]

HOPKINS' ORTHOGRAPHICAL EXERCISES. New Edition. 18mo. cloth, 1s. 6d.

HOUSEHOLD OF SIR THOS. MORE (Y^E). Libellus a Margareta More, quindecim annos nata, Chelseiæ inceptus. Third Edition, with Portrait. Cloth, red edges, 7s. 6d.; morocco antique, 14s.

HOW TO WIN LOVE; or, Rhoda's Lesson. A Story Book for the Young. By the Author of "Michael the Miner," "Cola Monti," &c. With Illustrations on Steel. New Edition, 16mo. cloth, gilt edges, 2s. 6d.

HOWITT (WILLIAM),—A BOY'S ADVENTURES IN THE WILDS OF AUSTRALIA. Cuts by HARVEY. New and Cheaper Edition. Fcap. cloth, 4s.

HUMBOLDT'S (BARON WILLIAM VON) LETTERS TO A LADY. From the German. With Introduction by Dr. STEBBING. Post 8vo. 1s. 6d.

HUME AND SMOLLETT'S HISTORY OF ENGLAND, with continuation to 1846, by FARR. With Portraits, &c. Three Vols. imperial 8vo. cloth, 2l. 12s. 6d.

HYMNS AND SKETCHES IN VERSE. With Cuts. 16mo. cloth, 2s. 6d.

ILLUSTRATED CATALOGUE OF THE GREAT INDUSTRIAL EXHIBITION OF 1851, published in connexion with the Art Journal, containing upwards of Fourteen Hundred Engravings on Wood, and a Frontispiece on Steel. 4to. cloth, gilt edges, One Guinea.

INCIDENTS OF TRAVEL IN CENTRAL AMERICA, CHIAPAS, AND YUCATAN. By J. L. STEPHENS. New Edition, by F. CATHERWOOD. With numerous Illustrations, 8vo. cloth, 12s.

INFANT SALVATION; or, All Saved who Die in Infancy. Specially addressed to Mothers mourning the Loss of Infants and Children. By Rev. JOHN CUMMING, D.D. Fourth Edition, fcap. cloth, gilt edges, 2s.

IRELAND, ITS SCENERY, AND CHARACTER. By MR. and MRS. S. C. HALL. With numerous Engravings on Steel, and Five Hundred Woodcuts. New Edition, Three Vols. royal 8vo. cloth, 3l. 3s.

IS CHRISTIANITY FROM GOD? A Manual of Christian Evidences for Scripture Readers, Sunday School Teachers, City Missionaries, and Young Persons. By Rev. JOHN CUMMING, D.D. Tenth Edition, fcap. cloth, 3s.

JACK AND THE TANNER OF WYMONDHAM; a Tale of the Time of Edward VI. By the Author of "Mary Powell." Post 8vo. 1s. 6d. (RAILWAY READING.)

JAY (REV. W.),—FINAL DISCOURSES AT ARGYLE CHAPEL, BATH. Post 8vo. cloth, 10s. 6d.

— PORTRAITURE OF. Fcap. cloth, 3s. 6d.

JERDAN'S (WILLIAM) AUTOBIOGRAPHY; With his Literary, Political, and Social Reminiscences and Correspondence, during the last Forty Years, as Editor of the "Sun" Newspaper, 1812-17, and of the "Literary Gazette," 1817-50, in connexion with most of the Eminent Persons who have been distinguished in the past half-century as Statesmen, Poets, Authors, Men of Science, Artists, &c. Post 8vo. with Portraits, &c. Complete in 4 Vols. cloth, 21s.

JERUSALEM REVISITED. By W. H. BARTLETT. Numerous Illustrations on Steel, and Woodcuts. Super-royal 8vo. cloth, 12s.; morocco, 21s.

JOSEPH; OR, THE LAST OF THE PATRIARCHS. By the REV. JOHN CUMMING, D.D. Fcap. cloth, 6s.

JULIAN; or, the Close of an Era. By L. F. BUNGENER, Author of "History of the Council of Trent." Two Vols. cloth, 10s. 6d.

JUVENILE ANECDOTES; or, Stories of Children. By P. WAKEFIELD. New Edition. 18mo. cloth, 2s.

KING ALFRED'S POEMS. Now first turned into English Metre, by Mr. TUPPER. Cloth, 3s.

LADY MARY AND HER NURSE; or, a Peep into the Canadian Forest. By Mrs. TRAILL. Cuts by HARVEY. Fcap. cloth, 3s. 6d.

LAURIE (JAMES),—TABLES OF SIMPLE INTEREST FOR EVERY DAY IN THE YEAR, at 5, 4½, 4, 3½, 3, and 2½ per cent. per annum, from 1l. to 100l., &c. Nineteenth Edition, 800 pp. 8vo. cloth, 1l. 1s.

"In the great requisites of simplicity of arrangement and comprehensiveness we have seen none better adapted for general use."—*McCulloch's Commercial Dictionary*.

"Mr. Laurie was well known as one of the most correct and industrious authorities on commercial calculations, and the practical value of his various tables has long been recognised."—*The Times*, 20th Sept. 1854.

— TABLES OF SIMPLE INTEREST at 5, 6, 7, 8, 9, and 9½ per cent. per annum, from 1 day to 100 days. Fourth Edition, 8vo. cloth, 7s.

LAWRENCE'S (MISS) STORIES FROM THE OLD AND NEW TESTAMENT. New Edition, with Engravings. [In preparation.]

LEÇONS POUR DES ENFANS, depuis l'âge de Deux Ans jusqu'à Cinq. Avec une Interprétation Anglaise. By Mrs. BARBAULD. New Edition. 18mo. cloth, 2s.

LECTURES FOR THE TIMES; or, Illustrations and Refutations of the Errors of Romanism and Tractarianism. By Rev. JOHN CUMMING, D.D. New and Cheaper Edition, Revised and Corrected, with Additions. Fcap. cloth, 5s.

LECTURES TO YOUNG MEN. By REV. JOHN CUMMING, D.D. collected edition, with additions. [In preparation.]

LETTERS AND POEMS, selected from the Writings of BERNARD BARTON. With MEMOIR, Edited by his DAUGHTER. New Edition, with Portrait. Fcap. cloth, 3s. 6d.; large paper, 10s.

LETTERS TO A LADY. By BARON WILLIAM VON HUMBOLDT. From the German. With Introduction by DR. STEBBING. Post 8vo. 1s. 6d.

LEWIS ARUNDEL; or, the Railroad of Life. By F. E. SMEDLEY, ESQ. Author of "Frank Fairlegh." Cheap Edition, 3s. boards; 4s. cloth; or with Illustrations by H. K. BROWNE (PHIZ.) 8vo. cloth, 22s.

LIMED TWIGS TO CATCH YOUNG BIRDS. By the Authors of "Original Poems." 18mo. cloth, 2s.

LITTLE BOOK OF OBJECTS. With Cuts. 16mo. cloth, 2s.

LITTLE BOOK OF KNOWLEDGE; containing Useful Information on Common Things, for Young Children. By ELIZABETH G. NOVERRE. With Eight Illustrations. 16mo. cloth, 2s. 6d.

LOVE, A REALITY, NOT ROMANCE. By MRS. THOMAS GELDART. With Cuts by GILBERT. Fcap. cloth, gilt edges, 3s. 6d.

MAIDEN AND MARRIED LIFE OF MARY POWELL, afterwards MISTRESS MILTON. Third Edition, with Portrait. Post 8vo. cloth, red edges, 7s. 6d.; morocco antique, 14s.

"This is a charming little book; and whether we regard its subject, cleverness, or delicacy of sentiment or expression—to say nothing of its type and orthography—it is likely to be a most acceptable present to young or old, be their peculiar taste for religion, morals, poetry, history, or romance."—*Christian Observer*.

———— CALIPH HAROUN ALRASCHID (THE). Post 8vo. antique, 7s. 6d.; full gilt, 10s.

———— CHERRY AND VIOLET: a Tale of the Great Plague. By the Author of "Mary Powell." 2d Edit. Post 8vo. cloth, antique, 7s. 6d.

———— CHRONICLES OF MERRY ENGLAND. Fcap. 8vo. 3s. 6d.

———— CLAUDE THE COLPORTEUR. With Coloured Frontispiece after WARREN. Post 8vo. cloth, 7s. 6d.

———— COLLOQUIES OF EDWARD OSBORNE (THE), Citizen and Cloth-Worker of London, as reported by the Author of "Mary Powell." Second Edition, post 8vo. cloth, red edges, 7s. 6d.; morocco antique, 14s.

———— THE HILL SIDE. Fcap. cloth, 2s. 6d.

———— JACK AND THE TANNER OF WYMONDHAM. A Tale of the Time of Edward VI. Post 8vo. 1s. 6d. "RAILWAY READING."

———— OLD CHELSEA BUN-HOUSE, a Tale of the last Century. Post 8vo. cloth, antique, 7s. 6d.; morocco, 13s.

———— PROVOCATIONS OF MADAME PALISSY (THE). With Coloured Frontispiece, by Warren. Third Edition, Post 8vo. cloth, 7s. 6d.

— QUEENE PHILIPPA'S GOLDEN BOOKE. Handsomely bound and gilt, with Illuminations.

— SOME ACCOUNT OF MRS. CLARINDA SINGLEHART. Post 8vo. cloth, 7s. 6d.

— TASSO AND LEONORA. Post 8vo. cloth, 7s. 6d.

— YE HOUSEHOLD OF SIR THO^s. MORE. Libellus a Margareta More, quindecim annos nata, Chelseiæ inceptus. Third Edition, with Portrait, &c., cloth, red edges, 7s. 6d.; morocco antique, 14s.

MANUAL (A) OF THE ANATOMY AND PHYSIOLOGY OF THE HUMAN MIND. By the Rev. J. CARLILE, D.D. Fcap. cloth, 5s.

MANUAL OF HERALDRY, being a concise Description of the several Terms used, and containing a Dictionary of every Designation in the Science. Illustrated by 400 Engravings on Wood. New Edition, fcap. cloth, 3s.

MANUAL OF GEOGRAPHY, Physical and Political. For the use of Schools and Families, with Questions for Examination. By EDWARD FARR, with numerous Illustrations. Fcap. cloth, 3s.

MANUAL OF PERSPECTIVE. Illustrated by numerous Engravings. By N. WHITTOCK. Fcap. cloth, 3s.

MERRIFIELD (MRS.),—DRESS AS A FINE ART. With Illustrations. post 8vo. 2s. 6d.

MESSAGE FROM GOD (A); or, Thoughts on Religion for Thinking Men. By Rev. JOHN CUMMING, D.D. Fourth Edition, fcap. cloth, gilt edges, 2s.

METEYARD'S (ELIZA) DOCTOR'S LITTLE DAUGHTER. The Story of a Child's Life amidst the Woods and Hills. With numerous Illustrations by HARVEY. Foolscep, cloth, gilt edges, 7s. 6d.

M'HENRY'S SPANISH COURSE.—

A NEW AND IMPROVED GRAMMAR, designed for every Class of Learners, and especially for Self-instruction. Containing the Elements of the Language and the Rules of Etymology and Syntax Exemplified; with NOTES and APPENDIX, consisting of Dialogues, Select Poetry, Commercial Correspondence, &c. New Edition, Revised. 12mo. bound, 8s.

— EXERCISES ON THE ETYMOLOGY, SYNTAX, IDIOMS, &c. of the SPANISH LANGUAGE. Fifth Edition, 12mo. bound, 4s.

— KEY TO THE EXERCISES. 12mo. bound, 4s.

— SYNONYMES OF THE SPANISH LANGUAGE EXPLAINED. 12mo. and 8vo. 5s. 6d. each.

MIALL (EDWARD, M.P.),—BASES OF BELIEF, an Examination of Christianity as a Divine Revelation by the light of recognised Facts and Principles. In Four Parts. Second Edition, 8vo. cloth, 10s. 6d.

MIRACLES OF NATURE AND MARVELS OF ART.

LAND CREATION. 14 Engravings.

THE TROPICS & THE POLES. 10 Engravings.

NATURE AND ART. 18 Engravings.

1s. each, square boards.

MONOD (A.),—WOMAN: HER MISSION, AND HER LIFE. Translated from the French by Rev. W. G. BARRETT. Second Edition, 18mo. cloth, 1s. 6d.; gilt edges, 2s.

———— SAINT PAUL. Five Discourses. Translated from the French by Rev. W. G. BARRETT. 18mo. cloth, 1s. 6d.

MOUBRAY'S TREATISE ON DOMESTIC AND ORNAMENTAL POULTRY. New Edition, revised and greatly enlarged by L. A. MEALL, with the Diseases of Poultry, by Dr. HORNER. With Coloured Illustrations. Fcap. cloth, 8s.

MY BOY'S FIRST BOOK. By Miss M. FRAZER TYTLER. With Cuts. 16mo. cloth, 2s. 6d.

MY OLD PUPILS. By the Author of "My Schoolboy Days." With Four Illustrations on Wood. 16mo. cloth, gilt edges, 2s. 6d.

MY YOUTHFUL COMPANIONS. By the same Author. With Frontispiece. 12mo. cloth, 1s.

NAOMI; or, the Last Days of Jerusalem. By Mrs. J. B. WEBB. With Illustrations by GILBERT, &c. New Edition, Fcap. cloth, 7s. 6d.

NEW GIFT BOOK FOR YOUTH, with Twenty-six Illustrations. 16mo. boards, 2s. 6d.

NILE BOAT (THE); or, Glimpses of the Land of Egypt. By W. H. BARTLETT. Illustrated by Thirty-five Steel Engravings and Maps, with numerous Cuts. New Edition, super-royal 8vo. cloth, full gilt, 16s; morocco elegant, 28s.

NINA, a Tale by S. M. Fcap. cloth, 2s. 6d.

NINEVEH AND PERSEPOLIS: an Historical Sketch of Ancient Assyria and Persia, with an Account of the recent Researches in those Countries. By W. S. W. VAUX, M.A. of the British Museum. With numerous Illustrations. Fourth Edition, post 8vo. cloth, 8s.

OCCASIONAL DISCOURSES. By Rev. JOHN CUMMING, D.D. New Edition. Two Volumes, fcap. cloth, 8s.

OLD CHELSEA BUN-HOUSE (THE). A Tale of the last Century. By the Author of "Mary Powell." With Frontispiece. Post 8vo. bevelled boards, antique, 7s. 6d.; morocco, 13s.

OLD FOREST RANGER (THE); or, Wild Sports of India on the Neilgherry Hills, the Jungles, and on the Plains. By MAJOR WALTER CAMPBELL, of Skipness. New Edition, with Illustrations on Steel. Post 8vo. cloth, 8s.

OLD OAK CHEST; or, a Book a Great Treasure. By the Author of "Charlie's Discoveries," &c. With Cuts. 16mo. cloth, 2s. 6d.

OPEN AND SEE; or, First Reading Lessons. By the Author of "Aids to Development," &c. &c. With Twenty-four Engravings on Wood. 16mo. cloth, 2s.

ORIGINAL POEMS FOR INFANT MINDS. A New and Revised Edition. Two Vols. 18mo. cloth, 1s. 6d. each.

OUR FATHER; a Manual of Family Prayers for General and Special Occasions, with Short Prayers for Spare Minutes, and Passages for Reflection. By Rev. JOHN CUMMING, D.D. Sixth Edition, fcap. cloth, gilt edges, 3s.

PAUL PERCIVAL; or, the Young Adventurer. With Cuts. 16mo. cloth, 2s. 6d.

PAYNE'S (JOSEPH) SELECT POETRY FOR CHILDREN; with brief Explanatory Notes, arranged for the use of Schools and Families. Eleventh Edition, Corrected and Enlarged. 18mo. cloth, 2s. 6d.; with gilt edges, 3s.

STUDIES IN ENGLISH POETRY; with short Biographical Sketches, and Notes Explanatory and Critical, intended as a Text-Book for the higher Classes in Schools, and as an Introduction to the Study of English Literature. Third and Cheaper Edition. Fcap. cloth, 5s.

PHILOSOPHICAL CONVERSATIONS, in which are familiarly explained the causes of many daily occurring Natural Phenomena. By FREDERICK C. BAKEWELL. Third Edition, with Cuts. Fcap. cloth, 3s. 6d.

PICTORIAL SPELLING BOOK; or, Lessons on Facts and Objects. With One Hundred and Thirty Illustrations. Fifth Edition. 12mo. cloth, 1s.

PICTURES FROM SICILY. By W. H. BARTLETT, with Thirty-three Steel Engravings, and numerous Woodcuts. Super-royal 8vo. cloth, full gilt, 16s.; morocco elegant, 28s.

PILGRIMAGES TO ENGLISH SHRINES. By MRS. S. C. HALL. With Notes and Illustrations by F. W. FAIRHOLT, F.S.A. New Edition. In One Vol. 8vo. cloth, gilt edges, 21s.; morocco, 28s.

PIPPIE'S WARNING; or, the Adventures of a Dancing Dog. By CATHARINE CROWE, Author of "Susan Hopley," &c. With Cuts. 16mo. cloth, gilt edges, 2s. 6d.

PLEASANT PASTIME; or, Drawing-Room Dramas for Private Representation by the Young. With Cuts. 16mo. cloth, gilt edges, 2s. 6d.

POOLE'S (MATTHEW) DIALOGUES BETWEEN A POPISH PRIEST AND AN ENGLISH PROTESTANT, wherein the principal Points and Arguments of both Religions are truly Proposed, and fully Examined. New Edition, with the References revised and corrected. By Rev. JOHN CUMMING, D.D. 18mo. cloth, 1s. 6d.

POPIISH INFALLIBILITY. By C. H. COLLETTE. Fcap. sewed, 1s.

PROPHETIC STUDIES; or, Lectures on the Book of Daniel. By Rev. JOHN CUMMING, D.D. Ninth Thousand. Fcap cloth, full gilt, 9s. morocco extra, 13s.

PROTESTANT CATECHISM (THE); or, the True Christian's Defence against the Church of Rome; With an Introductory Essay. By the Rev. R. PARKINSON, M.A. Fifth Thousand, revised and enlarged, 18mo. sewed, 6d.; or 5s. per dozen for distribution.

PROVOCATIONS OF MADAME PALISSY (THE). By the Author of "Mary Powell." With Coloured Frontispiece, by WARREN. Third Edition. Post 8vo. cloth, 7s. 6d.

PSALTER OF THE BLESSED VIRGIN. Written by ST. BONAVENTURE. Translated from the last French Edition of 1852, and carefully compared with the Latin, by REV. JOHN CUMMING, D.D. 12mo. cloth, 2s.

PULPIT PSALM BOOK (THE), Edited by the REV. JOHN CUMMING, D.D. Fcap. cloth, 3s. 6d.; roan, 5s.; morocco, 6s. 6d.

QUEENE PHILIPPA'S GOLDEN BOOKE. Handsomely bound and gilt, with Illuminations.

RAILWAY APPLIANCES, in the Nineteenth Century; or, the Rail, Steam, and Electricity. With Illustrative Anecdotes, Engravings, and Diagrams. Fcap. cloth, 1s. 6d.

RECOLLECTIONS OF MRS. ANDERSON'S SCHOOL. A Book for Girls. By JANE WINNARD HOOPER. Illustrated by FRANKLIN. Fcap. cloth, gilt edges, 3s. 6d.

RHYMES FOR THE NURSERY. By the Authors of "Original Poems." 18mo. cloth, 1s. 6d.

Illustrated Edition, in Large Type.
With Sixteen Designs by GILBERT. 16mo. cloth, 2s. 6d.

RIPPON'S (DR.) SELECTION OF HYMNS FROM THE BEST AUTHORS, including a great number of Originals, intended as an Appendix to Dr. Watts' Psalms and Hymns. New Edition.

Nonpareil 32mo.		Long Primer 24mo.		Large Type.	
	s.d.		s.d.		s.d.
Sheep	1 6	Sheep	2 8	Sheep	5 0
Roan, gilt edges	2 6	Roan, gilt edges	3 6	Roan, gilt edges	6 0
Morocco	5 0	Morocco	6 0	Morocco	7 0

ROAD TO LEARNING; or, Original Lessons in Words of One and Two Syllables. With Illustrations. Square boards, 1s. 6d.

ROBINSON CRUSOE. With Illustrations. 18mo. cloth, 2s.

RODWELL'S (ANN) FIRST STEP TO ENGLISH HISTORY. With many Cuts. New Edition, revised, by JULIA CORNER. 16mo. cloth, 2s. 6d.

ROMAINE'S LIFE, WALK, AND TRIUMPH OF FAITH. 18mo. cloth, 3s.

ROMANISM IN ENGLAND EXPOSED. By CHARLES HASTINGS COLLETTE. Second Edition, enlarged and improved, fcap. cloth, 2s. 6d.

ROME: REGAL AND REPUBLICAN. A History for Families. By JANE M. STRICKLAND. Edited by AGNES STRICKLAND, Authoress of "Lives of the Queens of England." With Vignettes. Post 8vo. cloth, 10s. 6d.

ROSALIE; or, "The Truth shall make you Free." An authentic Narrative. By Mdle. R. Bertin de Priester. Edited by REV. JOS. RIDGEWAY, A.M. of Sydenham. New Edition. Fcap. cloth, 3s. 6d.

ROWBOTHAM'S (J., F.R.S.A.) DERIVATIVE SPELLING BOOK, in which the Origin of each Word is given from the Greek, Latin, Saxon, German, Teutonic, Dutch, French, Spanish, and other Languages; with the Parts of Speech, and Pronunciation accented. 12mo. cloth, 1s. 6d.

GUIDE TO THE FRENCH LANGUAGE AND CONVERSATION; consisting of Modern French Dialogues, with the Pronunciation of the most difficult Words; for the use of Schools, Travellers, and Private Students. A New Edition, by DE LA VOYE. 18mo. bound, 2s. 6d.

RURAL SCENES; or, a Peep into the Country. A New and Revised Edition, with Eighty-eight Cuts. 18mo. cloth, 2s.

SABBATH AT HOME. A Short Manual, &c. Post 8vo. antique, 3s. 6d.

SABBATH EVENING READINGS ON THE NEW TESTAMENT. By the REV. JOHN CUMMING, D.D. The Four Gospels complete. With Frontispieces. Fcap. cloth, 20s.

The separate Volumes are—

ST. MATTHEW. 5s.

ST. LUKE. 6s.

ST. MARK. 3s.

ST. JOHN. 6s.

THE ACTS, 7s.

ROMANS, publishing in Numbers.

THE BOOK OF REVELATION.

Complete. Second Edition, fcap. cloth, 7s. 6d.

SABBATH SCHOOL PREACHER AND JUVENILE MISCELLANY. REV. A. FLETCHER, D.D., with Illustrations, Two Vols. fcap. cloth, 1s. each.

SALVATION. A Sermon preached before the Queen by the REV. JOHN CUMMING, D.D. Twentieth Thousand, sewed, 6d.

SANDERSON (A. R., M.D.),—THOUGHTS AND REFLECTIONS ON SICKNESS AND AFFLICTION. Second Edition, fcap. cloth, 5s.

SANDFORD AND MERTON. With Cuts. 18mo. cloth, 2s.

SCENES FROM THE LIFE OF MOSES, a Series of Twenty Engravings in Outline. Designed by SELOUS and Engraved by ROLLS. In portfolio, 10s. 6d.

SCOFFERN'S CHEMISTRY NO MYSTERY; being the Subject Matter of a Course of Lectures. Illustrated by Diagrams and Woodcuts. Second Edition, revised and corrected, with Index. Fcap. cloth, 3s. 6d.

SCOTT (REV. T.),—HOLY BIBLE, with Readings and an Abridged Commentary. 16mo. roan, embossed, 4s.; morocco, 6s.; elegant, 6s. 6d.; with Maps, or Twenty-eight Engravings, 1s. each extra.

SCRIPTURE SITES AND SCENES, from actual Survey, in Egypt, Arabia, and Palestine. Illustrated by Seventeen Steel Engravings, Three Maps, and Thirty-seven Woodcuts. By W. H. BARTLETT. Post 8vo. cloth, gilt edges, 4s.

SELECT POETRY FOR CHILDREN; With brief Explanatory Notes, arranged for the use of Schools and Families. By JOSEPH PAYNE. Eleventh Edition, corrected and Enlarged. 18mo. cloth, 2s. 6d.; with gilt edges, 3s.

SHARPE'S LONDON JOURNAL. A Miscellany of Entertainment and Instruction for General Reading. New Series. Published Monthly, with Two Engravings on Steel. Vols. I. to VI. cloth, 6s. 6d. each.

Old Series. Volumes I. to IX. cloth, 4s. 6d. each. Vols. X. to XV. 6s. 6d. each.

SHELMERDINE'S CHANT BOOK. Fcap. cloth, 1s.

SIGNS OF THE TIMES. By the REV. JOHN CUMMING, D.D. Complete Edition. Fcap. cloth, 3s. 6d.

SMEDLEY'S (F. E. Esq.) FORTUNES OF THE COLVILLE FAMILY; or, a Cloud and its Silver Lining. Cuts by PHIZ. Fcap. boards, 1s. 6d.; cloth, 2s. 6d.

FRANK FAIRLEGH; or, Scenes from the Life of a Private Pupil. Cheap Edition, boards, 2s. 6d.; cloth, 3s. 6d.; or with Thirty Illustrations, by GEORGE CRUIKSHANK, 8vo. cloth, 16s.

LEWIS ARUNDEL; or, the Railroad of Life. Post 8vo. 3s. boards; cloth, 4s.; or with Illustrations by H. K. BROWNE. (PHIZ.) 8vo. cloth, 22s.

SNAPE (REV. A. W.),—THE GREAT ADVERSARY. Fcap. cloth, 3s. 6d.

SOME ACCOUNT OF MRS. CLARINDA SINGLEHART. By the Author of "Mary Powell." Post 8vo. cloth, 7s. 6d.

SQUIRRELS AND OTHER ANIMALS; or, Illustrations of the Habits and Instincts of many of the smaller British Quadrupeds. By GEORGE WARING. With Cuts. 16mo. New Edition. [In preparation.]

PUBLISHED BY ARTHUR HALL, VIRTUE & CO. 21

ST. PAUL AND HIS LOCALITIES. By REV. JOHN AITON, D.D.
With Illustrations. Post 8vo. cloth, 12s.

STELL'S PICTORIAL SPELLING BOOK; or, Lessons on Facts
and Objects. With One Hundred and Thirty Illustrations. Fifth Edition,
12mo. cloth, 1s.

STEPHENS (J. L.),—INCIDENTS OF TRAVEL IN CENTRAL
AMERICA, CHIAPAS, AND YUCATAN. New Edition, by F. CATHER-
WOOD. Numerous Illustrations. 8vo. cloth, 12s.

STORY OF A FAMILY. By S. M. Two Vols. fcap. cloth, 10s.

STRATAGEMS. By MRS. NEWTON CROSLAND (late CAMILLA
TOULMIN). With Cuts. 16mo. cloth, gilt edges, 2s. 6d.

STRICKLAND'S (JANE M.) ROME: Regal and Republican. With
Vignettes. Post 8vo. cloth, 10s. 6d.

STUDIES IN ENGLISH POETRY; with short Biographical
Sketches, and Notes Explanatory and Critical, intended as a Text-Book for
the higher Classes in Schools, and as an Introduction to the Study of
English Literature. By JOSEPH PAYNE. Third Edition, 12mo. cloth, 5s.

TABLES OF SIMPLE INTEREST FOR EVERY DAY IN THE
YEAR, at 5, $4\frac{1}{2}$, 4, $3\frac{1}{2}$, 3, and $2\frac{1}{2}$ per cent. per annum, from 1*l.* to 100*l.*, &c.
By JAMES LAURIE. Nineteenth Edition, 800 pp. 8vo. cloth, 1*l.* 1s.

"In the great requisites of simplicity of arrangement and comprehensiveness
we have none better adapted for general use."—*McCulloch's Commercial
Dictionary.*

AT 5, 6, 7, 8, 9, and $9\frac{1}{2}$ per
cent. per annum, from 1 day to 100 days. By JAMES LAURIE. Third
Edition, 8vo. cloth, 7s.

TALES OF WOMAN'S TRIALS. By MRS. S. C. HALL. With
Illustrations. 8vo. cloth, gilt edges, 8s.

TASSO AND LEONORA. By the Author of "Mary Powell."
Post 8vo. 7s. 6d.

TAYLER (W. ELFE),—HIPPOLYTUS AND THE CHRISTIAN
CHURCH AT THE COMMENCEMENT OF THE THIRD CENTURY.
Fcap. cloth, 3s. 6d.

TAYLOR (BISHOP JEREMY),—HOLY LIVING AND DYING, with
Prayers, &c., and Essay by DR. CROLY. Two Vols. fcap. cloth, 2s. 6d.
each.

LIFE OF CHRIST, with Essays by
DR. STEBBING. Three Vols. fcap. cloth, 7s. 6d.

SELECT SERMONS, with Essay by
CATTERMOLLE. Fcap. cloth, 2s. 6d.

TAYLOR'S (EMILY) BOY AND THE BIRDS. With Sixteen fine
Woodcuts, from LANDSEER'S Designs. 16mo. cloth, 2s. 6d.

TENT AND ALTAR (THE), or Sketches from Patriarchal Life.
By Rev. JOHN CUMMING, D.D. With Vignettes. Fcap. cloth, full gilt, 9s.

TOIL AND TRIAL, a Story of London Life. By MRS. NEWTON
CROSLAND, (late CAMILLA TOULMIN.) With Frontispiece by JOHN LEECH.
Post 8vo. 1s. 6d.

TOMLINSON'S CYCLOPÆDIA OF ARTS. With Illustrations.
Two Vols. royal 8vo. cloth, 45s.

TRAILL (MRS.),—CANADIAN CRUSOES; a Tale of the Rice Lake
Plains. Edited by AGNES STRICKLAND. With numerous Illustrations
by HARVEY. Fcap. cloth, gilt edges, 6s.

————— **LADY MARY AND HER NURSE;** or, a Peep
into the Canadian Forest. With Illustrations. Fcap. cloth, 3s. 6d.

TRAVELS ON THE SHORES OF THE BALTIC, &c. By
S. S. HILL, Author of "Travels in Siberia." Post 8vo. cloth, 8s. 6d.

TRUTH IS EVERYTHING. By MRS. GELDART. Frontispiece.
Second Edition. Fcap. cloth, 2s. 6d.; gilt edges, 3s.

TUPPER'S (MARTIN F., D.C.L. F.R.S.) BALLADS FOR THE TIMES,
now first collected. American Lyrics, Geraldine, Modern Pyramid, Hac-
terus, A Thousand Lines, and other Poems. Third Edition, with Vignette,
and Frontispiece, uniform with "Proverbial Philosophy." Fcap. cloth,
7s. 6d.

————— **KING ALFRED'S POEMS.**
Now first turned into English Metre. Fcap. cloth, 3s.

————— **LYRICS.** Second Edition. Fcap.
cloth, 3s. 6d.

————— **THE CROCK OF GOLD,**
THE TWINS, AND HEART. With Illustrations by JOHN LEECH.
New and cheaper Edition, post 8vo. cloth, 5s.

————— **PROVERBIAL PHILOSOPHY,**
Translated into French. Portrait. Fcap. cloth, 3s. 6d.

TYTLER'S (MISS M. FRAZER) MY BOY'S FIRST BOOK. With
Cuts. 16mo. cloth, 2s. 6d.

————— **HYMNS AND SKETCHES IN**
VERSE. With Cuts. 16mo. cloth, 2s. 6d.

————— **TALES OF MANY LANDS.** With
Illustrations. New Edition. [In preparation.]

VAUX'S (W. S. W., M.A.) NINEVEH AND PERSEPOLIS; an
HISTORICAL SKETCH OF ANCIENT ASSYRIA and PERSIA, with an Account
of the recent Researches in those Countries. Fourth Edition, with numerous
Illustrations. Post 8vo. cloth, 8s.

PUBLISHED BY ARTHUR HALL, VIRTUE & CO. 23

VERNON GALLERY OF BRITISH ART. Edited by S. C. HALL,
Esq. F.S.A.

In 4 volumes, folio, cloth, gilt edges, 2l. 2s. each.

WAKEFIELD'S (PRISCILLA) FAMILY TOUR THROUGH THE
BRITISH EMPIRE. A New Edition, revised. With a Map. 12mo.
cloth, 6s.

_____ JUVENILE ANECDOTES; or, Stories
of Children, 18mo. cloth, 2s.

_____ JUVENILE TRAVELLERS; a Tour
throughout Europe. A New Edition. With a Map. 12mo. cloth, 6s.

_____ INSTINCT DISPLAYED in the Animal
Creation. A New and Revised Edition, with many Additions. Foolscap.
New Edition. [In preparation.]

WALKS ABOUT JERUSALEM AND ITS ENVIRONS. By
W. H. BARTLETT. Illustrated by Twenty-four Engravings on Steel, Two
Maps, and many Woodcuts. New Edition, super-royal 8vo. cloth, full gilt,
12s.; morocco elegant, 21s.

"We have, at length, in this attractive volume, the *desideratum* of a complete
picturesque guide to the topography of Jerusalem."—*Patriot*.

WATTS'S (DR.) DIVINE AND MORAL SONGS FOR CHILDREN.
With Anecdotes and Reflections, by the Rev. INGRAM COBBIN, M.A. With
Frontispiece and Fifty-seven Woodcuts. New Edition, cloth, 1s.; gilt,
edges, 1s. 6d.

WATTS (DR.),—LYRIC POEMS, with Essay by SOUTHEY. Fcap.
cloth, 2s. 6d.

WEBB'S (MRS. J. B.) NAOMI; or, the Last Days of Jerusalem. With
View and Plan of Jerusalem. New Edition. Illustrated by GILBERT.
Fcap. cloth, 7s. 6d.

WEEK AT KILLARNEY (A), By MR. and MRS. S. C. HALL.
Being a Guide for Tourists to the Lakes of Killarney. With Twenty
Engravings on Steel, and One Hundred and Ten on Wood. New Edition,
4to. cloth, 8s.

WELLINGTON; a Lecture by the REV. JOHN CUMMING, D.D. New
and Enlarged Edition, fcap. cloth, 2s. 6d.

WHEELER'S (J. T., F.R.G.S.) HISTORICAL GEOGRAPHY OF THE
OLD AND NEW TESTAMENTS. Illustrated with Five coloured Maps,
and large View of Jerusalem, with a Plan of the Ancient City. Folio,
cloth, 7s. 6d.

_____ ANALYSIS AND SUMMARY OF
OLD TESTAMENT HISTORY AND THE LAWS OF MOSES, with a
Connexion between the Old and New Testaments, an Introductory Outline
of the Geography, Political History, &c. Fourth Edition, post 8vo. cloth,
5s. 6d.

24 PUBLISHED BY ARTHUR HALL, VIRTUE & CO.

WHEELER'S (J. T., F.R.G.S.) ANALYSIS AND SUMMARY OF NEW TESTAMENT HISTORY, including, 1. The Four Gospels harmonized into one continuous Narrative. 2 The Acts of the Apostles, and continuous History of St. Paul. 3. An Analysis of the Epistles and Book of Revelation. 4. An Introductory Outline of the Geography, Critical History, Authenticity, Credibility, and Inspiration of the New Testament. The whole Illustrated by copious Historical, Geographical, and Antiquarian Notes, Chronological Tables, &c. Second Edition, revised. Post 8vo. cloth, 5s. 6d.

A POPULAR ABRIDGMENT OF OLD AND NEW TESTAMENT HISTORY, for Schools, Families, and General Reading. Explained by Historical and Geographical Illustrations, and numerous Map Diagrams. Two Vols. 18mo. cloth, 2s. 6d. each.

WHITTOCK'S (N.) MANUAL OF PERSPECTIVE. Illustrated by numerous Engravings. Fcap. cloth, 3s.

WILKIE GALLERY (The); a Series of Sixty-six Line Engravings from the best paintings of the late SIR DAVID WILKIE, R.A., with Biographical and Critical Notices, a Biography, and Portrait of the Painter. 4to. cloth, gilt edges, 3l. 10s.

WILLEMENT (E. E.),—A CATECHISM OF FAMILIAR THINGS. New Edition, 12mo. cloth, 2s. 6d.

WILLIE FRASER; or, the Little Scotch Boy: and other Tales. By Mrs. R. LEE. With Four Illustrations. 18mo. cloth, 2s.

WINNARD'S (JANE) (MRS. HOOPER) RECOLLECTIONS OF MRS. ANDERSON'S SCHOOL. A Book for Girls. Illustrated by FRANKLIN. Fcap. cloth, gilt edges, 3s. 6d.

WINTER EVENINGS; or, Tales of Travellers. By MARIA HACK. New Edition, with Illustrations. Fcap. cloth, 3s. 6d.

WOMAN: HER MISSION, AND HER LIFE. From the French of MONOD. By Rev. W. G. BARRETT. Second Edition, 18mo. cloth, 1s. 6d.; gilt edges, 2s.

WOODWARD'S (B. B., B.A.) HISTORY OF WALES. From the Earliest Times to its Final Incorporation with England; with Notices of its Physical Geography, and the Poetry, Traditions, Religion, Arts, Manners, and Laws of the Welsh, with Fifteen Steel Plates. Super-royal 8vo. cloth, 1l. 5s.

WRIGHT'S (THOMAS, ESQ. M.A. F.S.A.) THE CELT, THE ROMAN, AND THE SAXON. A History of the Early Inhabitants of Britain, down to the Conversion of the Anglo-Saxons to Christianity. Illustrated by the Ancient Remains brought to light by recent research. With numerous Engravings. Post 8vo. cloth, 8s.

YOUNG NATURALIST'S BOOK OF BIRDS. By PERCY B. ST. JOHN. A New Edition, with Sixteen Woodcuts. 16mo. cloth, 2s. 6d.

13416



